



25 Cents - December - 1925

The **A**MEERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



 R.G.Kirk ~ Zona Gale 
Meredith Nicholson



Wallflower!

SITTING in a corner, looking on . . . alone, while others dance! Wallflower!

Muddy complexion, lassitude, *unattractiveness*, are often due to constipation. Faulty elimination is the underlying cause of so much misery!

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THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody, with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue-tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a nat-

ural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method I rapidly developed this gift until, in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright.

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The AMERICAN LEGION

Monthly

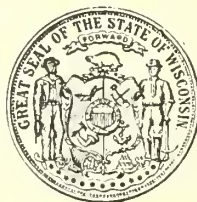


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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

WISCONSIN: The 30th State, admitted to the Union May 29, 1848. Jean Nicolet visited the region in 1634 and in 1670 the French established a mission at Green Bay. After 1717 the French made further settlements, especially the large one at the Green Bay Mission in 1745. The land title passed from the French to the English in 1763 at the close of the French-Indian War, and to the people of the United States in 1783. Congress included the region in Northwest Territory established in 1787, as part of Indiana Territory, 1800, Illinois Territory, 1800, Michigan Territory, 1818, and on April 20, 1836, organized it as Wisconsin Territory. Settlers from the Eastern and Central States eagerly took up its rich public lands. Population, 1840, 30,945; 1928 (U. S. est.), 2,953,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 38.2; 1910, 43; 1920, 47.3. Area, 56,066 sq. miles. Density of population (1928 U. S. est.), 52.7 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 13th in population, 25th in area, 22d in density.



Capital, Madison (1928 U. S. est.), 50,500. Three largest cities (1928 U. S. est.), Milwaukee, 544,200; Racine, 74,400; Kenosha, 56,500. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$7,866,081,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), butter, cheese, condensed milk, \$217,142,916; motor vehicles and parts, \$163,497,752; foundry and machine shop products, \$115,090,658; all crops (1920 U. S. Census), \$445,347,868, oats, corn, barley, wheat, peas, hemp. Wisconsin had 120,483 men and women in service during the World War. State motto: "Forward." Origin of name: Without any question the name of the State has undergone more changes in spelling and pronunciation than any of the other forty-eight. It is derived from an Indian word first written by the French as Ouisconsin, also spelled Misconsin, Ouisconching, Ouisconsin. The American settlers, hearing it pronounced by the French traders, spelled it Wiskonsan and Wiskonsin, but Congress made the spelling Wisconsin legal in 1836. Nickname: Badger State.

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THE MAN WHO CARES OWNS SEVERAL PAIRS

Who Makes the WHOOPEE?

By R. G. Kirk

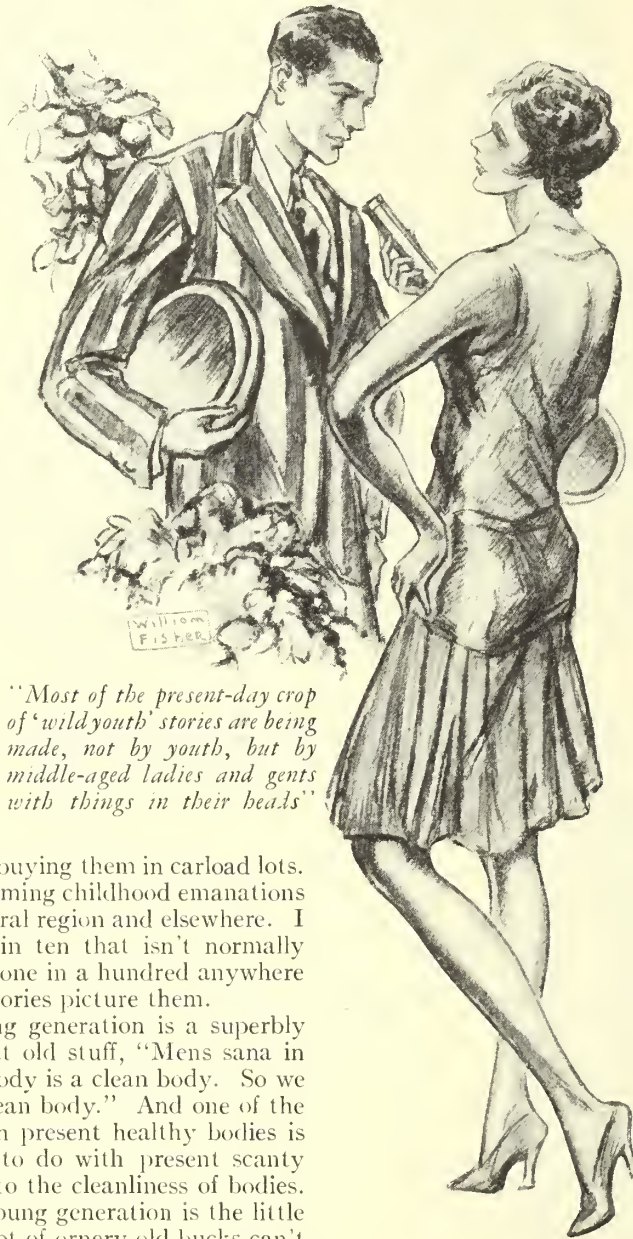
DEAR Mr. Editor: A few months back, if you'll remember, you offered me a page of your good magazine; a nice blank page on which to bast off what was on my mind, if any. But me, I know the weakness of us keyboard whangers. Given a blank magazine page on one hand, and a typewriter on the other, and nothing to say, and it's just too bad! Chance to reform the cock-eyed world. So I laid off. But lately pressure has been gathering. I keep getting sorer and sorer about a certain kind of so-called human being. I'd like to help reform them. And when I say reform, I mean reform; you know, change the appearance and shape of them by this means and by that—principally the old leather. No chance to change what's in their heads. I refer to the whole lot of ornery old bucks and buckesses who are turning out the endless mess of wild youth, blazing puberty, and sizzling adolescence stories for the magazines and pictures: and the editors and film makers who are buying them in carload lots.

These sex-mad, vo-de-o-do, flaming childhood emanations give me a pain in the entire ventral region and elsewhere. I know a lot of kids. Not one in ten that isn't normally decent and well balanced. Not one in a hundred anywhere near as crazy as these fevered stories picture them.

First of all, the present young generation is a superbly healthy one, and you know that old stuff, "Mens sana in corpore sano." Well, a sound body is a clean body. So we can say too, "Clean mind in a clean body." And one of the things that has most to do with present healthy bodies is athletics, which has had much to do with present scanty dress, which in turn has added to the cleanliness of bodies. One of the sanest signs of the young generation is the little clothes the girls wear. BUT a lot of ornery old bucks can't look at the girls in their present scanty dress without thinking a lot of stuff that the present young boys, who grew up with it, and are accustomed to it, do not think.

Don't smirk. Custom is the whole thing. The nude races, used to it, are the most moral.

Most—I believe almost all—of the present-day crop of "wild youth" stories are being made, not by youth, but by middle-aged ladies and gents with things in their heads; and the stories are not so much what youth is doing as they are pictures of what the writers of them would be doing if only they could regain that youth at which they look with lascivious eyes.



"Most of the present-day crop of 'wild youth' stories are being made, not by youth, but by middle-aged ladies and gents with things in their heads"

Of course the rotten part of this is that the middle-aged creditors and devourers of this rot are not the only ones affected by it. The kids, too, eat it up, and then they start to act it, more or less, because they think it's smart, and because, of course, all orneryness is attractive to youngsters as well as to frisky grown-ups old enough to have better sense.

It doesn't do any one much good to be talked about too much. It gives a wrong sense as to who's important in the world. That goes for even the most level-headed. There's an old saw, "Children should be seen and not heard." Yes'm. Also "Children should be seen and not heard—about!"

Look at 'em. Hear 'em, too. Enjoy young people for the heavenly delight they are. But for heaven's sake let's quit talking about them. Let's take the spotlight off of them before we ruin the sweet kids. If those old goats, masculine and feminine, who are writing rot about the younger generation would keep their filthy thoughts to themselves, the kids would behave as well as any young generation ever did, and have a hell of a lot more wholesome, riotously healthy fun than any previous generation ever had.

It would be duck-soup, sure enough, to work over a lot of these hot-stuff paper spoilers who lack the guts to keep their own warmed-over thoughts of youth in their heads; who insist on getting it into print where it can be transferred into the clean heads of the youngsters. I read these whoopee stories and I see these

hey-hey pictures put out in such profusion and for general consumption and I can't help but think, "Well, thank God, some middle-aged sex-peddler did that, and no clean youngster."

And that's a lot of consolation, and a very actual fact. But, just the same, the stuff gives me a pain in my elsewhere, and I itch to do a little reforming.

Hence this letter. If it's fit'n for that page you offered me, you're surely welcome. Thanks.

Yours truly,
R. G. KIRK

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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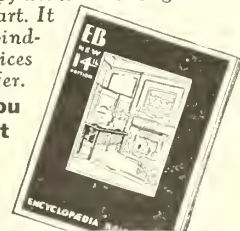
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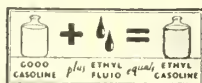


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TOBACCO SHOP

By
ZONA
GALE

Illustration by
Stockton Mulford

FROM behind the counter of his shop, Orlo Melt saw the old man enter. They faced each other over the tobacco, the pipes, the mints. Of the new glass case Orlo was immeasurably proud. Indeed, he was constantly making improvements in his little shop, though everyone said now that he should retire, being seventy and no-one-knew-what.

This patron was old too. "You was born when Buchanan was President," Orlo surmised, with a look of shrewdness.

"I was that," the man admitted, "no thanks to him nor to me." He laid his finger on the glass—a finger bloodless, slow, misdirecting.

"Them," he said.

Of that gesture Orlo Melt could make nothing, save that the finger marked the glass. Orlo tried to see where the old man's look was fastened. But the gray head was hung forward, moved on its muffled neck, and the eyes, obscured by folded and fringed brows, were hidden. Orlo took out the box of cigars that he hoped the man had meant to indicate.

"No, no," said the man. "Who do you think I am, buying them? Them."

He pointed. Orlo tried again. The man lifted his head and looked at him. Orlo saw the rancor in the old face—wrinkled, wrecked, and of a strange solid painted color. Black eyes, red-rimmed; blue lips, sedged with black and white hairs.

"Them," said the man. "Them, I tell ye!" His shaking finger tried to point, and only flawed the polish of the glass.

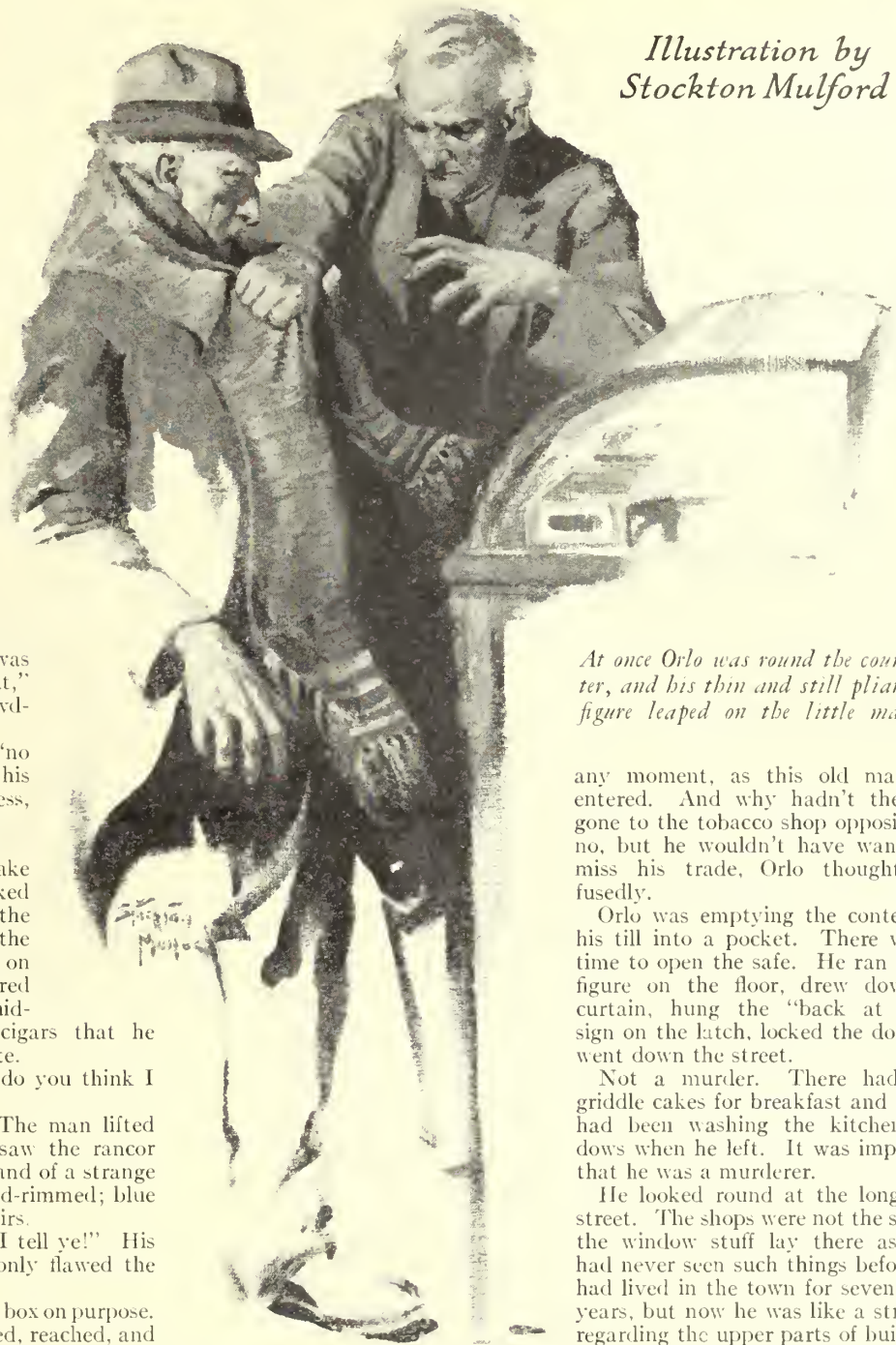
This time Orlo brought out a wrong box on purpose. As if he knew this, the old man leaned, reached, and with incredible vigor struck Orlo in the face.

At once Orlo was round the counter, and his thin and still pliant figure leaped on the little man, who went down on the tiled floor. Orlo was astonished, drew back, saw that the old man lay motionless. The face was white, blood ran from the mouth, he seemed not to breathe. And now Orlo's shaking fingers felt no heart-beat.

"Good God in heaven," said Orlo Melt.

He stood above the quiet figure. It was ridiculous, ridiculous for the man to have died from such a blow. All the blows he must have had, and now to go under for this, and for such a reason. Yes, but he, Orlo Melt, had killed him, and that was ridiculous too. It couldn't have happened.

So he stooped and lifted the old man's hand, and at its unresistance and its coldness he let fall the arm, straightened; saw someone looking in his shop window, and ran to the shop door. Already the man at the window had gone on. But it was a quarter to twelve in the morning, and anyone might come in at



At once Orlo was round the counter, and his thin and still pliant figure leaped on the little man

any moment, as this old man had entered. And why hadn't the idiot gone to the tobacco shop opposite . . . no, but he wouldn't have wanted to miss his trade, Orlo thought confusedly.

Orlo was emptying the contents of his till into a pocket. There was no time to open the safe. He ran by the figure on the floor, drew down his curtain, hung the "back at noon" sign on the latch, locked the door and went down the street.

Not a murder. There had been griddle cakes for breakfast and Minna had been washing the kitchen windows when he left. It was impossible that he was a murderer.

He looked round at the long town street. The shops were not the same—the window stuff lay there as if he had never seen such things before. He had lived in the town for seventy-odd years, but now he was like a stranger, regarding the upper parts of buildings.

He thought: "No—all these things

are just the same—they must be. I'm not the one I was."

A child lurched against Orlo's knees, the mother spoke gently, then roughly, and apologized. With the contact Orlo Melt saw that the streets were filled with people. He was alarmed—already was this thing known? Were the people rushing into the streets to hunt him? For that old man might have been seen from the window, lying helpless, and the blood. . . .

What would the people do, when they knew? For the first time he began to wonder who the old man was. If they knew him, remembered him young, they might be in a fury. . . . Young. Born when Buchanan was President. Young under Grant. . . . and that little slap had killed him. Young under Grant. . . . like other people.

He began looking at these people. They seemed strong, quick, busy. Would they too be murdered in their old age? He hardly saw them. They swam by him as if they were one person, and that one to be murdered in (Continued on page 78)

The SILVER TRUM

By Meredith

Decoration by



HAVE you, sir, ever been a knight in shining armor clad, riding hard and fast to save the king? Or better, have you led a faithful company through the greenwood to rescue your lady love from the hands of an evil knight who has stolen her away from her ancestral castle while her father was abroad plundering and slaughtering his enemies? And you, lady! Have you not been that lovely chatelaine in distress? Or have you not flung a rose to the goodly knight, your lover, as he gave you a salute from the glamorous tourney field?

Yes; we have all seen ourselves in just such situations, either in dreams of our own or in the pages of the masters of romance. Little as we may care to admit it, we are all a prey to romantic longings and read with avidity tales of sacrifice and daring even with an automobile panting at the door and the telephone ringing.

Tell me a story! This familiar plea of childhood puts it up to the parent to be interesting. Children do—and quite within their rights—refuse to be bored. The adult reader of a dull book may persist and skip generously in the hope that the tale will grow better as it develops; but not so the eager, critical child, to whom “Once upon a time” must be the prelude to an enthralling narrative. The fascination most children find in fairy stories rather points to the conclusion that we are all born with a romantic leaning and like to roam the fields of fancy. If the workaday world destroys our faith in fairies so much the worse for us. There’s no age at which we don’t like to be surprised. It’s the hope that something pleasant may happen tomorrow that keeps us marching when the trail is bleakest. Any hour, we keep thinking, a fairy princess may appear out of nowhere and touch us with her magic wand.

We are told that this is the day of realism, but we rarely find in realistic tales the characters we ourselves would like to be. At the risk of being shot by the higher critics, to whom everything that is not “Russian” is abhorrent, I will register my belief that Realism’s only excuse for being is where it sincerely calls attention to some condition of society which the world ought to know about. And where that is achieved we have something, not for the soul’s delight but for the instruction of the sociologist.

My opinion in these matters may have a certain value, for in my own experiments in fiction I have played on both sides of the barricade and even committed the unpardonable offense of writing several novels with a purpose. As no one ever seemed to care a hang about the purpose I may be pardoned for expressing the belief that the novel is a poor vehicle for moral propaganda. It is commonly said that “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” was an important factor in crystalizing sentiment against slavery, but I prefer to believe that the enormous popularity of that tale, which is still dramatized now and then on the rural stage, was due to the fact that with all its crudities it really was a mighty interesting story, chock full of melodrama. A girl with a baby crossing the ice with ferocious bloodhounds and cruel slave-hunters at her heels is bound to win sympathy; yet I have been equally aroused by poignant episodes in other tales and dramas.

The newspapers are so full of the sins of mankind that after a day’s hard work not many of us have a zest for novels built upon infractions of the Ten Commandments. Triangular love affairs with murder attachment lack novelty. Better tales, with a pleasanter background, and with nobler gentlemen and lovelier ladies as the participants are scattered plentifully through literature. It’s depressing to read of these sordid affairs that so frequently adorn the first page, where not even the best efforts of the sobwriter or the most eloquent plea of the defendant’s

PET *of* ROMANCE

Nicholson

Forrest C. Crooks

counsel can make anything of the episodes but disgraceful intrigues scented with perfumery and gin.

Romance and Realism have wholly different homicidal standards. In Realism the novelist may season the coffee with strychnine, disclose the corpse of the victim among the flowers in the conservatory and summon detectives, chemical experts and prosecuting attorneys, but when it's all over and the beautiful defendant has been acquitted by a jury of her peers it's a relief to take an excursion with Alice in Wonderland.

The recent wide popularity of the mystery story registers, I think, the reading public's impatience of realism. The tired business man has problems enough without reading himself to sleep with a novel that analyzes even with great psychologic skill the difficulties of unhappy human beings. He gets some fun in following the trail of a murderer which has been properly obscured by the ingenious novelist. Many mystery stories of the recent crop have been too mechanical to afford the joy the trustful reader has a right to expect when he puts on his gumshoes and becomes a *dee-tec-a-tif*. However, too much should not be expected of the authors who produce this pabulum. They are likely to get lost in the intricacies of their own plots; and if the wheels creak toward the end of the tale it is because the poor fellows are tired of the whole business and would rather confess to the murder themselves than prolong the agony.

A mystery story is not so difficult to write as a layman may think. Almost any one with the imagination of a rabbit may produce such a narrative. In my own experiments with this sort of thing I have found it the best method to begin with the solution and work backward. The reader must be tricked, baffled and beaten in all his attempts to anticipate the conclusion. The person whom he instantly suspects must not of course prove to be the person who fired the fatal shot or administered the lethal blow with the little hatchet, which was found ten miles from the scene of the murder in the woodshed of the kindly village minister who never harmed a soul in his life.

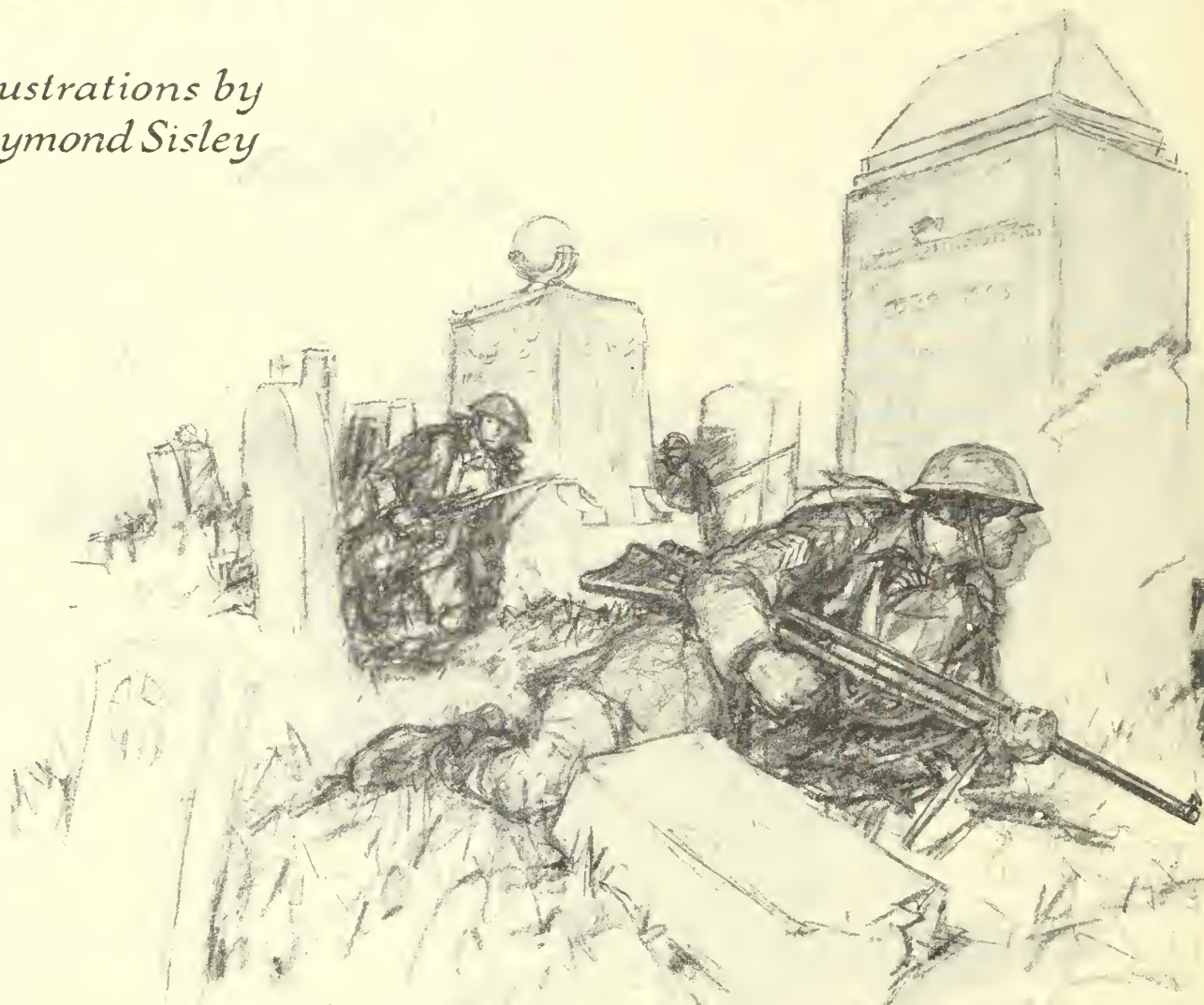
Scraps of letters with a few words intact that hint at an illicit love affair between one of the suspects (the village banker preferred) and his neighbor's housemaid are good material. If the banker sets up the alibi that he was attending prayer meeting on the night of the tragedy all the better. This gives a chance for the prosecution to prove that he sneaked out of church before the benediction and had plenty of time to shoot his rival, the plumber, by the Elm Street bridge, greet the village constable on Main Street at 9:15, give him a cigar and be serenely imbibing a chocolate sundae in the Acme Drug Store when the coroner dashes in to announce the murder. Love interest is always difficult to sustain in a murder mystery yarn except where jealousy is played up strong as a motive. Even then there's something incongruous and far from romantic in ringing the wedding bells for a couple who may or may not have lied themselves out of jail.

The first books we read with satisfaction linger pleasantly in the memory. After many years I am still hoping that one day I may have a chance to re-read some of the tales that thrilled me as a boy. My grandfather, when close upon ninety, indulged in a second reading of Scott, Cooper and Victor Hugo with youthful enthusiasm. I was one of the naughty boys who perused assiduously the dime and nickel "libraries" of those glowing days when there were still Indians and Bad Men in the Great West. Readers of those lost classics sometimes ran away from home to emulate their heroes, but I doubt if many boys were ever harmed by those chronicles. It has lately been disclosed in Richard J. Walsh's most (Continued on page 52)



GOD HAVE

*Illustrations by
Raymond Sisley*



*I waited a few minutes. The first
grenade exploded with a bang*

XL

WE WERE all sitting alongside the road near the town of Sommes-Suippes, five kilometers east of Suippes. A line of camions was coming in from the west. To the majority of the men the sight of the gray camions with the same old Chink drivers was new. This was to be their first camion trip.

"Where do we go from here, Sergeant?"

I said, "Any time you see a line up of camions like this you can bet your last sou that you're on your way to Paris. . . ."

Captain McElroy came down the line and assigned four camions to each platoon saying, "See that there is a non-commissioned officer placed in charge of each camion and that he is instructed to see that none of the men get out of the camions except at regular rest stops."

I said, "All right. Men, get aboard, two squads to a camion. . . . Pile your packs and stack your rifles in the passageway as far forward as you can. . . . Better hang onto your gas masks."

In a short time we were loaded up and on our way to somewhere. . . .

In the camion I was riding in I was the only one that had ever

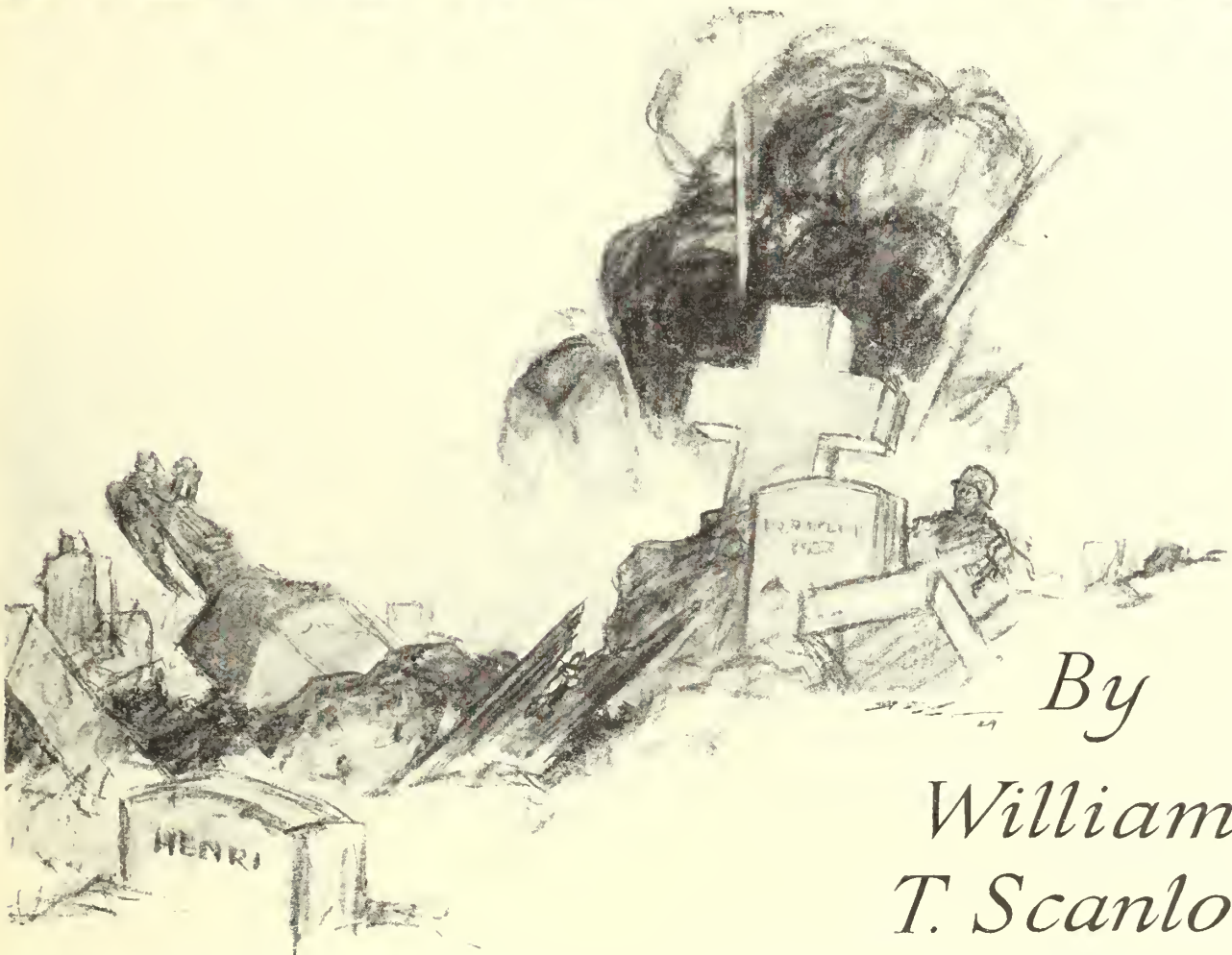
ridden in one before. This was my fourth trip. The first ride was into Belleau Wood; Soissons was next, then Mont Blanc, now this one. Each trip was worse than the one before. Fewer men came back. In my platoon there were four of us left that were making a camion trip for the fourth time. Out of the whole company there were twelve. You ride in camions one way only and that is into battle.

I liked to ride with new men because they were more cheerful and got a real kick out of the ride. They fooled around just like we did on our first trip.

In the afternoon we passed through the public square at Ste. Ménéhoulde. It was full of American soldiers. Beyond Ste. Ménéhoulde we passed some long-range naval guns manned by gobs. We hollered at them but they didn't seem to know what it was all about. We tried to tell them we were Marines, but I think they understood us to say we were they Marines, because they began to get chesty and look important. Still even though they were only gobs they were not so bad to look at. They gave us a chance to open up a new line of wisecracks.

It did not take our new men long to get onto the art of razzing other outfits. We just would not be friendly. We would even

MERCY *on* US



By
*William
T. Scanlon*

razz the Fifth Marines when nobody else was around and they were not a bit bashful in handing it back at us. We were both lousy outfits from the other's viewpoint.

Coming on toward evening the camions stopped in the little town of Les Islettes and we piled out, packs and all. Our ride was over. We swung packs and hiked north out of town. The road led toward a dark forest. Just as we were entering the woods I noticed a French sign. It read:

"FORÊT D'ARGONNE."

XLI

THE next morning we continued our northward hike. We passed through Varennes and Montblainville and Aprémont. It was a very hilly country and showed signs of having recently been fought over. We stopped for the night near Exermont and the next day we moved into a woods between Sommerance and Romagne.

In the morning I noticed an outfit over on our right going through regular open order drill—the kind we had back in the bootcamp on Parris Island. This outfit was also practising the advance by rushes movement. The drilling struck me as rather odd as we were close to the front line—one night's march at the most. I could also hear a great many clicks produced by pulling the trigger in an empty rifle. After a while they got through and were lined up and dismissed.

Later on a fellow came over from that direction and got to talking with me. Practically the first thing he said was, "Have you had your trigger squeeze exercise yet?"

I said, "My trigger squeeze exercise?"

"Yes, we had ours today. . . . I think they are going to give us ammunition tomorrow and let us practise shooting."

"What outfit are you with?" I asked.

"Outfit?"

"Yes, what outfit, what regiment do you belong to?"

"Oh. I'm with the 23d Infantry."

The 23d was part of our Second Division. The Second Division was considered one of the old-time divisions made up of Regulars and Marines. It was old when considered from the time it was first formed, but judging from the majority of the men now in it it was a very new division. Still, it did not make much difference how old a man was in service. If he had never been under fire he was still a new man. By under fire I mean had he walked into and through a German counter barrage and come out the other side. When you came out the other side you were an old timer. The present Second Division was built around a skeleton of men that had come out the other side.

XLII

A LITTLE while later the company was assembled and Lieutenant Marco and myself inspected the platoon to see if they had proper equipment. As soon as we finished with our inspection Marco turned the platoon over to me and said, "For the benefit of the new men you had better give them a little idea of what they may expect."

I told them they would receive very little instruction and few orders on the battlefield. . . . That we usually started out in formation for artillery fire and as we closed in on the German line we

deployed in a skirmish line. That we advanced behind a creeping barrage at an average walk . . . That there was no use ducking down every time a shell went over . . . That the safest place was behind your own barrage, say two hundred feet, and that if they kept ducking they would lose their barrage . . . That they were not to take any prisoners—that is, not to escort them back, just to let them alone and simply point the way for them to go back . . . They were not to carry back any of their own wounded or any wounded . . . They could bind up a wound and make the man as comfortable as possible and then rejoin their outfit . . . That there were stretcher bearers following us who would take care of the wounded . . . That it was no use shooting or bayoneting a man that had given up but not to take any chances—if the German had a weapon, to shoot. Usually the ones that were giving up would stand out plainly with their arms well up.

Somebody asked me about gas. I said the chances of being gassed were slim as they used it very little in barrages especially in open spaces. Gas was usually used only in the evenings to fill woods and hollows. The only thing they could do was to watch me—if I put my mask on, to put theirs on too.

That night we made up our combat packs and stacked our blankets and other stuff in the forest. We moved out about ten-thirty p. m. and took up positions on a hill about one kilometer farther north. We stayed there a day, and late at night we started to move out. At midnight we were in a sunken road on the outskirts of the town of Landres-Saint-Georges.

XLIII

OUR barrage this early morning of November 1st was the worst I had ever heard. The barrages at St. Mihiel and Mont Blanc were bad but this one now passing over our heads had them all skinned. If the barrage at St. Mihiel was a million-dollar barrage this was a four-million-dollar one. It sounded mad. It thundered forth and kept increasing in volume as the morning hours advanced. The sky behind us was a fiery red from the flashes. At four a. m. the red seemed to burst into flames. Hundreds of new batteries must have swung into action. The roar grew into a clang.

I was in a hole with Speyer. I tried to get out. Either my legs were shaking or the ground was trembling. I had to sit on the side of the hole to get my bearings. I seemed to be under a blanket that was weighing down on me. The air was heavy and filled with picric acid fumes. It was still pitch dark.

I had orders to have the men up and down on the sunken road by five o'clock. If they felt the way I did it was going to be some job to get them out of their holes. I went around first and got the corporals on their feet and told them to help me poke the rest of the men out.

There was no use hollering as you couldn't hear your own voice. It was a case of pulling at each man. If they were in deep holes I



I made them take their gas masks off. It was hard enough to move around without gas

had to prod them with the butt of my rifle. Some had gas masks on and the eye pieces would flash up at me. I made them take their masks off. It was hard enough to move around without gas masks. Some of the fellows said they were sick but I made them get up just the same. I knew the symptoms. I told them they would feel better after they were on their feet a while.

They all got up at last and we moved over to the bank above the sunken road. I had half the platoon jump down onto the road and cross to the other bank. The Germans were shelling this road and a bunch of men on our right had just been hit and there were quite a number of badly mangled bodies lying in the road. It was a discouraging sight for men, new ones at that, who were about to make an attack.

Another shell landed and hit a fellow who was already wounded. It seemed worse to see a wounded man hit than to see a well man hit. This man let out a most terrifying shriek. It was the first time I had heard a man cry out. I've heard them moan and sob, but this man yelled. He seemed insane. Two men dragged him across the road to the north bank.

Some of my men hesitated about crossing the road and I cursed them out plenty. I had to in order to get their minds off what was happening. I seldom cursed directly at men, especially under fire, but this time it was necessary for their own good.

Down the road farther I saw Captain McElroy and Lieutenant Marco. My watch said five o'clock. I caught McElroy's eye and pointed north. He nodded—yes.

I climbed up the opposite bank. A barbed wire fence ran along the top. Howell's squad was coming up the bank so I got three of his men to pull up two posts. Then I stood on the wire and held it down. As each man passed me I said, "Run for the top of that hill ahead and wait till I get there."

I had to wait until all the platoon got across before I could go on. The German shelling was getting worse all the time. Our



masks. Some of the fellows said they were sick but I made them get up just the same

barrage had died down to nothing. All that were working were the batteries that were laying down the rolling barrage. Our machine guns were hitting it up for all they were worth.

After the last man passed I ducked to the top of the hill. The men were lying down on the southern slope. Looking over the top of the hill I could see a line of skirmishers down in the valley below. I passed the word to my men to form for artillery fire and keep a good interval between groups. Then I passed over the top of the hill and beckoned to the men to come on. I let them go down this next slope on a dog trot and halted them up at the bottom in order to give the line on the right a chance to catch up and also to allow the front wave of skirmishers to get ahead. The rolling barrage was falling just ahead of the first wave so they could only go so fast, and we, in the second wave, were supposed to move only as fast as the first one.

The slope of the hill we just came down was under a hot fire and the quicker we got off it the better. I crossed over to the right of the platoon to where I had seen Captain McElroy. I wanted to find out what outfit was on our left as I couldn't see anybody on that side.

I found the captain and asked him and he said, "The 80th Division is supposed to be there."

I told him I hadn't seen anybody so far this morning and McElroy said, "Perhaps they are held up. You'll have to watch the left flank but guide right."

As I moved over to the left flank I told each group to guide right. It seemed to me that my platoon was always on some flank.

The line now moved up the hill. I reached the top first as I usually went ahead. In the next valley was a system of trenches and I could see quite a number of Germans standing along the trenches with their arms up. The front wave passed on through the Germans. Usually the second or possibly the third wave does

the cleaning up. The front wave must keep up with their barrage.

The Germans put their arms down and stood watching the first wave go by but just as soon as we came over the hill up went their arms again. Word came from McElroy to keep on advancing and leave the trench for the next wave.

We were more of an attacking wave than moppers up. If the front wave met resistance we would move right up to them and battle with them. The front wave acts like feelers.

There were not more than sixty Germans in the trench, although there were a number of dead and wounded lying around the bottom. Our advance this morning had been very rapid. We were right on the heels of the barrage and the Germans did not have much chance to get organized.

The German counter barrage was not falling in this valley and from the looks of things there would be fine pickings for our souvenir hounds. I made sure that my platoon did not stop, although some of the fellows did manage to get a few iron crosses. Every German had an iron cross. They were as common as French

Croix de Guerre. Our men would be wearing the hero decorations of all nations.

Out of this peaceful valley we ascended to one wicked hilltop. The German artillery was waking up to the fact that a real advance was on and that their men who had been holding the line were either captured or killed.

Looking over the top of this next hill I saw a snarling valley below. The German fire seemed to be concentrated in it. The exploding shells were kicking up dust and smoke which threw the valley into darkness. Usually I would advance fifty feet or so ahead of the platoon, but going down into this valley I had to stick close so they could see me. The slope of the hill was one mass of shell holes and we had to pick our way among them.

I hurried the men and beckoned them on regardless of the line on the right or the men ahead of us. It's in places like this that the men have got to be kept moving. Once they get down they are through. Just as soon as they get to looking for shelter your battle is over.

That was one of the reasons I was never very keen about the rush and flop system. The rush was all right but it was hell getting up again after the flop, especially if there was any shelling. It takes a long period of training to get a bunch to work together on the rush system. With new men it's better to walk them right into it. Their chances are about even as there are just as many hit lying down as standing up.

My platoon was in the southern part of the valley, while the wave ahead was starting to climb up the northern slope of the next hill. The rest of the company on the right were still coming down the last hill. I advanced the platoon across the valley, as there was more protection from artillery fire on the northern slope, and let them lie down and rest.

Looking over to the right, I noticed a strange column of men cutting across the regular line of advance. They reached the val-

ley, crossed it and started up the hill we were on. Howell and Weed were sitting with me so I told them to hold the platoon until I got back. I cut across to the head of the advancing column. A lieutenant was in charge and I asked, "What outfit is this?"

He said, "Second Division Engineers."

"You're getting ahead of the attacking troops," I said. "Where are you headed for?"

Lieutenant: "We are on our way to fix a bridge near Imécourt so you fellows can cross . . ."

"But our barrage is falling on top of this hill now. You better take your time or you will bump into it."

They kept on going but I noticed they slackened down before reaching the top. It seemed rather funny to have a bunch of Engineers go ahead of the attacking troops to sort of smooth the way. We were advancing under artillery fire in a supposedly scientific manner but the Engineers were in a regular column of twos and they were getting by just as good as we were.

By the time I got back to the platoon the rest of the company were crossing the valley. We advanced up the hill. The air seemed much clearer on this side and I could keep in sight of the platoon at a fair distance. It always seemed much easier to keep the men moving when I was ahead of them. They would manage to come up to where I was at. Then I would move ahead again. I knew the German counter-barrage was falling in a definite area and once we got through it we were pretty safe. There would still be machine guns and the Germans themselves. However, the actual sight of a German was only a spur to go on. The trouble was the Germans would not stand long enough.

The German fire was getting hotter and I figured we must be getting into the real heart of their counter-barrage, and I could hear machine guns working up ahead.

I beckoned to the men to come on. First I would be close to them and then I would ease further away. They all seemed to have a peculiar look in their eyes and it followed me. It wasn't an accusing look—it was more of a doubtful look. Their eyeballs seemed turned up, causing the whites of their eyes to fill most of the socket. The dark part was covered by the upper lid.

Whether it was the effect of these staring eyes on me or what, I don't know, but a picture flashed across my mind:

Back in the Chicago stockyards there was a goat called Hughie the Wise. It was Hughie's job to lead sheep from the outside pens up to the door of the slaughter house. Hughie would be brought into a pen full of sheep. A gate leading to a chute would be thrown open. Hughie would trot nimbly out of the pen and up the chute. The unsuspecting sheep would amble after him. At a certain spot a gate would close behind them. They were caught. Then the air would be filled with confused cries of *ma-a-a*. Hughie would say *ba-a-a*, then duck around to the rear and escape through a gate held open for him. Then he would go back and get another bunch of sheep.

As time went on Hughie grew wiser and lazier. He began to hide out and take naps between trips. He went from bad to worse. Then one day he led up a bunch of sheep. The gate closed and the sheep said *ma-a-a*. Hughie said *ba-a-a* and ducked for the gate in the rear. But this day the gate did not open.

XLIV

TWO shells burst in front of the groups on the left and the men went down. Then I saw Red Barrows, one of our new men who was an acting corporal in charge of the left group, sit up with one hand supporting him. He looked my way and I beckoned him to come on. He turned to the men behind him and they all got up and moved ahead. I thought they had all been hit.

A hurricane seemed to be raging along the top of the hill. The German artillery was pounding at it

from the front and their machine guns were sweeping it from the left. The hill seemed to be a half roundtop, with the western and southern slopes continuous. The western slope, which was on our left, had a hump or ridge on it that extended clear to the top. Along this hump was a wide barbed-wire entanglement. Our artillery had partly destroyed this but not enough to permit us to get through. I crawled along looking for openings, and about fifty feet down I came across a narrow opening in the wires that extended clear through. I made a rush through the opening and nearly reached the other side, but tripped over a wire and fell flat. A stream of machine-gun bullets passed over me and I could hear them go *zing* against the wires. It is possible that I tripped over a signal wire because the gun firing had me pinned to the ground the minute I fell.

I waited a few seconds and it quit. I got a glimpse of the country ahead of me. It was full of deep shell holes. Down on my left a road ran along the foot of the hill and across the road was a graveyard and in back of that was a woods.

I started down the hill for the road on a run. The machine gun opened up but it shot too high. About half way down the hill I noticed a German ducking through the graveyard. A ditch ran along the road and I flopped into it.

In a few minutes I saw Weed crawling along the ditch toward me. He had his chauchat and bag of ammunition. When he reached me I said, "Is the rest of the platoon on the hill?"

"Yes, they're coming down the other side of the wire."

I said, "There are Germans across the way, either in that graveyard or in the rear of it."

Weed said, "I saw a couple moving along the wall when I came down."

The graveyard had a stone wall around it with one entrance at the front and I told Weed to set up his chauchat over at that gate until I could get the rest of the platoon down there.

Weed ducked across the road and a couple more fellows came crawling down the ditch—Red Barrows and Borden.

Red hollered at me, "Do you want the rest of the platoon down here?"

"Yes, but you come over here first."

Red came up and I said, "Tell Howell and Benson to place their men along the wall on this side of the graveyard and tell Squire and Jenckes to get along the wall on the other side . . . Your

group and the rest will stay here in this ditch. I'll be across at that gate . . . Let me know when you get set."

Red beat it back down the ditch and I took Borden across over to the gate. A German machine gun was still banging away out in front of us and Weed was shooting short bursts into the graveyard as if he had something spotted behind the tombstones.

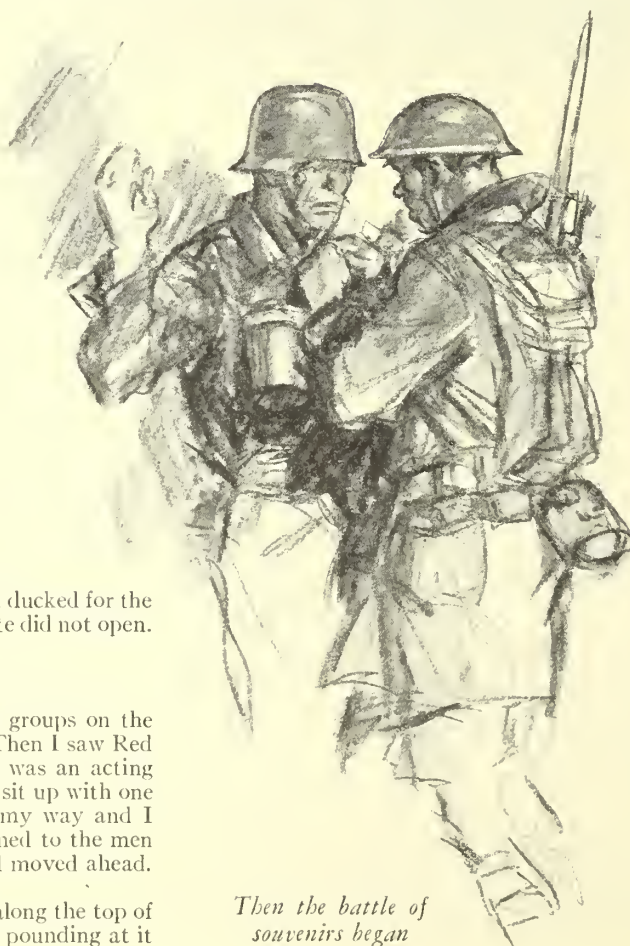
I called to him, "Are there many in there?"

"I only saw four . . . I'll have to get a spot inside. Those tombstones up front block my fire."

"It might be better inside this front wall . . . Hey, Borden, see that broad stone with the name Vinot on it? . . . You hit for that grave when I say go. Pull your gun over, Weed, until we get inside. All right, Borden—go!"

Borden made a dash and I popped in right behind him and sized up the inside front wall. I figured if there were any Germans along the wall they would have to turn to shoot at Borden and I could beat them to it.

I dropped behind a tombstone and hollered to Borden to open up with a few shots towards the rear end of the graveyard whether he saw anybody or not. The Germans



Then the battle of souvenirs began



The German came up and he could talk a little English. He told me his captain was over in the woods on our left, wounded, and asked me to send men out to get him

were back there somewhere and beginning to pop away at us.

Both Borden and I opened up but there were quite a number of tombstones and it was as bad shooting among them as it was shooting among trees. Weed crawled in and took up a position on a raised grave on my left. It had a low tombstone on it, just about the right height for the chauchat, and when Weed stretched out on the grave the stone gave him a little protection.

As soon as Weed got all set I crawled back but told Borden to stick with Weed. Howell and Benson had their men lined up O.K. Jenckes and Squire were just moving in along the other wall, the north wall—the graveyard ran east and west. The entrance was on the east end, and the west end, or rear, ended at the woods.

Red Barrows now came across and said there were three groups in the ditch. Howell and Benson came over and I told them they were to move along the south wall, that the group on the other side would move along the north wall and two groups and myself would go through the graveyard. One group would remain behind with orders to watch both walls and if anything broke on either side to move right up on that side.

Howell said, "How would it be to rush right to the end and surround the graveyard?"

"Better not—I don't know where the hell the Germans are at. They are liable to be back in the woods strong . . . Tell you what

you do, move down twenty-five feet and wait. When we get that far inside, one of the fellows inside will stick his rifle up alongside the wall. You ought to be able to see the bayonet as the wall is not high. He will do that about every ten feet. You guide on that."

I told Squire and Jenckes the same thing. They could hear my voice across the wall when things were quiet but not when firing was going on.

I had Barrows move the two groups from the ditch, across to the front wall. Then they entered the cemetery one at a time. One group was to move along the inside of each wall.

Weed and Borden were still blazing away and I asked Weed if he had anything lined up.

"Four krauts came in over the rear wall and there is a machine gun just below that rise either behind that tall tombstone or that stone cross, but I'm too far back to get him."

"We're going to advance . . . You better move down this path between the graves."

Over on the right side there was another path like the one Weed was to use and I had Pearson, who had a chauchat, advance down it. He was to guide on Weed.

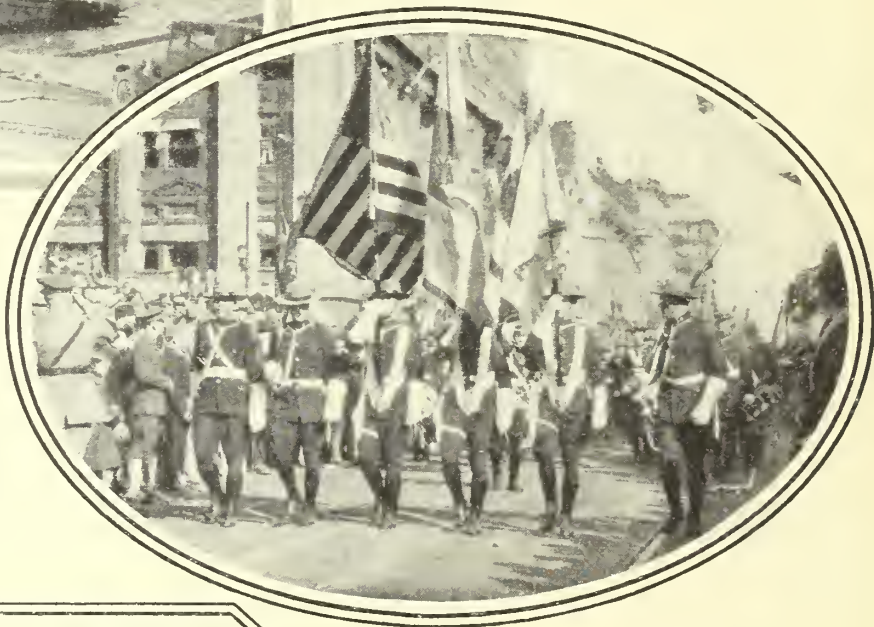
The fire from the Germans was getting heavier, but it wasn't doing us any damage as the men were (Continued on page 69)

O weep no

By Marquis



Down on the banks of the O-bi-o, with the Indiana shore in the background. The Cincinnati delegation to the Louisville convention made the trip by water on board a typical and still picturesque river steamer. In oval, Frankford (Pennsylvania) Post's drum corps, first-prize winner in this year's contest



THE sun shone bright on the old Kentucky home, but not too brightly, because the leaves on the trees in Iroquois Park were changing their coats and the horses stepped right smartly along the bridle path that parallels Southern Boulevard where it is the custom of Louisville belle and beau to embrace the benefits of the crisp autumn air. The horses at Churchill Downs stepped smartly, too; none quite so much so, however, as Broadside, which won the American Legion Handicap, receiving the approbation of a crowd in the stands the size and enthusiasm of which is exceeded at that celebrated track only on Derby Day, when the most famous race in all America is run.

The races at Churchill Downs—the regular fall meet—where any Legion-



Proof that most of the population of Louisville and its neighbor communities was on hand for the parade

Kentucky's first patron of the turf. There is something about a horserace that jibes with the constant factors in human nature. And a hoss race in the Commonwealth of Kentucky—that, I believe, is what is technically known as the ne plus ultra.

A flip to this occasion was a bit of horse play between the fourth and fifth races. In Omaha, where the Legion met in 1925, the world's largest post was host. Well, a year ago Jefferson Post of Louisville served notice on the boys in Nebraska that their distinction was in jeopardy—Louisville was going to have the world's largest post. Omaha bet its shirt Louisville wouldn't. But Louisville did. So led by a band, some twenty sportsmen of Omaha marched onto the track in front of the stands, doffed their shirts, and delivered them over to Commander Norman of Louisville.

But Louisville had other commitments outstanding. In connection with this convention, Louisville had promised a good deal. Had to, considering the precedent with which Legion conventions have become involved. Legionnaires expected a good deal. Kentucky hospitality is a tradition, to say nothing of the attractions adroitly foreshadowed by Colonel Ulric Bell of the *Courier Journal* in his article in these pages a few months ago.

more TODAY

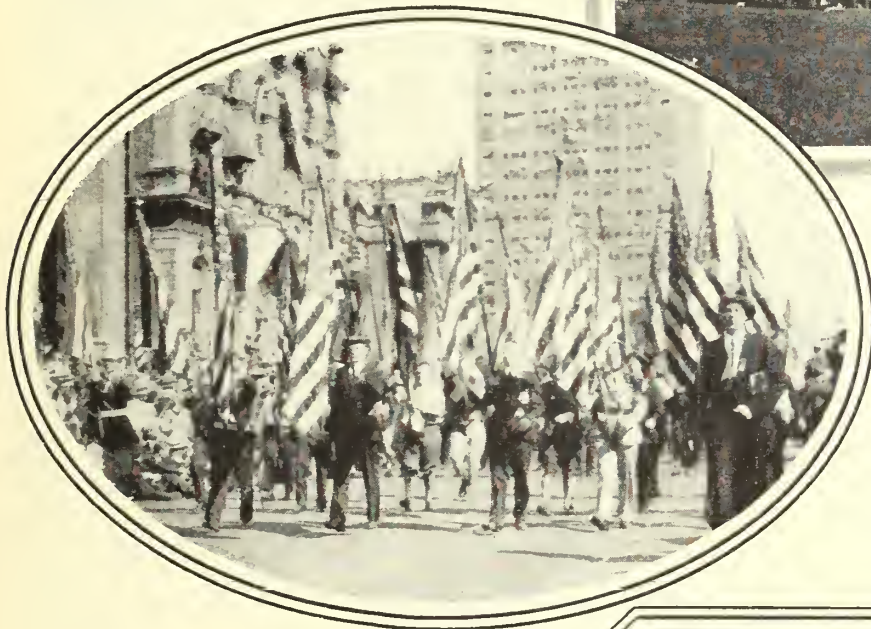
James

What happened? More people came to this convention than to any of the ten others. They put on the biggest and best parade. They found more, and more enjoyable, things to do than they have found heretofore in almost any four days of their natural lives. They went away knowing blamed well that they had had a swell time, and were grateful. They had rounded out a decade of Legion existence.

That decade, at the threshold of which, in a snow-



The twin spires of the grandstand at Churchill Downs, where practically the whole convention assembled on the opening day to see Broadside win the American Legion handicap in a sensational finish. In oval, the massed colors at the head of the New Jersey delegation in the Legion's biggest parade



tucky Home" is more than a sentimental song; it is a fact. You can go down to Bardstown, as many visitors did, and see the house that Stephen Foster wrote the song in. The iconoclasts, to whom nothing is as it seems,

have, I know, made quite a splash over that fact that Stephen Foster, who also gave us "Old Black Joe," "Suwanee River" and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" was born in Pittsburgh, and was, therefore, no Southerner at all. The Pittsburgh part of it is true, but his folks were Virginians, and Foster himself spent most of his life in the South, the spirit of which he certainly caught in songs that will live as long as people live to sing. Accurately speaking, Stephen Foster had no home. He was a wandering minstrel trouper, with no delusions of grandeur. He took life as it offered from day to day and died without a dollar in his pockets.

Which is a good way,

storm in Minneapolis, the Legion emerged after some months of experimentation an accomplished fact and a going concern, is something to back off and look at. The problems were many, the pitfalls were many. One of two things was on the cards. The Legion was going to be conspicuous one way or the other—either for success or for want of it.

It was for success. And once every twelve months, in the autumn of the year, the Legion meets in national convention to safeguard and to extend this success—and to have a fine time. A national convention of The American Legion has become one of the greatest shows on earth. In every particular this convention at Louisville just about topped them all. The number of Legionnaires and their families who find a national convention an event of the year not to be missed grows larger. I venture to say that Boston next year will see a larger proportion of repeaters who have made one or more previous conventions than has any other meeting in our history.

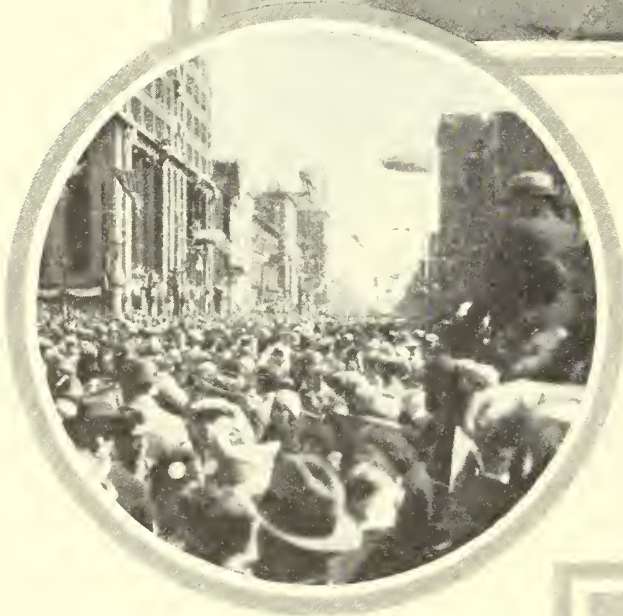
The comely city of Louisville is a pleasant place to be. On the Ohio river frontier, where Dixie begins, it embodies as many of the attractive traditions one associates with the South as you will find anywhere. You go there and learn that "My Old Ken-



Kids and grown-ups alike thrilled at the sight of these one-hundred-percent Americans from Oklahoma



From Peru, Illinois, came the Doodledorfer Band to add its bit to the general jollity. In circle, some of the Parade onlookers. Legion processions have a way of drawing a host of spectators, but never has the total exceeded that reached at Louisville



That was an idea for sure. If you are in no particular hurry, and most of us would live longer and feel better if we did not hurry so much, there is no nicer way to travel than on a river packet, and to live a chapter of Mark Twain.

Nearly all of the traditions of the central West and South proceed from the rivers. But for the Ohio River and George Rogers Clark the history of this continent would be very different from what it is. It is a pity that we do not know more about George Rogers Clark, who was *not* the Clark of Lewis and Clark who went out to Oregon. That was George Rogers's younger brother, whose feat, memorable as it was, was simply a Boy Scout hike compared with the exploits of George, of whom we hear so little.

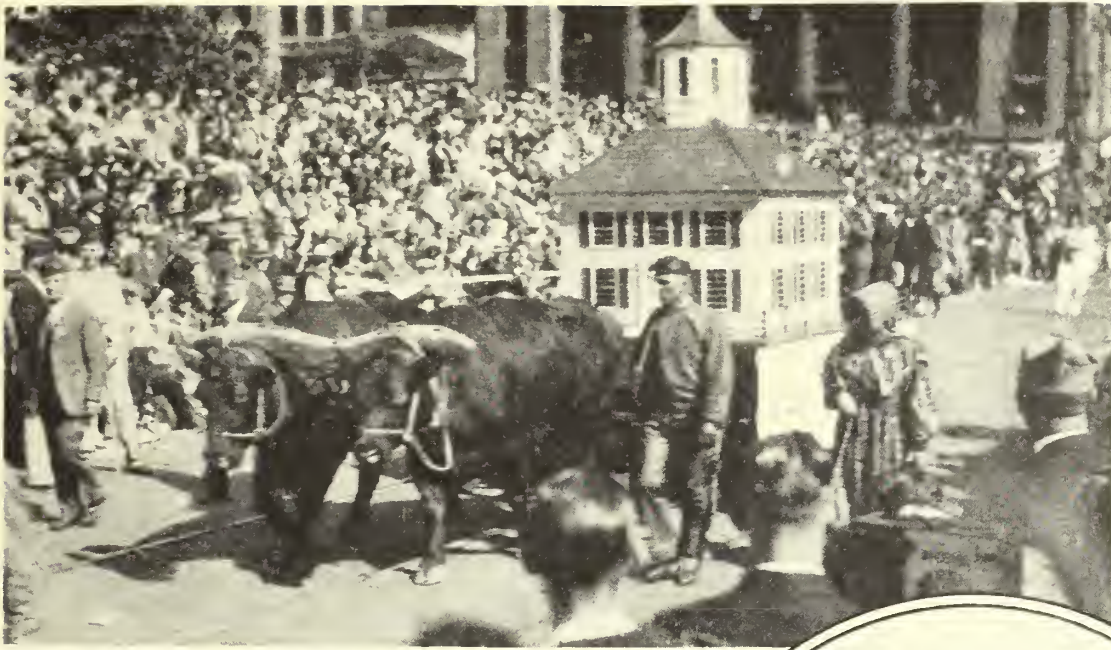
When the Colonies lined up to fight England in 1775 George Rogers Clark turned his steps toward the West. That was the country this fair-haired young Virginia giant and bon vivant knew best. He had roamed it for years and saw America's future there. Finally they made him a brigadier general. He got up a remarkable backwoods army of two hundred men, and with it conquered the whole West as it was known in that day. But for him the United States, at its birth, would have ended at the Appalachians. He received no thanks for what he did and much abuse. The Virginia Legislature declined to honor the bills Clark had incurred in the course of his campaigns—bills that were ridiculously small considering what was accomplished, but more than enough to impoverish Clark, which they did. The young brigadier might have made a terrible scene in Congress, but Clark was no hand at scenes. He built himself a little cabin on a magnificent

within limits, to take life. And it is pretty much the way the playground side of life is taken at a national convention of The American Legion. In this stressful age it is something to be able to cast care aside for a week, to escape the shackles of restraint, let go and have a good time. It is refreshing and stimulating. It is a considerable blow to the hair dye industry, deferring the day when men and women stand in need of that form of rebuttal of the evidence of the marching years.

Fifty thousand Legionnaires and Auxiliaries came to Louisville, aside from the short-haul commuters who crossed from Indiana, Ohio and Illinois and came in from surrounding Kentucky counties for parade day. Local experts, practiced at close guessing on Derby crowds, reckoned the number of out-of-towners on parade day at seventy-five thousand. A good many came by air this year, and on Sunday, the day before the official opening of the convention, Bowman Field was a busy place, as with the spectacular air show, which was a part of the convention entertainment, it was destined to be for the four days to come. More came by motor than ever before, and miles of side streets radiating from the center of things were lined with parked cars whose license tags originated in every State of the Union. Some thousand or so visitors came by the river.



The Clark trio from Grand Forks, North Dakota, who sang for the convention. More Legion youngsters came to Louisville than had ever attended an American veteran gathering before



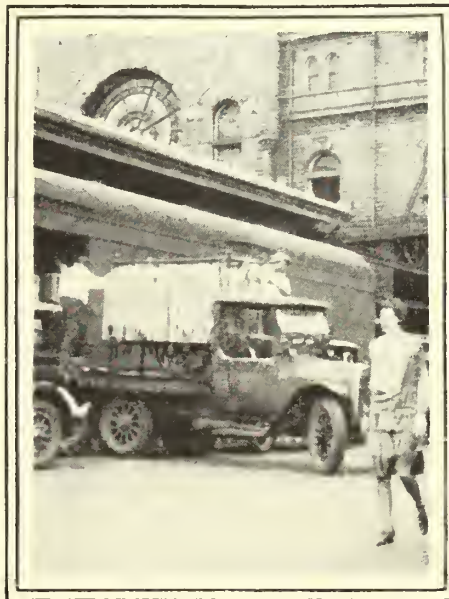
Harrison Post of Corydon, Indiana, brought along a model of the first Hoosier capitol building, and Holyoke (Massachusetts) Post presented a pageant of American history, of which the covered wagon shown in the circle was a unit

bluff on the Indiana side of the river overlooking the falls of the Ohio, the village of Louisville, which he had founded, and a beautiful sweep of country in the empire his sword had won. There with one leg gone and a body wracked by the infirmities of military service, he died, in heart-break and disillusionment. The Daughters of the American Revolution have placed a stone near the spot, and during the convention the base of it was covered with bouquets of field flowers.

Quite a number of the Cincinnati delegation came down on the river steamboat *City of Cincinnati*, and used it as a hotel during their stay. The famous pleasure boat *Island Queen*, a floating dance hall and cabaret, was another attraction generously patronized by those who knew or accepted this opportunity to become acquainted with the charm of the river.

This convention crowd scattered more leisurely than has been the custom in time past. Two or three days after Paul McNutt of Indiana had brought down his gavel to close the formal sessions one could spot lingering contingents of conventionnaires along Fourth Street and in hotel lobbies that seemed dull and lifeless after the fiesta. They had been to Churchill Downs, to Bardstown, to Lincoln's birthplace, to the Mammoth Cave or perhaps French Lick in Indiana. It is a good thing to see these convention pilgrimages develop along that line. I venture to say that next year Boston, environed by a world of attractions to the tourist, will also prove a hard place to leave.

The nation's highways, and highways from across the seas, where so many notable outposts of the Legion are, converged upon Fourth Street, which Louisville roped off and



Uniontown (Pennsylvania) Legion musicians took care that their uniforms would arrive in good parade order by shipping them on a regular tailor's rack, each in a protecting paper bag

gave over to the Legion. On Fourth Street stands Louisville's splendid Memorial Auditorium, where the sessions were held, saving the opening session, which to accommodate the extra crowd was held in the Jefferson Armory. There Governor Sampson of Kentucky and Mayor and Legionnaire Harrison of Louisville uttered words of welcome and made no promise of hospitality that was not trebly realized. There General Peyton C. March, World War Chief of Staff, looking like a Kentucky colonel in his gray moustache and goatee, and Admiral Hugh Rodman, who is a Kentucky colonel, honored the meeting with their presence and their inspirational words.

On Fourth Street the Auxiliary met in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, and Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, whose Georgia voice has a subtly persuasive quality, presided. The Auxiliary had surely come up in the world within the past few years. Legion conventions are far from the eighty-nine point three percent stag affairs they used to be. Another example of woman's expanding sphere, I suppose. But however that may be the ladies do diffuse a certain air now indispensable.

On Fourth Street everybody met. It was the carnival avenue over half (Continued on page 54)



The National Commander and the man who made his election unanimous—Albert Cox of North Carolina

LOOKING 19

By Philip

THE whole world heard the music and revelry that for four days proclaimed that The American Legion was holding its Eleventh National Convention in Louisville, Kentucky. It watched while thirty thousand Legionnaires took part in a colorful parade—America's greatest national pageant—that lasted more than five hours. It listened while fifty thousand Legionnaires from every part of the country thronged Louisville's streets in a spontaneous carnival that could only be compared with the celebrations of the original Armistice Day eleven years ago. And perhaps the world concluded that a National Convention of The American Legion now, eleven years after the World War, is all music and revelry.

Perhaps the world is inclined to believe that the Legion's National Convention is simply a spectacle, that a congress attended by eleven hundred delegates representing eight hundred thousand Legionnaires is simply a medium for glorification of deeds that would otherwise be forgotten. There may be those who believe that The American Legion performed notable service in assisting in the orderly transformation of five million World War service men back into everyday citizens but that its usefulness eleven years after the World War is perfunctory and not vital.

No such impressions will be held by the thousands who attended the sessions of the Legion's national congress held in the Jefferson County Armory and the new War Memorial Building at Louisville. They know that the parade, six miles long, the colorful Legion crowd that packed the grand stands at Churchill Downs, the country's greatest race track, the throngs in streets and hotel lobbies for four days and nights—all these were but the accompaniments of serious duties well performed. The real record of the Legion's Eleventh National Convention, the record that will endure, is the record that is preserved in words that posterity will read, words spoken from the rostrum of the convention auditorium by the Legion's leaders and by other exponents of the American ideals and principles which the Legion is pledged to preserve.

The deliberations of the Louisville convention may not have attracted so much attention as the proceedings of other conventions held in years when the Legion was giving its strength to tasks which were better calculated to win headlines on the front pages of the newspapers. The Louisville convention came at a



The white-clad drum corps of Victory Post of Washington, D. C. Legion uniforms are becoming more notable in vividness and variety as the years go by

time when the country itself was tranquil and prosperous, when it was basking in self-satisfaction and optimism. The Legionnaires who came to Louisville from the Middle West and the Upper South by tens of thousands and from other sections of the country in amazing numbers brought with them a spirit of confidence in things as they are and a desire to maintain the gains that have been made. These feelings may have operated to divert attention from truly significant and outstanding actions taken by the convention and pronouncements by convention speakers which deserve the concentrated attention not only of the Legion but of the whole country.

Traditionally, two features of each new National Convention of The American Legion overshadow in interest all other actions of the convention. These are the election of a new National Commander and the selection of the city in which the next National Convention will be held. The Louisville convention was true to tradition, but unexpectedly the delegates and convention spectators found real drama in the election of the new National Commander. When National Commander McNutt announced that the roll of States would be called for nominations for National Commander, everybody expected to hear the usual series of nominating speeches and seconding speeches followed by the roll-call vote of the States. John Thomas Taylor of the National Legislative Committee, acting as assistant secretary of the convention, called the name of Alabama.

"Alabama yields to North Carolina," came the answer.

Albert Cox of North Carolina, recognized as one of the three

TOWARD 30

Von Blon



"The old order changeth, yielding place to new"—Commander Bodenhamer and Commander McNutt



The color guard of the Winston-Salem (North Carolina) Legion. In circle, a portrait study of National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer taken just after his unanimous election

active candidates for the office of National Commander, walked to the platform, while the auditorium buzzed with surprise and expectancy.

Mr. Cox spoke briefly. His concluding words were:

"I desire to place in nomination a man as fully qualified as any member of the Legion for such leadership, and at the same time I desire to move that the rules be suspended and that the National Adjutant of The American Legion cast the vote of this convention for National Commander for the ensuing year for that great Legionnaire of Arkansas, O. L. Bodenhamer."

As soon as the cheering and applause had subsided, National Commander McNutt called for a vote on Mr. Cox's motion. It carried unanimously. James F. Barton, National Adjutant, announced the vote of the convention cast for Mr. Bodenhamer and declared him elected. Led by Arkansas, the delegations paraded to the platform and took part in a demonstration. Mr. Bodenhamer then spoke, concluding with this pledge:

"To every Legionnaire in America I make this one promise: In return for the honor which you have conferred, and for the confidence which has been expressed, and for the privilege of service which has been offered, I pledge to you now, here, in the

presence of my comrades, and with God as my witness and helper, that I shall hold high and keep clean the banner of this Legion of ours."

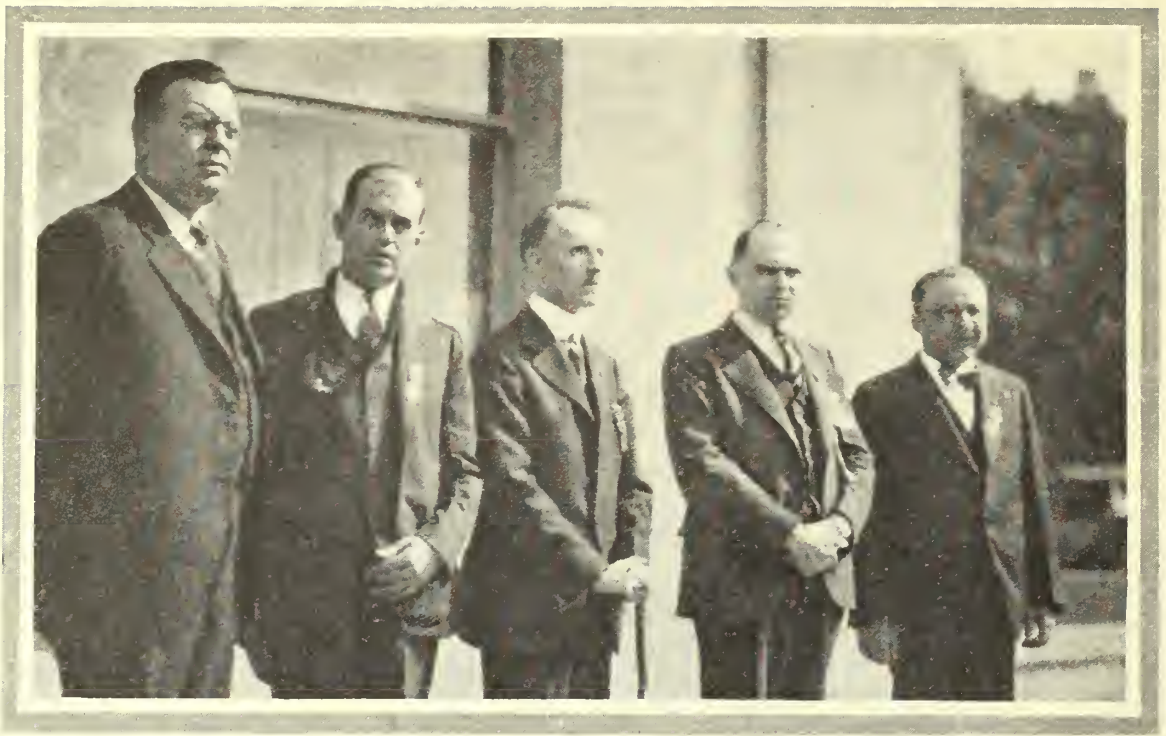
National Commander Bodenhamer, like his predecessor, Paul V. McNutt, was a college professor when the United States entered the World War. He enlisted as a private in April, 1917, and was discharged in 1919 as a major in the 19th Infantry of the Regular Army. He is now thirty-nine years old.

Mr. Bodenhamer is a native of Goldthwaite, Texas. He was educated at Howard Payne College and Baylor University. After receiving his degree, he became a professor of English and dean of San Marcos College, at the same time acting as coach of athletics. After his war service Mr. Bodenhamer entered the real-estate business in El Dorado, Arkansas, and began his service with The American Legion. He became a member of the National Executive Committee, Commander of the Department of Arkansas, chairman

of the National Legislative Committee in 1924-25, and a leader in the Legion's rehabilitation and child welfare activities. While engaged in his many activities for the Legion he has been prominent in the business and civic interests of his city. He is president of the El Dorado Chamber of Commerce.

The convention elected as National Vice-Commanders Morton M. David of Denver, Colorado; Milt D. Campbell of Cincinnati, Ohio; Frank Schoble, Jr., of Wyncote, Pennsylvania; Willis M. Brewer of Pontiac, Michigan, and John J. Dugan of Wilmington, Delaware. Reverend Dr. George F. Kettell of Macedon, New





National Vice-Commanders of The American Legion chosen at Louisville: Milt D. Campbell of Cincinnati, Ohio; John J. Dugan of Wilmington, Delaware; Frank Schoble, Jr., of Wyncote, Pennsylvania; Willis M. Brewer of Pontiac, Michigan; Morton M. David of Denver, Colorado

York, was elected National Chaplain.

At the session of the National Executive Committee held immediately after the convention, National Adjutant James F. Barton was re-appointed, as were Bowman Elder, National Treasurer; Scott W. Lucas of Havana, Illinois, National Judge Advocate, and Eben Putnam of Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts, National Historian.

Boston won over Los Angeles in a warm contest for the honor of being the Legion's 1930 National Convention city. Both cities sent unusually large delegations to Louisville and each used novel means to impress delegates and convention visitors with the attractions it could offer in 1930. Los Angeles distributed many thousands of miniature crates of oranges. Boston handed out small cans of baked beans and small office knives of a new type made by the Gillette Safety Razor Company, a Boston industry. Happy Wintz, entertainer extraordinary at half a dozen Legion conventions, ballyhooed for Los Angeles, and California's Forty Niners were everywhere. Boston's victory was influenced by the fact that it promised that the Legion's convention will be a leading feature of Bos-



The reviewing stand for the parade: Above, Mayor Harrison of Louisville; Governor Sampson of Kentucky; National Commander McNutt; Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., Auxiliary President; Mrs. McNutt; Past Commander Savage. In circle, Admiral Rodman, U.S.N., General March, U.S.A.

ton's tercentenary celebration and the additional fact that, as an Eastern seaboard city, it has special facilities for entertaining the 1930 Congress of Fidac, the international veterans' society, which is expected to be held in conjunction with the Legion's annual convention. More than twenty States voted in favor of Los Angeles on roll call, but in the final tally Boston had double the number of votes that were cast for its western rival.

It was announced that Baltimore, Maryland, hopes to entertain the Legion's National Convention in 1932, and Chicago expects to invite the National Convention for 1933.

First and foremost of the Louisville convention's other actions of real importance were those proceeding from the Legion's primary purpose, the safeguarding and advancement of the interests of the disabled service men of the World War. In the eleven years which have elapsed since the war the Legion has won a remarkable series of gains for the disabled service man. It aroused Congress to the necessity for a systematic program of hospital construction, and it has, year by year, pressed for the necessary building projects in line with that original program. It led a successful



Past National Commander Edward E. Spafford, Grand Marshal, leads the parade past the reviewing stand in front of the Jefferson County Courthouse

fight for the consolidation of all government agencies dealing with the disabled man into a single agency, the United States Veterans Bureau, and in each year since the Bureau was formed it has striven to make the Bureau effective and efficient. The Legion sponsored the Adjusted Compensation Act, which has provided financial benefits to four million service men of the World War. It procured the enactment of the bill giving disabled emergency army officers the same retirement rights enjoyed by other classes of officers who served in the World War. The Legion was responsible for the passage of the World War Veterans Act, simplifying the legislation under which the Government confers rights and benefits to all who served in the World War, and the Legion sponsored the successive amendments to that act as the need for them became apparent.

Having accomplished all these things, The American Legion assembled at Louisville with the realization that its tasks for the disabled have not been finished. To many most closely concerned with the problems of the disabled, particularly the members of the Legion's National Legislative Committee and National Rehabilitation Committee, it was apparent that the problems now confronting the Government, the Legion and the country as a whole may prove even more difficult of solution than those which have already been worked out.

It was these problems which inspired National Commander Paul V. McNutt in his report to the convention to lay emphasis on certain tasks ahead. Dwelling upon the capability of the Legion to undertake these tasks, Mr. McNutt said:

"Ten years of accomplishment have brought to the Legion the complete confidence of all citizens. The American Legion is larger than any other single organization of war veterans in the history of the world. On August 12th its membership exceeded the total for the entire year of 1928. On August 31st, when the books were closed for the National Convention, the membership was 38,677 more than for the same date last year. Our numerical strength today is greater than it has been since 1921. Last minute reports indicate that the 1921 record will be equaled and passed within the next few days . . . The financial condition of the national organization has kept pace with membership. For the second year in the

history of the organization the financial statement shows no borrowed money and sufficient assets to meet all obligations during the remainder of the calendar year."

Immediately ahead, National Commander McNutt pointed out, are two legislative objectives for the disabled. "The Hospital Bill," he said, "the bill calling for twenty-one changes in the World War Veterans Act and the Wainwright-Reed resolution on universal service did not receive the proper consideration and failed of passage despite every effort on the part of The American

Legion. Passage of these measures in the immediate future is imperative if we are to do our full duty to the disabled, to the veterans of the World War generally and to posterity . . .

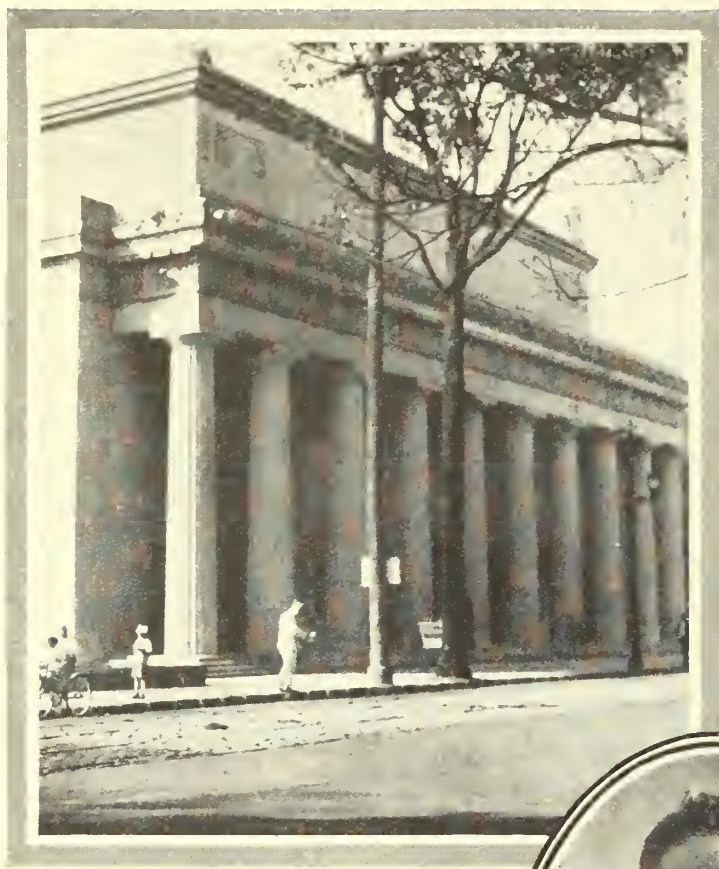
"Over 52,000 World War veterans are receiving compensation for service-connected neuro-psychiatric disability. We are told by experts that the peak of the neuro-psychiatric load will not be reached until 1947. The month-old report of the acting medical director of the Veterans Bureau contains the information that 20,378 service men are hospitalized for mental illness and that of these 7,217 have been hospitalized without authorization of the Bureau in state, county, city and private institutions. Our survey shows, on August 1st, that 2,243 neuro-psychiatric veterans, aside from those in non-governmental institutions, are awaiting hospitalization today. The condition of many of the other neuro-psychiatric veterans is growing worse steadily. The conclusion is obvious. The present hospital facilities of the Government are not adequate. Thousands of other neuro-psychiatric patients will require hospitalization in the near future and the Government should be prepared to furnish treatment and cure when needed. From the hu-

mane as well as from the economic viewpoint the veteran should be hospitalized for proper diagnosis and treatment immediately.

"Two other questions are of first importance. One is whether Section 202, Paragraph 10, of the World War Veterans Act makes it mandatory to hospitalize mentally ill veterans regardless of service connection. The other is whether this section should be made mandatory for all non-service-connected disabilities. If the second question is answered in the negative, then The American Legion should be prepared to recommend the proportionate number of beds to be devoted to non-service connected cases . . .



E. Snapper Ingram of California, elected Grand Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight



The spacious and dignified War Memorial Building at Louisville, where the sessions of the Eleventh National Convention were held. In oval, Rev. Dr. George F. Kettell of Macedon, New York, the new National Chaplain



"Many rehabilitation problems remain unsolved. Some of the most important now have to do with the non-compensated and the non-compensable hospitalized veteran. The care of the dependents of these veterans presents a problem for which we must find a solution."

National Commander McNutt's declarations were followed by an important address by General Frank T. Hines, director of the Veterans Bureau. General Hines revealed that a notable change in governmental policy is being considered, one which would establish the element of need as an important consideration in determining disability compensation and hospitalization awards. General Hines pointed out that up to the time of the World War the question of need had been a fundamental consideration in dealing with the problem of caring for the men who served their country.

"We embarked at the beginning of the World War upon a new policy," General Hines said, "one not departing primarily from the question of need for relief, but basing it upon what appeared at that time to be a more scientific basis, that following more nearly the compensation laws of the various States, coupled with insurance.

"There was brought into our problem the matter of service connection—one of the greatest difficulties facing us in the problem of rendering adequate relief. I feel sure that in our mutual efforts toward liberalizing the World War Veterans Act, we must at some time take into consideration the question of needs. It seems to me the problem should be approached in its details and in its total magnitude now, not later on. And we should not consider that problem from the question of cost.

"When our Government called these men to the colors, that immediately established a moral obligation that must not be forgotten, no matter how we write the law. They took from the family the head of it. Some did not return. The family stands as the unit of care for those that did not return. The man unable

to carry on who did return stands as a unit for adequate relief . . . If actual need exists, it seems to me we should find and see a way of rendering relief."

Departing from his prepared speech, General Hines told how he had found waiting in front of his hotel door in Louisville a service man wearing the Distinguished Service Cross, a man who had come to appeal to him under the mistaken impression that he had served under General Hines overseas.

"He came in and told me his story," General Hines related. "He had been unable to present evidence of service connection. He had ample evidence of need. He had a wife and children and he was finding it difficult to carry on. I don't know what is the trouble in that problem. But I am afraid that it can only be one of many cases in which a man, giving service at the front, determined to carry through and serve his country, did not make a medical record upon which we can find a technical service connection. To my way of thinking, that man is entitled to help, if he needs it, and the aid should be given him now."

The whole convention cheered this declaration, applauding for a considerable period, and General Hines continued:

"I am sure, comrades, if we face this problem—and let me urge you again, I can see no necessity for presenting one part of the problem this year and another part next year—let us present the complete problem to the people of the United States and their representatives in Congress."

After more applause, General Hines added:

"The American Legion, the administration of the Veterans Bureau, and the Federal Government itself, is criticized because the public does not appreciate some of the technicalities of the law which we are required to follow. I can announce again and again that where a doubt exists, give the benefit to the veteran; but I cannot tell those who are charged with the administration of the law to break it."

Difficulties in apportioning available hospital facilities and future hospital facilities to service-connected and non-service-connected patients were described by General Hines in detail. He said:

"I have many times advocated hospitalization for all service men of all wars and all disabilities. We have in the World War Veterans Act the words 'shall be hospitalized,' but we have not as yet had any response from Congress. You will appreciate the magnitude of the problem when I tell you that in 1925, when we first placed on our statute books the hospitalization of all service men, seventeen percent of our total load were non-service-connected cases. Today that load

has increased to forty-three percent of non-service-connected cases, or 11,500 veterans out of a total of approximately 26,000 patients.

"The program we have hitherto had has been based upon service-connected cases. It will be the policy of the Bureau to present to Congress a program of what beds are needed for the service-connected cases, and at the same time an additional program for those needed for non-service-connected cases, with the hope that with both programs before Congress we shall be able to settle this question once and for all. I am sure that it is the desire of the people of the United States and the desire of every Congressman that the men needing hospital care be taken care of.

"The question of how far we are to go with this problem is one of the future great problems for the country to decide. There can be no difference between the opinion of the Bureau, which deals with all veterans, and The American Legion, but I feel there is a misunderstanding on the part of the public as to what the men are entitled to. In fairness to you, in fairness to the Federal Government and in fairness to the people, let's have the issue so clearly drawn that anyone can understand it."

General Hines then gave some good news for the 659,000 holders of government insurance policies.

"Your government insurance fund is in excellent financial



Twenty-four Vermonters cut expenses by making the convention trip in a Central Vermont Railway baggage car which served as their hotel while in Louisville

shape," he said. "In the very near future I hope to be able to increase the dividends on government insurance. You should know why that has not been done before. The law governing converted insurance provides that policies be written upon a commercial basis. They have been so written. They offer the greatest benefits, in my judgment, of any policy that has ever been written. No premium is charged for a very important benefit under those policies, without any limitation as to years of payment for total and permanent disability. It was necessary when I became director to build up a reserve to take care of totally and permanently disabled veterans. Congress agreed to take care of the extra war hazard. So that is what we have been doing. While that reserve is not as large as we shall need, it is large enough to justify an increase in our dividend, and we expect to make it."

General Hines next informed the convention that 1,300,000 service men holding Adjusted Service Certificates have made loans against their certificates having an aggregate of \$158,000,000. He expressed the hope that most of those who had made loans would be able to redeem them. In closing his address, General Hines summarized the joint aims of the Bureau and the Legion as follows:

"To fight and fight to make sure that full and adequate relief is promptly given to the men who are actually disabled and to the dependents of those men who are not here. We expect to take care of that veteran who has given good service to his country in time of emergency where he is unable to carry on.

"To provide hospitalization for all veterans in actual need of such service and to provide in hospitals the highest professional talent and the best equipment that money can buy."

Director Hines's address to the convention aroused much speculation as to the character of the legislation which will be submitted to Congress, with the support of President Hoover, in an effort to obtain an early solution of the problems which are confronting the Veterans Bureau. At the same time, delegates found in another resolution adopted by the con-

vention a subject equally worth discussion. This was a resolution submitted by the convention's Child Welfare Committee. It was:

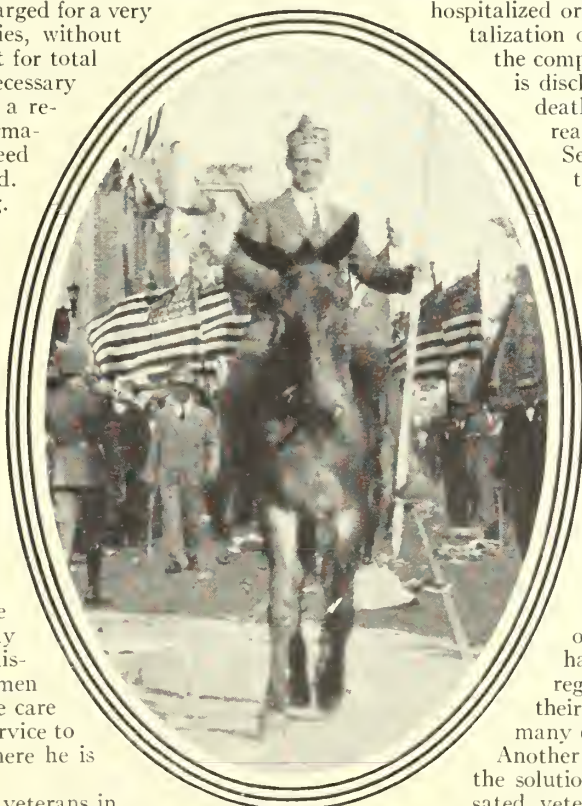
"That The American Legion instruct its legislative committee to prepare the necessary bills allowing compensation where necessary to families of veterans, where the veteran is hospitalized or deceased, whether or not such hospitalization or death is due to service connection, the compensation to continue until the veteran is discharged from hospital, or in case of his death to continue until his children have reached the age of sixteen years."

Sentiment in favor of legislation of this character has been growing in the Legion for the past three years. It has been advocated as a solution to the problem created by the existence of thousands of families of service men who are in tuberculosis hospitals on a non-compensation basis.

The existing law permits payment of compensation only to men suffering from tuberculosis who can prove service connection and establishes presumptive service connection for men who can prove the existence of the disease to a disabling degree of ten percent prior to January 2, 1925. Since the enactment of the law establishing this arbitrary time limit for presumptive service connection, some thousands of men unable to obtain compensation have been handicapped in their fight to regain health by the realization that their families were in want—destitute in many cases.

Another proposal that had been advanced as the solution of the problem of these uncompensated veterans was the extending of the time limit for presumptive service connection from 1925 to 1930, but a definite resolution on this subject was not included among the sixty-four separate resolutions dealing with the disabled which the convention adopted.

In all, 319 resolutions were considered by the convention committee on rehabilitation. Most of the sixty-four resolutions reported by the committee to the convention and adopted concerned technical matters of legislation (Continued on page 58)



In the van of the Missouri contingent

FOR *a* GREATER

By John

FOUR short squares from the heart of Louisville, where carnival held sway, where bands and drum and bugle corps marched and countermarched, where tens of thousands of Legionnaires and Auxiliares had taken possession, six hundred and forty-eight earnest women, accredited representatives of the 330,000 members of The American Legion Auxiliary in every State of the Union, in territorial possessions and in foreign countries, assembled on September 30th to reaffirm their support of the Legion's principles and aims and to outline a comprehensive program of policies and activities for 1930.

The Ninth National Convention of the Auxiliary, legislative body for the greatest and most powerful organization of its kind in the country, was prepared to start its deliberations. Notwithstanding the early hour set for the formal opening, the beautiful auditorium in the new Knights of Columbus clubhouse was crowded to the doors. The ceremony was impressive and colorful. To stirring music provided by Clyde Bolling Post Band of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, chosen as the Auxiliary's official band, more than a half-hundred white-clad young women who served as pages for the various department delegations advanced the colors.

With the national colors encircling the back of the stage and with the numerous department and unit banners flanking the platform, already banked with floral greetings from kindred organizations, a perfect setting was provided for the reception of the national officers who were conducted to the stage by their personal pages.

Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., of Washington, Georgia, who served the Auxiliary as its National President during 1929, was designated permanent chairman of the convention and called the meeting to order. The invocation was given by Mrs. W. W. Townes of Petersburg, Virginia, National Chaplain, and the entire assemblage repeated the pledge of allegiance to the flag under the direction of Mrs. William H. Cudworth of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, National Americanism Chairman.

To permit the Auxiliary officers and delegates to join the Legion in the opening ceremonies of its Eleventh National Convention and receive the greetings of the conventions' hosts, the first session was of short duration. Mrs. W. Kingman White of Georgia submitted the report of the Rules Committee, Mrs. John Gilmore of Tennessee that of the Committee on Permanent Organization, while the Credentials Committee report, designating the number of delegates accredited to each department in the convention, was presented by Mrs. Charles Dressler of Pennsylvania. These reports accepted, the initial meeting was adjourned.

With the full force of its 330,000 members supporting its pledges, the Auxiliary has again set forth as its paramount activity for the coming year continued and whole-hearted work for the disabled men and their families, stressing the problems of rehabilitation and of child welfare. An activity inaugurated at the San Antonio convention in 1928 and developed during the past year—that of assisting war orphans in obtaining proper education and vocational training by obtaining state educational aid for them in addition to the Federal compensation already available—was endorsed and will receive particular attention.

In her address to the convention, the National President was

able to report progress in this program of helpfulness. She said: "Believing as you do that the children of our honored dead should be denied no rightful opportunity because of their father's sacrifice, we have this year developed a program of education and vocational training of World War orphans that should play an increasingly useful part in our activities as time goes on. In the few short months we have been at work, four States have passed necessary legislation to supplement the Federal aid available by



Auxiliares from Johnson City, Tennessee, in the parade (in which, by the way, the ladies were represented as never before). In oval, Mrs. Donald Macrae of Iowa, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary

state aid for education of war orphans, and we are entering this convention with the ground work laid for an endowment fund to provide special opportunities for children of special talent."

A resolution authorizing the new National President to appoint a special committee to consider a national endowment scholarship fund for the education of war orphans, a plan which had been recommended by the convention Committee on Education and Vocational Training of World War Orphans, was adopted.

Notwithstanding an almost continuous stream of distinguished guests and representatives of other organizations bringing messages of goodwill to the Auxiliary, business was forwarded with precision and dispatch. Breakfast meetings of committees, called for as early as seven o'clock, were the accepted order of the day. Teas, luncheons, receptions, dinners were somehow crowded into the program, and apparently sleep was something to be thought of only after the four days of the convention had ended. The peak of the social side of the convention was reached in the annual States' Dinner and carnival dance.

The frequent interruptions to the serious deliberations, caused by the introduction of speakers, made for a lightness of spirit not usually found in meetings of this nature. The presence of the Minneapolis Glee Club—sixteen comely young Minnesota women—enlivened the proceedings greatly, although some of the men who addressed the meetings were visibly fussed at the frankly

AUXILIARY

J. Noll

familiar manner in which they were greeted in song before being permitted to deliver their talks.

One of the pleasant surprises of the convention parade was the increased number of women's bands and drum corps, drill teams and uniformed groups in the line of march. Prominent among these organizations were the Auxiliary Band from Brainerd, Minnesota, with a drum major stepping along as high as the best of them, the drum corps of the Seventh District Auxiliary of

Auxiliary co-operate with educators in furthering the teaching of the Constitution, that current events be made a subject at meetings of Auxiliary units, that continued efforts be made to combat subversive movements against the Government and that indifferent citizens be aroused to the duties of citizenship.

Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell of Iowa, National Secretary, who served also as permanent secretary of the convention, reviewed the work of the organization during 1920, mentioning in particular the splendid membership increase of more than 25,000, the organization of 303 new units, and the success attained in raising a special fund of \$25,000 through the Auxiliary units to assist the Legion in continuing its work for disabled veterans and their dependents.

The principal recommendation made by the Child Welfare Committee, through its chairman, Mrs. Katherine Stiles Laughton of Michigan, was that every effort be made to obtain government compensation for the families of all hospitalized veterans, whether or not the veteran's disability is service connected. The national organization was requested also to contribute \$1,000 to the Department of France to be used in child welfare work.

An interesting interlude in the business of the session was the introduction of Dr. Helen Hughes Hielscher of Mankato, Minnesota, and Mrs. Mary Clark of Louisville, who during the organization convention of the Auxiliary in Kansas City in 1921 served as chairman and secretary, respectively. Both of these women spoke briefly, comparing the turmoil of that first convention with the smoothness with which the meeting eight years later was being conducted.

Following in the footsteps of the Legion, the Auxiliary Fidac Committee recommended the creation of a scholarship fund for use in the exchange of university students with countries of Europe. The report of this committee was read to the convention by Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson of Pennsylvania.

The American Legion Auxiliary had been honored in 1928 by having one of its Past National Presidents, Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley of Wisconsin, elected President of the Fidac women's organization. In that capacity Mrs. Macauley had spent most of the past year in Europe, and in an interesting way told the delegates of the impressions she had gained of the problems being faced by the

auxiliaries of the Allied veterans' organizations. She frankly stated that Americans lacked an understanding of European nations and of their problems, spoke of the futility of disarmament in this country as an example to the world, urged the Auxiliary to continue its fight against communistic influences in America and in conclusion stated that "only by understanding and good will between nations can we hope for world peace."

The National Defense (Continued on page 65)



Not all the music in the air was man made, witness the drum corps made up of members of the Chickasha (Oklahoma) Auxiliary unit

Indianapolis, Indiana, and of the Auxiliary units of Hibbing, Minnesota, and Chickasha, Oklahoma. The championship Bessie Edwards Cadets of Massachusetts, the Napa (California) Auxiliary Drill Team, the glee clubs of the Minneapolis and Santa Ana (California) units, and the entire delegations from Tennessee and North Dakota in striking attire, added more color to the parade.

It is doubtful if many of the Auxiliary delegates viewed the parade, as the numerous convention committees were in session during that period considering their problems and preparing their reports for submission to the convention when it reconvened on the following morning. These committees touched on every phase of Auxiliary activity, including, as they did, those on Community Service and Unit Activities, Finance, Poppy, Music, Membership, Child Welfare, Rehabilitation, Americanism, Constitution and By-Laws, Fidac, Legislation, National Defense, Resolutions, and Trophies, Awards and Emblem.

The first report submitted to the convention at its second session was that of Mrs. William H. Cudworth of Milwaukee, National Americanism Chairman. As adopted, it recommended that the

National Presidents, Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley of Wisconsin, elected President of the Fidac women's organization. In that capacity Mrs. Macauley had spent most of the past year in Europe, and in an interesting way told the delegates of the impressions she had gained of the problems being faced by the



National Vice-Presidents of The American Legion Auxiliary: Mrs. G. I. Seybert of Indianapolis, Indiana; Mrs. J. A. Howell of Ogden, Utah; Mrs. L. E. Thompson of Pueblo, Colorado; Miss Adelaide F. Fitzgerald of Hopkinton, Massachusetts. Mrs. Harry F. Vass of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, who was unable to attend the convention, was also elected a National Vice-President

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

Marching On



THE national convention parade at Louisville on the first day of October was a symbol of The American Legion's power and strength, for anyone watching the parade of thirty thousand Legionnaires in Louisville was inevitably reminded that they were but the visible vanguard of a greater army of eight hundred thousand Legionnaires who are marching forward, shoulder to shoulder, in the towns and cities of the United States in every day of the year. That mighty host of everyday Americans constitutes in the national life of the United States an army of maneuver which the country may confidently rely upon as a deciding factor in any future crisis of citizenship which it may face.

The Louisville convention afforded once more convincing proof that members of The American Legion are meeting the tests of present-day civilian life as courageously and steadfastly as they met the trials of battle twelve years ago. One need only study the proceedings of the convention to understand how adequately the Legion is filling its rôle as a stabilizing influence in national affairs that have arisen out of the World War, and to learn how fully the ten thousand posts of The American Legion are participating in the everyday life of all the communities of this land.

There were those ten years ago who doubted whether The American Legion could find an important place in the future of the United States. They were willing to concede that the Legion could help by assisting in the transformation of the soldier and sailor to civilian life in a trying economic period, but they predicted that the Legion's tasks would be soon finished, that the organization would then lapse into a loose social organization with no definite objectives and with no practical program calculated to appeal to the energies of the men who had fought and helped in the World War.

The Louisville convention brought into mind the vision of a present-day Legion busily at work in town and State and nation. From the reports of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, National Rehabilitation Committee, National Americanism Committee, National Aeronautics Committee, National Defense Committee, the National Division of Child Welfare, the Commission on World Peace and Foreign Relations and the other bodies through which the Legion accomplishes its national works, one caught the picture of a dynamic Legion, striving with undiminished vigor for important objectives in the eleventh year since the ending of the World War. Legionnaires heard with pride the record of the gains made in the

past year in every field of national Legion endeavor and were inspired with new determination as they looked forward to the equally great Legion tasks which must still be carried out.

First and foremost of the Legion's activities which will be continued with new vigor in 1930 are its countrywide efforts to provide proper care and treatment and other deserved benefits for all the disabled service men of the World War. At Louisville, in one of his last addresses as National Commander of The American Legion, Paul V. McNutt outlined some of the battles which the Legion must still fight for the disabled. He emphasized the need of additional hospitals, especially those required for men suffering from mental diseases, and the imperative necessity of finding a solution to the problem presented by sizable numbers of disabled World War veterans who, in urgent need of governmental financial help, are unable to establish the legal proof of service connection with their disabilities which is a fundamental requirement for that government help.

Director Frank T. Hines of the Veterans Bureau made a historic address to the Louisville convention. He said that the Veterans Bureau realizes that full justice is not being given to disabled service men under existing legislation and he added that Congress ought to be presented with all the facts regarding present inadequacies of law so that it could provide a solution to the whole problem. He indicated that the solution which probably would be arrived at would be a frank recognition that the element of need in the case of a disabled service man seeking governmental assistance is fully as important as the element of service connection.

The year 1930 will stand out in history, possibly, as marking a turning point in the program of the United States Government to provide full justice to the disabled service men of the World War. Every Legionnaire and every citizen will be vitally interested in the proposals which will be submitted to Congress. It is certain that the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion will have an important share in determining those proposals and in presenting to Congress the testimony and evidence upon which the action of Congress will be based.

The legal and medical aspects of the Government's work for disabled service men have now become so extensive and so complicated that individual disabled service men would find it an impossibility, in many cases, to present intelligibly their claims for justice. To assist all disabled service men, The American Legion maintains in Washington the offices of its National Rehabilitation Committee. Backed by



PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR

eight hundred thousand individual members of the Legion, the National Rehabilitation Committee is acting as counselor and attorney to thousands of men having claims pending with the Government. Defects and inadequacies of law and government regulations are quickly noted by the committee, whose recommendations are almost invariably made the basis of new legislation or changed regulations to help disabled service men.

Congress has shown, for the most part, that it is willing to make most generous provisions for the disabled, but it must have information upon which to base those provisions. The National Rehabilitation Committee has been working in close understanding with the Veterans Bureau to provide that information. Through the national committee, every individual Legionnaire is able to exert an appreciable influence in bringing about the enactment of the needed new laws.

The National Rehabilitation Committee has sought and won the confidence of Congress by the moderation

of its requests and by its ability to supply the medical and legal evidence necessary. These facts are worth keeping in mind as the Legion goes forward into 1930 and submits to Congress the requests for new legislation formulated by the Louisville convention.

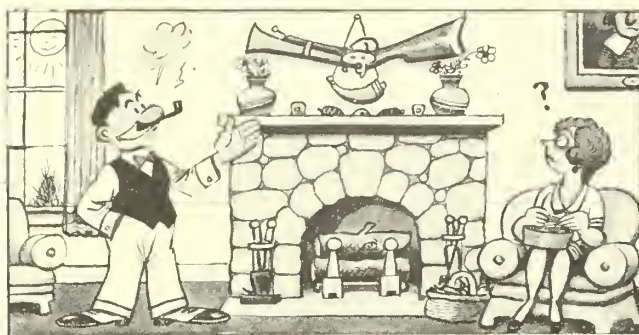
Pride of every Legionnaire in the things The American Legion is accomplishing for the disabled and in its other national activities may be matched by his pride in what ten thousand Legion posts are doing in their towns and cities for community betterment. In every State the record of Legion post accomplishment for the public welfare is being enblazoned upon history. The record for 1929 is as bright as that for any year in the Legion's existence, and 1930 promises to add new glories to the scroll.

From Louisville, the Legion marches toward Boston. With stronger steps, it advances in town and State and nation, meeting the responsibilities of leadership and citizenship, each day farther on its way to the brighter tomorrow of its full heritage.

THE SENTIMENTALIST

Or, A Blunder with A Blunderbuss

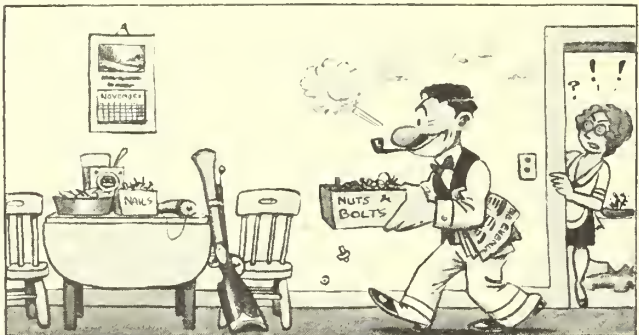
By Wallgren



He: "Y'know Thanksgiving and Christmas always give me a desire to put that old blunderbuss that my ancestors used to bag their turkeys with into action again—"



"And why not? It's a beautiful thought! She looks in good condition, there's still some powder in the horn, and old Sultan's ready for sacrifice!"



"Think of the sentiment! What could be more flattering to a bird than to die nobly exactly as his forefathers did a couple of hundred years ago?"



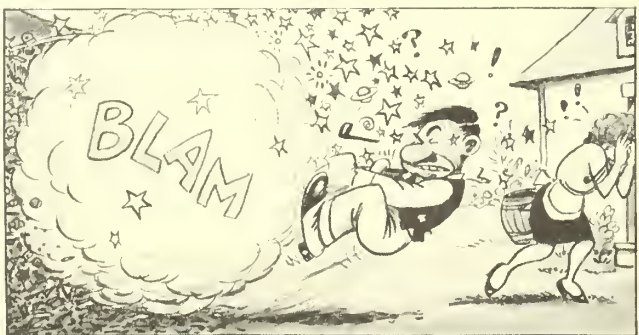
"I don't know much about old guns, but it seems that all these old muzzle-loaders require is a little powder, some wads of paper, and a few slugs tamped in—"



"—and she's loaded. From what I understand they work just like a cigarette lighter. The trigger ratchet throws a spark from th' flint, and BLAM she goes off toot sweet!"



"Now, Sultan, if you will excuse the necessary, although unseemly, proximity, you will have the honor of dying by the same gun with which my ancestors abolished your ancestors!"



"Ready, aim—!***#!" The smoke of the explosion here mercifully bides the sudden and almost complete obliteration of a hitherto fine fat turkey, raised especially for the table.



He: "What happened to the turkey?" She: "Yes, what happened to the turkey, and the car, and the garage, and that priceless old relic, the gun!? You sentimental old */#!*—!"

A PERSONAL VIEW

by
Frederick Palmer

THE TROUBLE BEGINS with a tickling under the instep which gradually spreads to the toes. Then you wonder how distant places you have seen look today.

A Case of Itching Feet

Then you begin looking up maps. By this time all the symptoms indicate an acute case of that disease known among travelers as itching feet. Springy leg muscles remind you that there is only one remedy—to hit the trail again.

SOMETIMES TRAVEL ONLY increases the desire for more. I was in the Rocky Mountains last summer; and I was looking out on the Pacific Ocean when opportunity came to go on across to Japan. What old traveler would refuse? I might be back from Japan in time for the convention and have Louisville, too. But it was not to be. This month I write about my trip in the glamorous East.

NO ONE WILL dispute that there is a lot of water in the Pacific. It requires ten days to cross by the short northern route. This takes you past the Aleutian Islands, flung out from Alaska, where one seals and walruses feel at home.

Not for Habitation

They belong to us; but those gray volcanic rocks rising above the water, cold even in summer, are certainly one place in the United States where no one will want to live until the equator is moved much nearer the Arctic Circle.

I WENT TO bed on the voyage on Tuesday night and woke up eight hours later to find that it was Thursday. That was the day we lost; and you always lose one to make up for setting the hour hand back twenty-four times as you travel westward until you are back where you began. Going eastward you recover the lost day in two Wednesdays or two of some other day. On the Pacific you may have two birthdays or miss your birthday altogether.

ON BOARD THE steamer was a young Filipino woman born since we took the islands—product of applying our educational system among the natives. Other nations scoffed at our impracticable idealism at the time. They said it was better to keep the natives in ignorance. This young woman was so capable that General Leonard Wood had her sent to college in America to learn how to teach Filipino deaf mutes who, before we came, had no training. A little thing, if you will—and yet not without significance.

The Way of America

A LONG VOYAGE, but what contrasts it reveals. It is hardly two weeks away from where one man in the United States with machinery works a quarter section wheat farm to the tiny plots of Japan. The Japanese farmer ploughs with a spade. He transplants every single blade of rice by hand. The harvest is usually brought in on his back. He gets a lot more out of an acre than we do. He has to when there are so many people in little Japan, whose birth rate shows no decrease.

Counting Rice Kernels

IF THE UNITED STATES were as thickly populated as Japan we should have eight hundred million people. Japan's population increases nine hundred thousand a year. How feed them? When will the bursting limit be reached? Japan makes goods to sell to China. She brings in more fish from the sea and grows beans and potatoes by terracing far up the hillsides where rice will not grow.

The Human Ant Hive

JAPAN CAN AFFORD to miss few tricks; and she misses few. Slant eyes are always on the lookout for pointers from abroad. It seemed that frogs' legs were favored as food in some western countries. So the Japanese imported frogs from America. It was found that frogs were one thing that would grow bigger in Japan, which is so moist, than in other countries. They bred fast in astounding increase. Their legs are almost the size of those of small spring broilers. Their nightly serenade on the paddy fields is good music to a people who have little meat to eat.

Business in Bullfrogs

TOKYO-YOKOHAMA POST, some thirty-five members, is named after the two cities which are only fifty minutes apart by train. Colonel Burnett, our veteran military attaché in Japan, has been a leading spirit. Members are men in American banking and business houses.

The Legion Is There Too

A sociable, get-together post of veterans who served in different units and find themselves in the same community far from home. The Japanese police wondered if the post were not some kind of a military organization until the Chief of Staff of the Japanese Army was a guest of honor for the evening and had a very good time.

SIX YEARS AGO an earthquake followed by fire destroyed Tokyo, Yokohama and other cities, killing 150,000 people.

A Great Come-Back

The Japanese had had earthquakes before, and knew they would have others. But Tokyo is all rebuilt. In place of the one-story houses in the business district are reinforced concrete earthquake-proof five-story buildings. Yokohama, the port city, is rebuilt except in the foreign section, which was occupied (Continued on page 76)



TOY Factory Land lies all about the North Pole, as every boy and girl under the age of five knows, of course; and from Toy Factory Land each year at Christmas time that seasoned old voyager of the air, known variously as Mr. Santa Claus or Mr. Kriss Kringle, drives straight to the millions of firesides in American homes. It is true that some of the details of Mr. Santa Claus's flying methods are a bit puzzling to four or five year old modern minds, but one and all they will concede that Santa Claus always gets there, whether he still sticks to his reindeer steeds and his sleigh, or, as some argue, does his latest flying in a 1,000-reindeerpower Zeppelin.

Undeniably, Santa Claus's work has been getting heavier and heavier, and it wouldn't be surprising if, to reach all the millions of American chimneys on the same night, he is now using modern transportation methods. It will be remembered, in proof of this deduction, that he arrived in Mattoon, Illinois, by airplane last Christmas Day, descending in a parachute to the baseball park where several thousand boys and girls had gathered to greet him, after being told by Lawrence Riddle Post of The American Legion that he was on the way.

The Step Keeper has just been looking over a lot of letters he has been saving since last Christmas time. It seems that Mattoon was only one of hundreds and hundreds of towns and cities which Santa Claus visited on Christmas Day last year as an honored guest of American Legion Posts. Reports of some of these visits are worth relaying now because it is more than an even bet that Santa Claus is going to visit the very same towns again this year. And, also, any post which did not entertain him last year may learn, by reading, just how to enlist the old gentleman for a day or two of wonderful good times. He is an approachable old chap and will go anywhere.

Posts which had great luck with Santa Claus last year included these: Wadsworth (Ohio) Post; Hershey (Pennsylvania) Post; Culver (Indiana) Post; Marion Tanner Post of Basin, Wyoming; Otto B. Hagen Post of Glencoe, Minnesota; Reedley (California) Post; Wilbur M. Comeau Post of Haverhill, Massachusetts; Herrin Prairie Post of Herrin, Illinois; Macdonald-Dugger-Duncan Post of St. Joseph, Missouri; West Chicago (Illinois) Post; Lieutenant Jeff Feigl Post of New

York City; Bert Carpenter Post of Iron Mountain, Michigan; Braxton-Perkins Post of Newport News, Virginia; Far Rockaway (New York) Post; Argonne Post of Barnesboro, Pennsylvania; Harwood Post of Joliet, Illinois; Romulus Carl Berens Post of Stevens Point, Wisconsin; Conewago Post of Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania; Silver Bow Post of Butte, Montana, and Perkiomen Post of East Greenville, Pennsylvania.

The Step Keeper would like to pass along to everybody the letters from all these posts, but he'll have to pick out a few which seem to be typical of the rest.

An Old Wisconsin Custom

AMONG the hundreds of Christmas parties held in Veterans Bureau hospitals and National Soldiers Homes last year under the auspices of Legion posts and The American Legion Auxiliary, there was none more appreciated than those held in Wisconsin. In the National Home and Bureau hospitals at

Waukesha and Madison, a very practical Santa Claus in a sack suit walked in and out of wards leaving behind him a trail of one-dollar checks. The checks were the gift of the Wisconsin Department of The American Legion to disabled men who are not drawing compensation. In all, the department distributed 512 checks. For eight years in succession, the Wisconsin Legionnaires have observed this custom.

New Toys for Old

THIRTY miles south of Cleveland as Santa Claus's reindeer used to fly is the town of Wadsworth, Ohio. The last time Uncle Sam counted noses in Wadsworth there were 4,742 of them—that was in 1920.

Wadsworth Post contributes

to the rest of the Legion a big and practical idea for helping Santa Claus—an idea that other posts might borrow.

"Our post knew it couldn't afford to buy new toys for all the children in town who needed toys and wouldn't receive them by the usual route," writes W. D. Westenbarger, American Legion Monthly Liaison Officer for Wadsworth Post. "We went to the superintendent of schools and got his help to carry out a new plan. We asked all teachers to announce that children having toys which they had outgrown, toys they had tired of, toys that were damaged, to bring these to the school building.



It took only three and a half hours for these Legionnaires of Abraham Lincoln Post of Baldwin Park, California, to paint their town's name on a building top in letters twelve feet high. The Louisville convention urged all posts to take the lead in providing signs for guidance of aviators



"It happened that an epidemic of influenza was going through town, and one-third of all the school children were being kept at home. Nevertheless, the old toys that were brought to school were surprisingly many. Our post's Christmas committee took them all and then transformed itself into toy factory workmen. For one week all the members were busy evenings, painting and repairing the toys, fixing them up until they couldn't be told from new. The Auxiliary helped, of course—especially in dressing the dolls.

"The newspapers helped us obtain the names of children who needed toys and the Salvation Army also gave us lists of children. The result was that we distributed 500 toys and games, 100 dolls, ten doll buggies, six sleds and ten tricycles, kiddie-cars and automobiles. These were given to 125 children in thirty different families. We selected children of families which would receive food and clothing from the charitable organizations of the city, but any other post could adopt a different system in keeping with conditions in its town. It might be possible, if enough donations were obtained, to give a remodeled toy to every child in school."

Club for Everybody

VISITORS to Iowa City,

Iowa, see near the city's center a monumental building which might be an unusually fine public library for a community of 15,000—or, in another setting, it might be taken for the newest hall on a college campus. Architecturally impressive, large, it invites close inspection, and the visitor's curiosity is repaid. In classic letters in the stone on the front of the building is its name—American Legion Community Building.

Many American Legion posts have helped their communities obtain community buildings—clubs for everybody—but the community building in Iowa City deserves more than casual attention. The building cost \$110,000. Roy L. Chopek Post of The American Legion originated the project, raised the funds, procured the site, let the contract for the construction and handled every other detail that had to be carried out before the building was dedicated on Armistice Day a year ago.

"Our town for many years has had the usual number of civic organizations, all flourishing," wrote Past Commander W. B. Gipple, leader of the post when work was begun. "In addition

six thousand students of the University of Iowa are with us most of the year. Until our post completed the community building, the town had no suitable center in which its many organizations could meet, no gathering place for those who were most interested in the business, fraternal and civic life of the community. The city donated the site for our building. The Rock Island Railroad gave up a perpetual lease it had on the site. The State legislature legalized this arrangement. Banks took first mortgage bonds and public-spirited citizens took second mortgage bonds to the amount of \$55,000. A group of business men not Legionnaires gave the post committee invaluable help."

Past Commander Kenneth M. Dunlop, head of the post when it took possession of the new building, reports:

"The structure is 150 feet long and eighty feet wide. In it are housed the Chamber of Commerce, headquarters of the Automobile Association, Boy Scouts and many National Guard units. It includes a large gymnasium and a dining room with

seats for 250 persons. The auditorium will accommodate 1,200. A memorial lobby is decorated with mural paintings. Considering the fact that our post has only 250 members and considering the size of our city, we feel that we have done a great thing for our community."



A club for everybody is this American Legion Community Building in Iowa City, Iowa, constructed by Roy L. Chopek Post at a cost of \$110,000 in a city of 15,000 persons. It provides an everyday meeting place for most of the city's organizations including the Chamber of Commerce

Wyoming Way

MARION TANNER Post of Basin, Wyoming, made last Christmas a memorable one in its town by taking charge of the street decorations and providing plenty of Christmas trees.

"We made Main Street look like a Grand Boulevard in Fairyland," reports Homer P. O'Brien, Post Adjutant. "As a start, we colored all the electroliers of the town's street lighting system. Then

we placed little pine trees along both sides of the street, with larger trees at intersections. Five Legionnaires drove more than fifty miles to get the trees, using two trucks. They got them in the Yellowstone National Park section, beyond the Shoshone Dam and its huge reservoir. In all, we got fifty small trees and three big ones, the largest sixty feet high.

"Please don't let anyone believe our Christmas tree cutting was wasteful and a blow at the policy of forest preservation. Forest rangers carefully selected the trees for cutting, marking only those which really needed removing to permit the

K E E P I N G S T E P

growth of other and more healthy trees. In nature, one quite often sees a group of several young pine trees in a space large enough to permit the sturdy growth of only a single pine tree."

Giant Fir

FOR a while last December it seemed there would be no American Legion Christmas tree in Reedley, California, for heavy snows fell in the mountains in the middle of the month, blocking the road to the high and lonely spot where stood the giant fir which the post had selected to adorn its town's main street on Christmas Eve. The tree, sixteen inches through at its base and almost sixty feet high, was four miles from General Grant National Park.

"On December 10th, our post fought a battle with snow to get to the tree," relates Max W. Hare, American Legion Monthly Liaison Officer, "the path being broken by a caterpillar truck supplied by the county supervisors. When we finally had the tree in position and decorated we figured the work had required a total of 650 working hours on the part of forty-one members of the post. In this total, 302 hours represented the work of five members.

"Merchants of the town supplied all materials at cost and we spent more than \$300. If labor had been paid for and if we had paid full prices for materials, we couldn't have put the tree up for less than \$850. For one thing, we used more than a half mile of strung decorations, including 750 large-sized ornaments, four dozen tinsel wreaths and 300 18-inch tinsel fox-tails. Intertwined in the branches were 350 colored lights, while four 500-watt floodlights shone on the tree from the four street corners. It was a wonderful treat to the 750 youngsters who welcomed Santa under its branches, and people came miles and miles to see it."

Another Roll Call

THOMAS HAMILTON, Commander of James Adrian Post of Webster Groves, Missouri, proposes the formation of still another society—one which will hold its annual meeting and celebrate its reason for existence on the same date each year.

"I am not a little proud of the fact that my son, Thomas H. Hamilton, Jr., was born on Armistice Day, 1927," writes Mr. Hamilton. "I wonder how many other Legionnaires have sons or daughters born on November 11th."

Well, the Step Keeper would like to help Mr. Hamilton find out. He'll try to list the Armistice Day babies if daddies—or mothers—send their names.

Who Goes There?

GETTING into Frank Downer Post at Monongahela, Pennsylvania, isn't simply a matter of planking down a few dollar bills on the Post Adjutant's desk and perfunctorily filling out a membership application, and Post Adjutant Carl A. Swallow writes that his post's experiences in checking up carefully on all prospective members should teach a lesson to all other posts.

"Since we established a system of investigating in detail all

membership applicants we have had to refuse membership to eight men who applied without being eligible," reports Mr. Swallow. "Now we require that each applicant be vouched for by two members and insist that the original honorable discharge certificate accompany each application. If original discharge paper can't be furnished, we write to the Adjutant General of the War Department, the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department or the Commandant of the Marine Corps to verify statements of service made by an applicant.

"When an applicant's record has been verified, we transcribe the record in the minutes of the post for the meeting at which the application is acted on. Then we prepare a sheet on which service record is given and the new member's after-the-war activities are listed. The post sees that service records are properly recorded in the office of the county recorder of deeds and makes sure that new members have Victory Medals and Adjusted Service Certificates and understand about Government insurance, disability compensation and hospitalization rights. We also undertake to keep all members informed of the activities—reunions and so on—of the divisional and regimental associations."

Out of Luck

S. RANKIN DREW Post had the best reason in the world for starting early its campaign to have all members pay up dues for 1930.

"It will be an unpleasant surprise to you to hear that I have just received word from the treasurer that the post account was kept in Clarke Brothers Bank which recently failed," reads a letter sent by Post Commander Sydney G. Gumpertz to post members. "We are therefore very much out of luck."

The bank which Mr. Gumpertz mentioned had long been a landmark on New York City's downtown newspaper row. In a half century or more it had grown from a hole-in-the-wall loan institution in which newspaper workers and others in its neighborhood kept their savings to an expansive bank in an impressive-looking building. Hundreds of persons lost savings of a lifetime in the failure.

Wanted: One Croesus

IS THERE an ex-doughboy, now a millionaire, who wants to give \$250,000 to Braxton-Perkins Post

of The American Legion in Newport News, Virginia, so that the post can rebuild in marble the wood and plaster victory arch which Newport News erected to welcome the homecoming A. E. F.? Post Adjutant C. R. Sayre asks the Step Keeper to call the roll of the 261,000 men who marched down the streets of Newport News to take ships for France to see if a Croesus who once wore khaki won't stand up and shout "here!" Anyway, the post is trying hard to get funds for the permanent arch in some way.

The post hoped to pick a possible benefactor out of the veterans of the Motor Transport Corps, former members of Companies 356, 357, 409 and 410, who held their annual reunion in Newport News under the post's auspices. "At the 1928 convention in Philadelphia a lot of the boys showed up in Rolls Royces and such like," hopefully reported G. B. Coll-



Reedley (California) Post battled deep snow to bring a giant fir from the mountains to serve as its town's Christmas tree. Forty-one members worked 650 hours to finish the tree, which was fifty-two feet high and held 350 lights and a half mile of strung decorations

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ings, chairman of the memorial arch committee. "Perhaps we can find an alumnus of our wartime camp who has made a killing in the stock market and is looking for a way to spend his winnings."

Triggers and Targets

STRAIGHT shooting was one of the most important factors in the opening and developing of the primeval wilderness of America which lay westward beyond the thirteen original States, for it was only by straight shooting that explorers and pioneer settlers made their final decisive gains in their battles with nature and maintained themselves against hostile Indians. Straight shooting with muzzle-loading rifles established the tradition of Daniel Boone and a host of other legendary riflemen whose names stand out in the history of the earliest explorers and pioneers in the Middle West.

The gradual disappearance of our forests and the extension of urban life in the last generation to regions which were the last strongholds of the original wilderness have not destroyed the tradition of American rifle marksmanship, and this last autumn saw The American Legion launch a national movement to make this country a land in which rifle shooting will regain its old significance, a country in which a hundred expert riflemen will be developed for every one now able to hit a target.

This fall, for the first time in the history of the national rifle matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, a team of members of The American Legion took part in the matches — thirteen Legionnaires representing almost as many States. And de-

spite the fact that they had been hastily recruited, despite the fact that funds to back them were limited, they made a notable record in the matches. In the general match, the Legion team won fourteenth place in competition with 124 teams. Then it finished third in one of the main sub-divisions of the series. But, most important, the Legion team attracted national attention to the possibilities of developing rifle shooting as a countrywide sport with American Legion backing.

A month after the Camp Perry matches, The American Legion conducted another notable series of marksmanship matches — an important competition that was a part of the Legion's national convention. These contests attracted Legionnaire expert rifle shots from all parts of the country, and with them expert pistol shots also.

The success of the Camp Perry matches and the matches held at the convention led the national convention to authorize a countrywide program for the development of marksmanship as one of the leading activities of the Legion in the coming year. The convention urged all posts to participate in this program and established the machinery under which the posts will have national assistance and guidance. To one man must go most of the credit for the Legion's marksmanship showing at Camp Perry and Louisville and the beginnings of the new national program. That man is Frank Schneller, paper manufacturer of Neenah, Wisconsin, Past Commander of the Department of Wisconsin. Ever since the World War, Mr. Schneller has been the evangel of rifle shooting in his own department. Under his inspiration more than fifty Wisconsin posts have developed rifle and pistol teams and shooting



Frank Schneller, right, Past Commander of the Department of Wisconsin, with his son, Frank, Jr., in action at the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, in September



Legionnaires from many States composed The American Legion team which took part in the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry. The Legion's Louisville convention decreed that rifle shooting shall be a prominent activity of Legion posts in 1930 and Past Commander Schneller (second from left) has been named director of the Legion's national program

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The boys and girls of Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, always know where to find Santa Claus on Christmas morning. On the past eight Christmas Days, Conewago Post has presented the old gentleman under the branches of a community Christmas tree in Centre Square

competitions have become one of the department's main activities. It was Mr. Schneller who was appointed by Past National Commander Paul V. McNutt to serve as National Director of Marksmanship to organize a Legion team for Camp Perry and have charge of the convention shooting competitions at the national convention. And it is Mr. Schneller who has been given the responsibility of guiding the development of the countrywide program in the coming year.

The American Legion will work in close co-operation with the National Rifle Association in making available to all posts rifles and ammunition for the promotion of marksmanship. The National Rifle Association, Barr Building, Washington, D. C., will assist posts to form rifle clubs and procure free supplies which may be obtained from the Government. The association has been pledged support by a number of national conventions of The American Legion.

Under the Legion plan, post shooters will be encouraged not only to use regulation rifles but also small caliber rifles—mostly of .22 caliber—and it is expected that many posts will sponsor junior rifle clubs. Competitions between posts will be encouraged, and it is planned to have contests in connection with each department convention preliminary to the national matches at Camp Perry. It is expected that The American Legion Inter-Department and Individual Match will be a distinct event in next year's national matches at Camp Perry, and it has been proposed that each department send a team of six men and captain.

National Headquarters issued on September 20th a marksmanship bulletin covering the Legion's participation in the 1929 matches at Camp Perry and outlining tentative plans for the future. Other material for the guidance of posts will be prepared for distribution and will be supplied to all department headquarters or furnished direct to posts on application.

Mr. Schneller was the Legion team captain at Camp Perry, and the other Legionnaires who helped make Legion history in the Camp Perry matches were: William L. Bruce, Cheyenne, Wyoming; Fred Ruffalo, Kenosha, Wisconsin; John W. Fehrman, Elgin, Illinois; Warren C. Tarr, Carmel, California; George H. Morse, Minneapolis, Minnesota; George M. Norregard, Omaha, Nebraska; E. Lloyd Colburn, Longview, Washington; Kenneth W. Wright, Chanute, Kansas; John F. Woolshlager, Castorland, New York; Robert V. Nutter, Portsmouth,

Ohio; Edward J. Allen, Geneseo, Kansas, and Marion F. Jones, Sterling, Colorado. Several hundred other Legionnaires were included among the members of other teams at Camp Perry.

Saving the Pictures

THE town of Moro, Oregon, is not so far south of the Columbia River and not so far east of the Cascade Range, and Moro isn't populous. Several motion picture theater managers in succession had held the opinion that the town was large enough to support a film theater, but last year it began to look as though they had been wrong. The man who happened to be running the show then wasn't providing programs regularly. Crowds assembled on Friday nights, only to find out the reels of film hadn't arrived and the shows had been called off. Folks got into the habit of driving forty miles to a town in which there were several good picture theaters. After a public controversy, the theater closed and the equipment was removed.

"Moro Post revived the theater successfully," reports Legionnaire Lawrence W. Rakes, county superintendent of schools. "A banker lent us money for two new machines. Chairs were expensive, but each Legionnaire paid for a single chair personally. We bought a piano on the installment plan. Legionnaires took on all the jobs, from renting the films to sweeping out the hall. In a year we had practically all equipment paid for. The whole town showed that it appreciated what the post had done."

In Porto Rico

DURABO Post of The American Legion is just getting under way in Caguas, Porto Rico, but it already has 128 members and is making plans for a lot of activities in 1930, according to Teodoro R. Santiago, Post Adjutant.

"We sent a delegation to the Legion's national convention at Louisville—the first time that Porto Rico has been represented by a delegation," Mr. Santiago reports. "Our post's two delegates bore our cordial salutations and good wishes to other members of the Legion in the United States proper and to the whole American people."

"As you know, we had 15,000 soldiers in active service during the World War, and each of them is interested in the Legion. At the same time, we feel that many people in the States have

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scanty knowledge of this American island and its American inhabitants. This lack of knowledge many times brings misunderstandings that affect our relations with each other."

New Bedford to Cuttyhunk

THERE are few confirmed landlubbers in the old whaling port of New Bedford, Massachusetts, where every street end along the ocean front is still glamorous with traditions of the port's old sailing vessel days. But when the good folk of the Island of Cuttyhunk, fourteen miles out from the port of New Bedford, invited New Bedford Post to visit them and help dedicate the island's war memorial, the post faced an urgent transportation problem. How to transport at one time the 150 of the post's 700 members who wanted to make the trip to Cuttyhunk—that was the problem. It was solved when Uncle Sam sent one of his destroyers—the U. S. S. *Converse*—from its summer base at Newport, Rhode Island. The chaser served as the post's transport, and a few nautical thrills were thrown in free when a fog settled over New Bedford's harbor at the very start of the expedition.

"Legionnaires outnumbered the island's permanent population during the dedication ceremonies," reports Milton A. Baylies. "Our post band and color guard gave the fishing village more life and color than it had ever known in its history."

They Asked the Legion

CITIZENS of Peru, Illinois, wanted to erect a World War memorial, but they couldn't determine among themselves whether it should be a statue, a monumental building or a memorial of some other type. They asked the advice of Peru Post of The American Legion. They got this answer:

"Our post has been trying to figure out a way to provide a swimming pool for Peru—a pool for the boys and girls of the

town and grown-ups also. Why not help us make this civic dream come true?"

"There wasn't any debate after that," relates Post Adjutant H. B. Rothwell. "A bond issue of \$25,000 was authorized at an election, with few dissenting votes. The Memorial Swimming Pool and Bath House was completed in 1928, and posts from all over Illinois helped us dedicate it. This season the pool has drawn visitors from twenty-five or thirty miles and the pool has been crowded every day."

Summer Guests

SCORES of service men's families in Indiana got an intimate knowledge of the Legion's child welfare problems this summer. They didn't get it by studying bulletins or listening to addresses. They found out what it means to be the little son or daughter of a man who gave his life in France or a man who is now fighting for his life in a Government hospital. Scores of Hoosier Legionnaires opened their homes this summer to boys and girls from the state home for the orphaned and needy children of service men at Knightstown, Indiana. They gave vacations of a week or more to their little guests. One town alone took fifty-three children for a two-week period.

The home at Knightstown is administered by the State with the close co-operation of The American Legion and the Auxiliary. Originally established for children of Civil War service men, the institution has been modernized in recent years following Legion recommendations.

Still Together

IN 1917 the population of Schuyler, Nebraska, took a sudden drop—on a single day it decreased by 144. That was the day Company D of the 100th Engineers started away to war. The 144 members of the company marched to the train in for-



Little sons and daughters of service men patients in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Oteen, North Carolina, had a merry party to greet Santa Claus last year. Miss Alice Gray of Winston-Salem, chairman of the North Carolina Department's Child Welfare Committee, gave the party, which was held at the log cabin clinic maintained by the Legion and the Auxiliary

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mation. The memory of that day will be a lasting one in Schuyler.

There is no danger that the day will be forgotten because today in Schuyler thirty-five veterans of Company D are members of McLeod Post of The American Legion—on the post rolls are practically all the veterans of the company who didn't change place of residence after the war.

"We think that the fact that our post has half of its total membership composed of men of a single wartime outfit is really unusual and we are wondering whether any other Legion post is composed of a higher percentage of men from a single regiment or other Army or Navy unit," writes Dr. H. E. Tagg, Post Adjutant. "We are proud of this record, and we are equally proud of the things our post has done for its town. Most of the things we've done aren't new in Legion activities, but we feel sure that few posts have done so many things. Especially noteworthy are the ways in which we have helped the Boy Scouts."

Epic of Ice and Starvation

A youngish veteran and an old soldier shook hands in Washington not long ago and exchanged thoughts on the changes that have come in fifty years. Their minds were on the expedition of Commander Richard Byrd, wintering in darkness near the South Pole, and on another polar expedition of a half century ago, in an age in which the airplane and radio were scarcely dreamed of, an expedition which gave to the world one of its most thrilling annals of adventure and records of tragedy. The younger man was Commander Paul V. Collins of George Washington Post of The American Legion; the old timer was Legionnaire David L. Brainard, Brigadier General, United States Army, Retired, member of Mr. Collins' post. Commander Collins was congratulating Legionnaire Brainard upon receiving one of the most prized trophies in the world, the annual medal for distinguished service awarded him last year by the Explorers Club.

Coming at a time when the world was watching Commander Byrd's expedition in Antarctica, the honor to General Brainard had especial interest. It recalled Sergeant David L. Brainard's notable share in the Lady Franklin Bay Arctic Expedition of 1881-84, conducted by the United States Army and led by Lieutenant Adolphus W. Greely.

In that expedition, Sergeant Brainard and James B. Lockwood attained the farthest north of that day, taking from England an honor held by her explorers for more than three hundred years and marking the beginning of American ascendancy in Arctic exploration. In fifty-eight days, Brainard and Lockwood marched 1,070 miles on foot, carrying all rations and equipment and sleeping in the open in temperatures that reached fifty-eight degrees below zero—a march that has never been equaled.

But Sergeant Brainard's greatest service to the expedition was during the tragic retreat of the main party from its base, 1,500 miles north of the Arctic Circle, to civilization. Two relief ships failed to connect with the explorers and they were marooned eight months on a barren rock with rations for only sixty days. Nineteen of the twenty-five men of the party met death. Greely, who retired from the Army in 1908 as a Major General, and General Brainard are today's only survivors of the expedition. And now that the world is once more focusing its interest on Arctic exploration, General Brainard has released

for publication the diary he kept during his three years in the Far North. Under the title, "The Outpost of the Lost," it is a simple recital more thrilling than any fiction of adventure. Among other things, it tells of the thirty-eight days when Brainard and a party were adrift in storm-lashed seas on a cake of ice that momentarily threatened to go to pieces.

General Brainard came out of retirement to render effective service in the World War. In recent years he has divided his time between Washington and Europe—Italy most of the time. The appearance of his diary in book form gave some of his fellow members of George Washington Post their first knowledge that he is the Brainard of the Arctic. Ruddy-faced, punctiliously courteous and carefully dressed, there is little about him to suggest the oldtime professional soldier of the hard-knocks school, and one might spend an evening a week with him for five years without hearing from him of the adventure of a half century ago.



Brigadier General David L. Brainard, Legionnaire of George Washington Post in Washington, D. C., is congratulated by Post Commander Paul V. Collins for receiving the Explorer's Medal of the Explorers Club, recalling the fact that Legionnaire Brainard was a member of the famous Greely Expedition which went "farthest north" in 1882

Wild West

CUSTER Post of Miles City, Montana, has plenty of reasons for feeling proud. In the first place, Custer City is "The Old Cow Town," home of the annual Miles City Round-up and birthplace of the wartime yell, "Powder River and Let 'er Buck." The town is rich in the traditions of the Indians and the Indian fighters of the pioneering days. Custer Post is chesty about its work in conducting an annual air rodeo. But if you ask Reverend J. Muller Eggen, Post Chaplain, what the post likes to think of as its best recent accomplishment, he'll talk about the post's annual essay contest for school children.

"Many a post conducts essay contests for the children in its own town," writes Reverend Mr. Eggen. "We believe eastern Legionnaires will be surprised to know that Custer Post conducts an annual essay contest among the twenty-five high schools of Southeastern Montana. This section is sparsely settled, except in two irrigated river valleys. Our contest covered territory two hundred miles long and 125 miles wide, almost as much territory as is included in the States of Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts together. We asked children to write on the theme, 'What the American Flag Means to Me.' Each school submitted for final judging the four outstanding essays written by its students. We awarded special certificates and cash prizes."

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Mademoiselle Americaine Retourner

THE city of Paris certainly hasn't forgotten the national convention of The American Legion it entertained in 1927, and it has been seeing more recently returning pilgrims of A. E. F. divisions, come to dedicate memorials on their old battlegrounds. Now Paris is getting set for a new pilgrimage in 1930 which will help round out the cycle of America's return to France. The Women's Overseas Service League, composed of a large percentage of the 25,000 American women who served overseas during the World War period as workers of the welfare societies, will hold its reunion in Paris next year.

Many women members of The American Legion are included among the members of the Women's Overseas Service League, but the league is primarily the after-the-war organization of the veterans of the A. E. F.'s auxiliary forces. In addition to

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former Army nurses, it includes the former canteen workers of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., Y. W. H. A., the Salvation Army and the American Red Cross, as well as former workers of other organizations attached to the A. E. F.

"There are now fifty-three units of the League," bulletins Miss Jessie S. Jones, chairman of the League's membership drive, 215 West 27th Street, Cheyenne, Wyoming. "The requirements are that a woman must have served overseas with one of the Allies between 1914 and 1920 and have an honorable discharge. We are especially anxious to communicate with the women who, entitled to membership in the League, haven't joined it. We believe our reunion in Paris next year offers very definite advantages to all of them."

Madame Commander

BRATTLEBORO (Vermont) Post can exchange congratulations with Paris (Illinois) Post.

"We see where Brattleboro Post elected its only woman member as Post Commander and was mighty well satisfied with the way she ran things," writes Elbert Bogart, Adjutant of Paris Post. "Well, Brattleboro Post isn't alone in its sentiments. Paris Post also has but one woman on its membership roll of 225, and she is our Post Commander this year. She is Miss Lillian Barr and she has run things in great shape. Miss Barr was a nurse overseas during the war. For two years before her election she was chairman of the post's entertainment committee."

Eleven Years After

LAST May when Washington Post of Lancaster, New York, was preparing for its annual Memorial Day parade, it announced publicly that it would welcome as marchers veterans of all the armies which had fought in the World War, including veterans of former enemy countries, if any happened to be living in Lancaster.

"We were surprised and pleased when nine former German service men appeared and took part in the parade," writes Post Commander E. C. Kinnen. "The parade marked the beginning of mutual friendship. The German veterans have been visitors at our post's clubhouse many times. Most of them have been living in the United States five or six years. Several of them have already become citizens and the others are now going through the naturalization formalities. One of the German veterans, Richard Engelfried, was at one time the youngest pilot in the German air forces. He was flying on the Eastern front at the age of seventeen. Engelfried is expecting to receive momentarily his final citizenship papers. He plans to enter some branch of aviation in the United States."



Richard Engelfried, at one time the youngest pilot of the German air forces, is one of nine German veterans who are welcome visitors frequently at the clubhouse of Washington Post in Lancaster, New York. At left, Post Commander Frank G. Stockman

Honors that Live

EACH year a few boys and a few girls in the schools of one of Pittsburgh's suburbs receive proudly the American Legion School Award, the medal offered by Homewood Post for the students making the best records in school—in scholarship, leadership and in developing other qualities which contribute so much to success in after life. Since the custom of presenting the school award medals was originated in the Pennsylvania Department—Homewood Post, incidentally, was the second post to take it up—many hundreds of Legion posts in all parts of the country have been presenting the medals annually.

In most communities, the winners of the medal seldom have occasion to recall their honors in after years, but Homewood Post believes that the traditions of the award are worth renewing annually in the minds of all winners. The post has organized an alumni association composed of all those who have won the medal since the custom of presenting it was originated, and each year the association holds a meeting to welcome the newly-enrolled members who have just been given



A Wisconsin and Minnesota idea that is going over big in California. Legionnaires of Vallejo (California) Post preparing to erect the street safety signs, which posts in all parts of the country have been putting up since the idea originated in the States of the middle North

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the medal. This custom adds to general appreciation of the medal.

"I expect to see a national association of winners of the Legion's school award," writes Post Commander R. S. Hoerr.

Chimes of Memory

CHIMES ring out an accompaniment to every sunset in Oklahoma City, and day in and day out, the year round, the same chimes are heard at sundown. The twilight music comes from the Tower of Memories in an Oklahoma City cemetery. The tower stands close by a mirror pool, with an electrically-lighted fountain, and a memorial burial plot—all composing a beautiful memorial which this year was given over to Oklahoma City Post of The American Legion by an association composed of citizens, sponsors of the project.

"We think our memorial establishes new standards of appropriateness and beauty," writes R. W. Moyer, Post Service Officer. "The tower itself is an architectural masterpiece. The chimes are operated by an electric keyboard. The mirror pool is 240 feet long by forty-four feet wide. The water spray of the fountain changes its effect every five minutes, and the lighting effects change at intervals of little more than a minute. The fountain is in operation every night between eight and eleven.

"Oklahoma City Post held a ceremony when ground was broken for the construction of the tower. Later we held a cornerstone laying at which Legionnaires and others placed poppies in a metal box that was sealed within the cornerstone. The dedication of the memorial took place last July. Post Commander Walter H. Griffith accepted the memorial in the name of the post. We believe the cemetery in which our memorial is located is the most beautiful one in the world."

Sixteen to Sixty-three

DARRELL DUNKLE Post of Reno, Nevada, presents Harvey B. Child in Keeping Step's gallery of interesting Legionnaires. Mr. Child is sixty-three, was born in England, came to the United States at the age of sixteen, served in the Spanish-American War and the Philippines Insurrection and recently retired after long service as a conductor for the Southern Pacific Railroad. But all this is introductory to his principal claim to distinction as the non-nautical Legionnaire with the biggest record of ocean travel. He has crossed the ocean twenty-one times, the first time in 1883 when he came to this country in the steerage at the age of sixteen, paying \$15 for passage; his latest trip, on the Leviathan in 1927, as a member of the Second A. E. F.

"I made a trip to England in the first year of the war," relates Mr. Child. "My outstanding memory of that trip goes back to a compartment in a train carrying a kilted Scotch regiment from Glasgow to London. The train was crowded and I finally stumbled into a compartment where four Jocks were asleep. They woke up and to effect a diplomatic introduction I pulled a quart bottle of Hunter's Rye out of my grip and passed it to them. I got back the empty bottle with the re-

mark, 'The Yankee rye is uncommon gude.' I thought so, too, but it never fazed them."

In the Philippines, Mr. Child served with Major General Frederick Funston, Major General Frederick D. Grant and Major (later Major General) Franklin Bell. After vainly trying to get a commission in the World War, with the help of officers who had known him in the Philippines, Mr. Child managed to enlist in the Motor Transport Corps, with which he served his latest war out at Camp Johnstone, Florida. Quite recently Mr. Child moved from Reno to Santa Ana, California.

Perhaps Mr. Child can't be counted among the dwindling survivors of the Richard Harding Davis school of soldiers of fortune. But somewhere among the ten thousand posts of the Legion must be other traveled oldtimers who can spin tales of South American revolutions and fast and rough work in the jungles. Let's hear about them. Life is monotonous for most of us, and we like the glamor of uncommon experiences.

Vermont's Roster

OHIO isn't the only State which has published a complete roster of all its World War service men. S. A. Newcombe, Adjutant of Barre (Vermont) Post, reports, commenting on a story which appeared in the August issue of the Monthly.

"The article in the Monthly mentioned 'Vermont in the World War,' a work published in 1928," Mr. Newcombe writes. "It happens that there is another volume of 1,665 pages, which gives names, places of enlistment, outfits served in and other data for all Vermont service men. They are listed alphabetically under the headings of Army, Navy and Marine Corps. It was edited by H. T. Johnson of Montpelier, State Adjutant General. Every individual Vermont service man who applies for the book is entitled to a copy of it. The other volume was distributed mainly to libraries and Legion posts."

Flying Newsboys

SEVERAL hundred Legionnaires who did M. P. duty for Chris Hansen Post of McCook, Nebraska, when the post conducted the dedication of McCook's airport, concluded that nature never had anticipated the demands which aviation would make upon muscles of the human neck and shoulders. After hours of watching dozens of planes

flitting about the skies and watching, at the same time, fifteen thousand spectators who had a tendency to drift out into the landing lanes in the path of descending planes, McCook Legionnaires one and all had stiff necks. But it was a great day, and the post got a lot of credit for its public spirit.

"It gave us all a chance to look into the future," comments Past Commander Rex A. Bagley, "the future, in which planes will come into undreamed of everyday usefulness. Just as an example, the airport dedication marked the beginning of airplane newspaper delivery service by the *McCook Daily Tribune*. Hereafter, subscribers on farms in Northwestern Kansas and Southwestern Nebraska will get each day's issue of the *Tribune* from 'flying newsboys.' Instead of going down to the mailbox to get a paper printed on the preceding afternoon, the modern



Oklahoma City Post is guardian of this Tower of Memories from which chimes ring out every day at sundown. The music of the chimes may be heard five miles. The tower stands beside a mirror pool in which lights of changing colors create beautiful effects on the spray of a fountain

KEEPING STEP



The American Legion Hockey Team of Becker-Chapman Post of Waterloo, Iowa, won a midwestern championship and made hockey the premier winter sport of a wide section of its State. In addition to its hockey activities, the post maintains a huge ice-skating rink for all the people of its city

farmer will see his paper drop into his yard almost before the ink has dried on its pages. The humming of an airplane will be the signal announcing the arrival of every day's paper."

Speaking of Titles

HERBERT E. MICHAELS, Executive Secretary of Robert E. Bentley Post of Cincinnati, Ohio, nominates James Lightfield, 2nd Vice Commander of his post, for the title of the youngest great grandfather in The American Legion. Mr. Lightfield is 54, according to Mr. Michaels, who adds that before the recent birth of Mr. Lightfield's great grandson Mr. Lightfield's principal claim to fame within the post was the fact that he had single-handedly arranged, produced and announced more than two hundred Legion radio programs and the fact that he hasn't missed a meeting of his post since he joined it as a charter member. Two of Mr. Lightfield's sons served with him in the World War.

By Air

IT IS a musical Legion, all right," reminiscently writes Martin B. Campbell, program director for Radio Station WHAS of Louisville, requesting the Step Keeper to pass along thanks and appreciation to the Legion bands, drum corps, quartets and individual players and singers who took part in the special programs broadcast while the national convention was being held. It seems the folk back home heard the convention.

"More than fifty musical groups gave one or more programs during the four days of the convention," adds Mr. Campbell. "We got a tremendous lot of letters from our listeners in many

States. We only wish we had had power enough to let the programs be heard several thousand miles instead of in our limited range. During the parade, we increased power from 5,000 to 10,000 watts, and reports indicate that the program came in fine at places within five hundred miles."

Radio enlarged the convention audience, and science permitted hundreds of thousands who could not go to Louisville, to see the Legion's national parade as well as hear it. National film corporations made sound pictures of the parade which were shown in theaters throughout the country very soon after the convention ended. The American Legion Film Service made new reels at Louisville also, adding them to its collection of motion pictures of most of the earlier national conventions.

Swindler

STOP, look and listen, and don't hand out any money if a man masquerading as the Legionnaire-in-the-hardest-luck shows up in your town. This is the advice which National Headquarters has been broadcasting since it began receiving reports from all parts of the country telling of posts victimized by an impostor who poses as a Legionnaire and is accompanied by a wife and four small children. The plausible stranger, presenting a forged Legion membership card, is a man who was dishonorably discharged from the Army.



Jefferson Post of Louisville, Kentucky, in a membership contest won from Omaha (Nebraska) Post the title of world's largest Legion post. As a token of defeat, Omaha Post surrendered its composite shirt in a public ceremony at Churchill Downs during the national convention races

All reports agreed that the family was traveling in an open car. The old bus has covered a lot of ground in the past year, because complaints have come from California, Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, Ohio and New York. Everywhere he appeared, the impostor (Continued on page 77)



Members of Athens Post with their families on the steps of the Temple of the Wingless Victory, on the edge of the Acropolis

MEN WHO CAN'T COME HOME

SOMEHOW he knew I was an American. He half squirmed up the polished marble steps of the Hotel Grande Bretagne at Athens and thrust a soiled piece of paper into my hand. His face twitched horribly, but his eyes gleamed with hope and a sort of recognition. Vainly he tried to bring his shriveled right arm up to offer a salute.

Puzzled, I glanced at the piece of paper. On it was scrawled: "American Legion Headquarters, 20-A Voulis Street."

While I was trying to guess what it was all about a woman hopped off the rear end of a two-wheeled cart that stood in front of the hotel and joined us. In broken English she explained that her husband was an American soldier and that he was looking for American Legion headquarters. They had come all the way from Valtasinikon in northern Greece—a long, tortuous journey by rail or automobile, but an unthinkable one in a peasant's two-wheeled cart drawn by a donkey.

Learning that Voulis Street was but a few blocks away, I accompanied the ex-service man and his wife to the address written on the piece of paper. In the building at that address we found Athens Post of the American Legion tucked away in a small but comfortable room on the second floor. Here we were greeted by a Legionnaire who is known or ought to be known to every member of The American Legion who attended the Tenth National Convention at San Antonio in 1928—Harry Mauricides, Adjutant of Athens Post, who marched alone behind the Greek banner in the big parade in the Texas city.

The man I had guided to Legion headquarters, it developed, was Private Harry Caplianis, formerly of Co. L, 308th Infantry,

By Jack O'Donnell

Seventy-seventh Division. He had been gassed and shell shocked in the Argonne. As a result of his wounds his powers of speech were greatly

impaired and his nervous system was badly shattered. He was as nearly a total human wreck as I've seen since the war.

My first thought was that his business with the Legion post had to do with compensation or War Risk Insurance. At the moment I could think of nothing else that would interest that shadow of a man. But I was mistaken.

Private Caplianis had not journeyed down from Macedonia to discuss such mundane matters. Nor was his mission one he could entrust to another. He had spent energy he could ill afford to come to Legion headquarters personally to conduct a campaign to save his American citizenship!

Caplianis had read in a Greek newspaper that the Government for which he had fought in 1918, and which had granted him citizenship when he presented his honorable discharge after the war, would not recognize him as an American citizen unless he returned to the United States once every two years.

With Adjutant Mauricides acting as interpreter I learned Caplianis's story. After many months in American hospitals he had been discharged. Like thousands of other aliens who had served in the American Army he immediately took advantage of the Government's offer to grant naturalization papers to aliens who had received honorable discharges.

"That was a happy day in my life," he said. "I took my bonus money and the money I had saved while in the Army and came back to Greece to recover my health and see my parents. But I did not get well so soon. The gas it had (Continued on page 67)

THEN AND NOW

*Castles in the Rhineland—Cabbages Give Way
to Minstrels—Americans Capture American—Blimps
that Sailed to Sea—Tunney Lacked Fast Footwork—Notices*

MANY months before the War went west, one of the popular doughboy ditties concerned a certain "castle on the River Rhine." It told of floors inlaid with pretzels, service by a then still-in-power Hohenzollern, and made some suggestion of the Americans hanging their pants on the supposedly impregnable Hindenburg Line. The song, a parody based on the "River Nile" theme, was more prophetic than the men in the lines knew.

While unfortunately the Hohenzollerns had fled the Fatherland before the Armistice, undoubtedly many scraps of O. D. breeches were impaled on the barbed wire in front of the Hindenburg Line when the Americans took possession. As for the castle itself—swarms of American soldiers in the Army of Occupation and soldier tourists from France hobnailed over many parqueted floors in many castles on the Rhine and on the Moselle, floors which had been hitherto reserved for the nobility.

Legionnaire A. P. Harvey of Meadow Grove, Nebraska, permits us to view one of these numerous castles of the Rhineland. Of the picture reproduced on this page he says:

"Ten years and more ago, the enclosed snapshot was taken of a few of my fellow soldiers of Company C, Fourth Engineers, Fourth Division, and me while we were visiting the castle 'Burg Eltz' near Treis, Germany. The castle was located about three miles up in the hills from Treis, a town on the Moselle River.

"I failed to find out to whom the castle belonged, but at the time of our visit it was occupied only by an old man and woman as caretakers. All of the rooms, however, including also the chapel, prison, and so on, were fully furnished.

"I should like to hear from any Company C man who was with us at Treis and especially from those men in the picture with me. I am second man from the right. Not all of these men who went from the Columbia River to the Rhine have copies of this snapshot."

While Harvey stated that his outfit was stationed at Treis for a time, he modestly omitted an interesting fact which we picked out of the History of the Fourth Division. To-wit: Up to December 11, 1918, the entire Fourth Division had been headed up the Moselle for the Rhine. It was to headquarter at Boppard and its sector was to include Coblenz and an area upstream as far as the junction with the French occupied zone.

A change made by Marshal Foch, enlarging the French occupied area, caused the Fourth Division when within thirteen miles of the Rhine to turn and march northward into a back area of the American Army of Occupation. The Seventh Brigade, the 77th Field Artillery and the 58th Infantry crossed the

Moselle at Treis on a pontoon bridge after it had been repaired by Harvey's outfit, the Fourth Engineers. So that was one reason the engineers spent some time in Treis and had a few spare hours for sight-seeing in the vicinity.

SINCE Then and Now in the August Monthly issued a challenge regarding the families which had the largest representation in service during the World War," writes William H. McNeal, Historian of The Dalles (Oregon) Post. "I enter our claim.

"The Dalles believes that it holds the championship for Oregon and maybe the entire Northwest. Here it is:

"The late Mrs. Caroline Scherrer, gold star mother of this city, had seven sons in service during the War. Five of them were in the Navy, one in the Army and one in the Marine Corps. One son, Walter, died of influenza while in the Navy and his remains are buried in The Dalles.

"The other six follow: Albert Scherrer, U. S. A., George Scherrer, U. S. N., Henry Scherrer, U. S. N., Joseph Scherrer, U. S. M. C., Jacob Scherrer, U. S. N., all of whom are still residents of our city, and Carl Scherrer, U. S. N., who now resides in California.

"All five of the local residents are members of The Dalles Post."

PROBABLY you'll recall a report in these columns in the April Monthly of the success we had, through the splendid co-operation of Adjutant William Kulka of London (England) Post of the Legion, in recovering a prized life preserver for Legionnaire Gorman R. Jones of Alabama? Jones, a rescued passenger from the torpedoed *Moldavia*, left the life preserver with an old English couple in Dover with whom he billeted following the rescue.

The old English couple gladly surrendered this service souvenir. Now the Then and Now Gang has a chance to reciprocate in a way by assisting an old English mother. Her plea

came to us in a letter from Eleanor C. McJunkin of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Miss McJunkin reported that while waiting for a train at Penrith, England, during the summer of 1928, she talked with a resident of the town, Mrs. Hannah Hogg, who was interested in locating her son from whom she had not heard since he served with the American forces in the War. An ex-A. E. F.-er referred her to the Legion, so let us see what we can do.

The son, Walter Hogg, Army Serial No. 2,915,947, was inducted May 20, 1918, at Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he then resided. His official service record shows further that he served overseas from July 22, 1918, to May 6, 1919, with First Bat-



How's this for a snapshot Christmas card? Just a group of sightseers of Company C, Fourth Engineers, when they visited Burg Eltz Castle near Treis, Germany, in December, 1918. A. P. Harvey, Meadow Grove, Nebraska, lent us the print

❧ THEN and NOW ❧

tery, July Automatic Replacement Draft, Field Artillery; Company A, School Battalion, Saumur Artillery School; Coast Artillery Corps Provisional Replacement Unit; Detachment 302d Ammunition Train Motor Battalion, and was honorably discharged May 22, 1910, at Camp Pike, Arkansas, as a Supply Sergeant, Casual Detachment, 11th Receiving Battalion, 162d Depot Brigade. He is supposedly still located in this country.

If anyone remembers Walter Hogg and can tell us about his service or, better still, can tell us where he is now located, it would make his mother in England mighty happy. We expect the usual help.

MORE bears join the collection of mascots—this time, veterans of the Army. Charles W. Hill of Rapid City (South Dakota) Post introduces the pair of animals pictured alongside.

"Recent photographs in Then and Now of mascots of various organizations caused me to dig up the enclosed snapshot which I took at Camp Greene, North Carolina, in September or October, 1917—the exact time is forgotten.

"I was with the 147th Field Artillery, 41st Division, and these two bears were attached for rations to a regiment of light artillery encamped next to our outfit. I fail to recall at this time which unit it was.

"Would be interested to learn more of the history of these pets and what disposition was made of them when the division sailed early in 1918. Are they probably in some zoo?"



To what artillery regiment at Camp Greene, North Carolina, were these bears attached for rations in the fall of 1917?

CHRISTMAS of 1918 found most of the American troops established in the areas in France and Germany which they would occupy until the movement home began. Chow began to improve, drill was confined to the morning hours, training orders succeeded battle orders and entertainment groups were organized to keep up the morale during the watchful-waiting period.

Harry L. Mathews of Cecil C. Martin Post, Mitchell, Indiana, who was interlocutor of one of the numerous minstrel troupes, steps forward with an account of his outfit's entertainment group:

"The snapshot which I enclose shows a critical audience of soldiers awaiting the rise of the curtain on a Christmas entertainment staged by my old outfit, Company A, 37th Engineers, in Trier, Germany, in 1918.

"We were stationed at Evacuation Hospital No. 12 at Trier and engaged in installing electric wiring and fixtures in the hospital buildings in which were housed wounded repatriated Allied prisoners.

"Before we were able to put on our show, we removed about a hundred tons of rotting cabbage and other refuse from the store-house which was to be our theater, and then built and decorated the stage and trimmed the Christmas tree. Performances were given on Christmas Eve and Christmas night for our own outfit, our wounded buddies, nurses and a few German citizens.

"Our show was a minstrel. One George Jones, at that time champion clog dancer of England and a private first class in our company, was our star attraction. Eddy Land of Kokomo, Indiana, had a musical act and Andrew Wootton of Amelia, Virginia, and Joe Pastel of New Orleans were two of the end men with myself as interlocutor.

"Our costumes were obtained through the salvage method from an opera supply company in Trier. The show met with success on many occasions, as we played in various towns and camps in Germany, Luxembourg and France. Just as we were getting a reputation and more invitations for a road tour, we were ordered to the port of embarkation for the trip home.

"The minstrel was our only chance for roasting our officers and, believe me, we took full advantage of it."

WHILE a standing invitation to men who served with American units in Italy during the War to tell of their war days was issued months and months ago, only one man, D. H. Bancroft of Shreveport, Louisiana, accepted the invitation. His story of experiences while with Base Hospital 102 was placed before the Gang just a year ago.

Bancroft's contribution brought a letter from Vance Plauche of W. B. Williamson Post, Lake Charles, Louisiana, who introduced himself as an ex-private of "Ospedale Base Americano No. 102, col Regio Esercito Italiano"—in other words, Base Hospital No. 102 with the Royal Italian Army—the same outfit with which Bancroft served.

"The same transport Sergeant Bancroft speaks about," continues Plauche's letter, "had negotiated about one hundred and fifty miles when we observed a small boat gracefully riding the waves of the Atlantic. We thought it strange that such a small craft should venture so far from shore but the excitement in the crew's nest and on the captain's bridge soon convinced us that something unusual was happening or had happened.

"After much maneuvering, we approached the boat and fifteen men came aboard our transport, the *Umbria*. They were survivors of a vessel which had been torpedoed by the Germans. From this you will note that very soon after leaving for over there we began to have real war experiences."

According to copies of statements submitted with Plauche's letter, the men had been part of the crew of the American Oil Tanker *O. B. Jennings* which had sailed from Plymouth, England, on July 20, 1918, for Newport News, Virginia.

When about 125 miles off Cape Henry early in the morning of August 4th it was sighted by a German submarine and a battle lasting two and a half hours ended in surrender of the *Jennings*.

The crew was given time to leave the ship and three lifeboats each took away from fifteen to eighteen men—fifty in all.



Before the above audience could gather for a Christmas entertainment in Trier, Germany, in 1918, the minstrels of Company A, 37th Engineers, had to clear the building of tons of rotting cabbage and other enemy stores. Ex-interlocutor Harry L. Mathews gives a report of the show

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The boat which the *Umbria* picked up the following morning, August 5th, contained the captain, G. W. Wordstrom, Third Officer Lebern, Third Engineer McCarthy and twelve men. They told that the submarine took motion pictures of the lifeboats leaving and of the destructive condition of the *Jennings*.

FROM another veteran who served in Italy during the War, L. Milton Ronsheim of Cadiz, Ohio, we received a letter telling of some interesting experiences while in that Allied country and the snapshots hereon. Ronsheim gives this account:

"Some months ago I saw a letter in *Then and Now* telling of the use of a B. P. O. E. receipt card as a railroad pass in France. That reminds me of a pass which saw the rounds of the Italian railroads. A buddy and I, both of Company L, 332d Infantry, A. E. F. in Italy, had forty-eight hour leaves from Trieste to go to Venice. After spending a few hours in that city, we entered a first-class compartment in a train en route to Rome. Sans pass and adequate funds, we were turned over to the British M. P.'s at Padua, where I believe an old school of sculpture had been located.

"A buddy from a medical detachment stationed there had just made the rounds of Italy with a pass covered with impressions from every rubber stamp available in his outfit and signed with the weighty signature, 'William Shakespeare.' He gave us this pass and we again took first-class accommodations on a fast train to Rome, unknowingly entering a compartment reserved for an Italian general who came in and invited us to share it with him.

"I believe it the first time in history that a foreign general was introduced to fig newtons and American milk chocolate by two American corporals, as well as the first time that a general took a nap with his head braced on the shoulder of an A. E. F. doughboy. The train conductor was bluffed out by the presence of our host and Bill Shakespeare's signature was sufficient to return us all the way from Rome to Trieste the following day.

"Incidentally, while at Trieste checking supplies being unloaded for relief work, I packed a box full of many souvenirs, as well as all of the letters from my wife and other papers valuable to me. Six years ago the *Weekly* published an appeal for assistance in locating this box. Responses from various sources disclosed that my box, together with two Austrian rifles in a separate package, was given in charge of the ship's carpenter on the U. S. S. *West Lashaway*, then unloading flour. Records, as well as a letter from this man himself, show that this sailor, Raymond C. Stacey of The Dalles, Oregon, was removed from his ship at New York to the hospital.

"My guns arrived but the large box has never been heard from. I would like to find Andrew William Flynn, San Francisco, ex-supply officer of the *West Lashaway*, who may know of it. These personal letters and trophies are worth far more to me and my four sons than to any other person. I would give a good deal to recover them or find out what became of them."

RONSHIEM in a letter subsequently received, states that his outfit, the 332d Infantry, was in line at Vittorio Veneto when Italy and Austria quit fighting. The insignia worn by his regiment was the golden lion of St. Marks. He tells also that a large percentage of 332d veterans are Legionnaires and at their

reunions comments are often heard on how little has been told of the American activities in Italy.

Another veteran of this outfit, John W. Truman of Elmore, Ohio, who served in Company I, also speaks up in meeting:

"D. H. Bancroft of Shreveport, Louisiana, surely broke the ice in regard to American troops in Italy. Now I hope that some of the literary geniuses of the 332d Infantry or other outfits will have an attack of writing fever.

"Who besides myself celebrated their birthday on the banks of the Tagliamento River with bullets flying overhead?"

SERVICE Officer W. A. Porteus of Clarence Hyde Post, Warren, Ohio, gives us a lead for a real story, provided the principal character of his tale can be located.

Even if that shouldn't happen, the story Porteus tells is well worth listening to:

"I have been wanting to write you for the past four or five years about an unusual experience I had during the St.

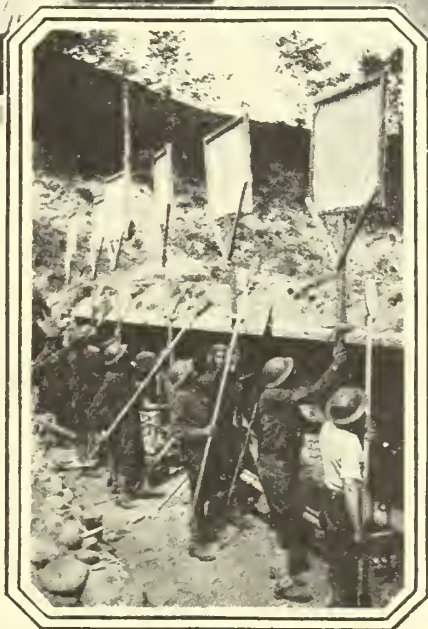
Mihel Offensive. It might be interesting to the Gang and perhaps I may have my curiosity satisfied.

"At the time of this incident I was a corporal in Company I, Sixth Infantry, Fifth Division. As you will recall, the Americans went over the top early in the morning of September 12th. We had passed the barbed wire—our division jumping off from a line running through Regnieville-en-Woevre and heading for Vieville-en-Haye—and were making fairly good time. An occasional machine gun nest had to be cleaned out and here and there a half-hearted stand was made by small detachments of German infantry.

"About nine or nine-thirty that morning my platoon ran into one of these detachments. I judge there were about 35 or 40 Germans and they had been digging in. We decided to rush the trench and the Jerries decided to surrender. As the business of throwing away guns, reaching for the sky with both arms and waving white handkerchiefs went on, I noticed a very unusual-looking Jerry a little to one side of the main trench. He stood



Above: Sunset in the harbor of Trieste—the port acquired by Italy from Austria as a result of the War. L. M. Ronsheim of Cadiz, Ohio, ex-332d Infantry, A. E. F. in Italy, snapped the pictures which are shown here. He was located in Trieste



Left: A scene in the pits of the Italian Army's rifle range at Valeggio sul Mincio, Italy. The soldiers are American doughboys who manned the pits when the 332d Infantry, attached to the Italian Army, took time out for range practice

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watching us. Stripped to the waist and holding a shovel, he had evidently been digging very industriously. You realize this all happened in about a minute—things moved mighty fast.

"I found myself advancing on the lone shoveler and at my command to stick 'em up, he dropped the shovel with a 'Well I'll be damned. Are youse guys Americans?' followed by a string of profanity that left no doubt in my mind when he explained briefly that he had been born and raised in New York. He happened to be in Germany when the war broke out and enlisted just for fun.

"He was the only prisoner that ever shook hands with me, but war is a hard-hearted business and he was soon marching back into France with his German comrades—his face one big smile. I've thought of him many times since then—a great big red-headed, pink-skinned, hard-boiled soldier of fortune. I'd like to hear his story. I wonder if we could locate him now."



A German photograph of some American prisoners of war which came to us from Harry Stern of Wahpeton, North Dakota, as a result of his tour with the second A. E. F. After reading Stern's story, perhaps someone can tell us who these Americans are

ILLUSTRATIONS in

Then and Now are confined generally to unofficial snapshots, but the picture on this page of the seven American soldiers in ankle-length overcoats, with a background of Heinies, violates this general rule. It is an official picture—but a German one.

Past Commander Harry Stern of William R. Purdon Post, Wahpeton, North Dakota, offered this explanation when he forwarded the print:

"The enclosed picture of a group of American soldiers, prisoners of the enemy, was taken in September, 1917, in the town of Cirey, somewhere in the vicinity of Nancy, France. It was taken by a German army officer and came to me in an unusual manner.

"I attended the Paris convention in 1927 and was a member of the Commander's Tour. When the official tour ended, a friend and I went to Amsterdam, Holland, and from there into Germany by air. En route to Berlin, a stop was made in Hanover and through an acquaintance we met Dr. William Ziegler, a lieutenant in the German Army during the war.

"He showed us his collection of war pictures and I took such an interest in the one enclosed that he gave it to me. He said that he was in Cirey, France, and saw the picture taken. These men were the first Americans captured by the Germans and for that reason they were lined up to be photographed—good morale propaganda."

To supplement Commander Stern's interesting account, probably someone could tell us who these men are, what their outfit was, when and where they were captured and if they were actually the first Americans captured by the Germans. There we go

again—starting another of those "first" discussions. But perhaps this time our readers will be able to settle this argument.

SOME of the doughboys who happened to land at St. Nazaire suggests J. W. Stepnoski of Papillon, Nebraska, ex-radio electrician, U. S. N., in sending the view of the air station hereon. "I will remember what a welcome sight the old blimps P2, P3 and AT4 were after seven or eight storm-tossed days on the Atlantic.

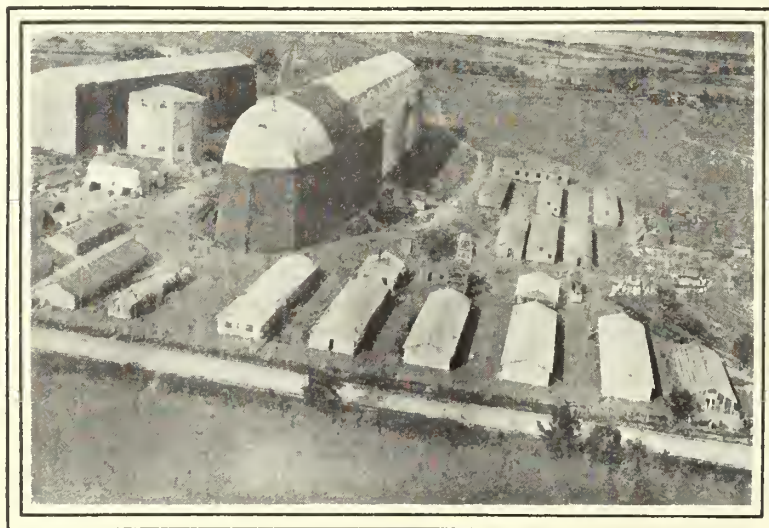
"It was at Paimboeuf, France, a little village twenty miles inland on the Loire River and four miles from St. Nazaire, that one of Uncle Sam's Naval Dirigible Air Stations was located under command of William Maxfield, lieutenant commander, U. S. N. From this station were operated the French type of VZ dirigibles, patrolling and conveying in and out of the port of St. Nazaire and through the Bay of Biscay, where during the early part of the enemy submarine campaign so many Allied ships met their fate.

"We piloted ships out-bound for the States through the most dangerous sub zone and then far out to sea would turn them over to the care of destroyers and pick up an inbound convoy of American troopships and help the destroyers herd them into St. Nazaire. We could see the khaki-clad doughboys, looking like swarms of bees on the decks, wildly waving at the sight of the Stars and Stripes flapping from aft of our blimp.

"I was only an enlisted man with the rating of radio electrician 2cl., but nevertheless did more flying during the war than some of the officers. My ship was the P2, a 4-man gondola-

type blimp, and on this one machine I hold an official Navy Department record of 34 flights with a total of 300 hours in the air. But in all those hours I regret to say that I saw only one enemy submarine, which after a brief chase on the surface submerged and was lost in the dusk.

"My flying mates were Ensign A. C. Burnham, direction pilot, Ensign A. Bailey, altitude pilot, and Machinist L. T. Stevens. I operated a 1/4-kilowatt radio spark set with which we communicated hourly with our base, giving position, weather conditions and such data."



From this U. S. Naval Air Station at Paimboeuf, France, came the blimps which flew out over the sea to escort American transports into the port of St. Nazaire. This air view was furnished by ex-Radio Electrician J. W. Stepnoski of Papillon, Nebraska

should they read this. On the seashore, not far from St. Nazaire, is a little summer-resort town, Pornic, where thousands of neighboring villagers went daily to sport in the surf. On a Sunday evening we were returning home in the old P2. Ensign Burnham, a mighty good scout, was fairly well acquainted with

ONE incident which I recall," continues Stepnoski, "will give my shipmates a laugh.

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a number of mademoiselles in that vicinity, so it was natural that we sailed over Pornic where he could wave to the bathers below. In this we all joined.

"Now the rule was rigidly laid down to all pilots that the minimum flying height of all dirigibles was two hundred feet except in emergencies. We were quietly circling the beach when suddenly we felt two sharp downward jerks that made our teeth snap. 'You forgot to wind in your aerial,' Mr. Burnham yelled. The five-pound weight at the end of the 150-foot pendant aerial had fouled a tree and snapped off at the set. We knew we could replace it and sailed home.

"But we were unexpectedly hailed before the skipper who inquired of Burnham, 'How high were you over Pornic?' 'Standard height, sir,' stuttered Burnham. And then the skipper unwrapped a little package on his desk and there was our aerial weight. Of course, Captain Maxfield had to be on the beach that day and the weight had to park right at his feet. All we got was a good lecture.

"I hope some of the buddies of the old gang will see this—Peabody, Robinson, Joe Beck, R. G. Camp, L. T. Stevens. All these men did their bit in the bloody battle of Paimboeuf."

WELL, Gang, we've enlisted another non-Legionnaire as an active member. She introduces herself in a letter from her home town of Washington, Pennsylvania, as a former Croix Rouge girl—Mrs. Millicent Stauff Shaw—and reports:

"Every month I read your magazine faithfully from cover to cover and notice that A. E. F. chaps like to hear about ancient Army mules.

"Perhaps they would be amused to hear of the fate of ex-Croix Rouge Cantine girls, too? I was at the Cantine Casual of the Red Cross at Le Mans. Captain Detzer is true to his old command and I enjoy the Le Mans D. C. I. stories so much. The chief K. P. saved me from a courtmartial one day—the said Captain D. being very angry with his 'working material'."

Mrs. Shaw tells us that she is active in the A. W. O. L. (American Women's Overseas League—and not what you thought!) and says she understands the membership eligibility rules of the Legion but that we should "remember there's always a petite guerre around the corner and who'll fix the corn-willie and allow chaps beaucoup zig-zag to rally round the coffee pot and gaze on family photos?"

Want to hear one of her Le Mans Cantine stories? All right, here it is:

"Night-time in the Y. D. Hut, Le Mans, France, March, 1919. 'Army band playing 'Minnie.' Hundreds of soldiers awaiting dance traffic signals. M. P.'s patrol the side-lines; dazed French civilians peeping in the windows, awed by the display of tactics. The Paul Jones—'ze great game of ze Americaines, like ze footballs!—Ah, oui!'"

"A trim Red Cross girl, tres chic in gray whipcord uniform, gray spats, her newly imported pumps, high-heeled and shining patent leather, steps into the vast arena only to be seized at once by a tall chap in slightly informal forest green.

"A bump—ouch! the gorgeous pumps—a mile-a-minute glide, another collision and her gaze traveled upwards to broad shoulders, beaming eyes, wide grin and hair minus pomade.

"A shove into a lordly second looeey, slightly incognito at this enlisted men's dance and enjoying the fray. 'Gee,' panted the big Marine, 'I'm just learning to dance and I'm glad you are, too!'"

"Her heart sank to her cherished slippers (now wearing several wound stripes). She was considered rather smooth, having danced from Scotland and England all through provincial France. C'est la guerre!

"Not wishing to show dismay, she ventured, 'What makes you so happy?'"

"Just knocked a guy out in the second round."

"She (aside), 'He knocked me out in the first!'"

"Just then the gong sounded, red lights changed to green and a fresh stream of khaki-clad men rushed onto the floor. The next partner—a dapper M. P. lieutenant who had parked his gat, bars and brassard on a meek and mild acting buck who immediately partied tout de suite to give the village mademoiselles a treat.

"Above the racket of the A. E. F.'s favorite 'Smiles,' the officer said, 'How did you like Tunney—the A. E. F. heavy-weight champion? His footwork is weak but, boy, he can fight.'"

"Ten years have elapsed—Lady Luck has been good to Gene Tunney—given him health, wealth and romance. Perhaps some day he will decide to 'come back.' If so, he owes one ringside seat to a Red Cross girl, and will she limp into that arena? Jenny says pass!"

And there we have a story from one who, as it were, served on the sidelines and could watch the (Continued on page 79)



How many of the thousands of the doughboys who cleared through the Embarkation Center at Le Mans, France, remember the above-pictured chow counter in the Cantine Casual, conducted by the Red Cross. Millicent Stauff Shaw, one of the Red Cross girls who served in the canteen, reminisces on this page about it

Bursts and Duds

A RANK FAILURE

The Gadsbeighs were newly back from a grand tour of Europe and had a whole flock of foreign labels on their baggage to prove they were all cultured 'n' everything.

"Did you enjoy Vienna?" somebody asked.

"Heavens, no!" snorted Mrs. G. in disgust. "I wasn't dealt a decent hand all the time I was there."

A MANNER OF SPEAKING

A bored weekend guest was being shown over the house by his host, who didn't think so much of the way things were going, either.

"Why do they call this bird's-eye maple?" asked the guest, stooping to examine a table.

"Well," the host replied candidly, "if you get a bird's-eye view of it, it sort of looks like maple."

CRYING NEED

"Now," said the super salesman, "this instrument turns blue if the liquor is bad—green if it's good."

"Sorry, but I'm color blind," apologized the prospector. "Got anything with a gong on it?"

LESS GOOD

The prosperous but too-susceptible author was in a glum and despondent mood when he met a friend on the street.

"I'm a man of letters, dammit!" he announced.

"I know you are," said the friend surprised, "but why cuss about being a man of letters?"

"Because, dammit, they're going to be read in court!"

LADY TO LADY

Lady: "My husband is a regular old die-hard."

Lady: "Maybe you don't use the right kind of bullets."

COMPLETE ACCORD

The idealist who was on the point of falling in love gazed up at the smiling heavens happily.

"You must admit she's a nice little girl, after all," he said.

"She certainly is," gloomily agreed his friend who had taken her out to dinner and the theater the night before, "—after all, and then some, the little gold digger."

STARTLING REVELATION

"Father," announced the young man determinedly, "I've long had a secret ambition—"

"Well, son," cut in the grim parent, "if you have you've certainly done a wonderful job of keeping it a secret."

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

The wife of the Stingiest Man on Earth had been in acute pain for several hours, and for several hours her husband had offered her plenty of sympathy, but nothing more material. At last she could stand it no longer.

"John," she moaned, "I'm very ill. Will you call up the doctor?"

"Why should I?" inquired her husband in surprise, tenderly nursing the nickel in his pocket. "I haven't anything to talk to him about."

BACK TO THE SHOP

Well, it seems that a retired bricklayer and a retired plumber made an engagement to play golf the following morning. When they met at the clubhouse, the bricklayer asked:

"Why, where are your clubs, Charlie?"

OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT

"Caught in the act of window-peeping, eh?" asked the judge, consulting the record before him. "That's pretty serious. Are you married?"

"No, Your Honor," explained the defendant serenely, "and that's the trouble. I'm looking for a wife and I went window shopping."

HOW CHANNEL SWIMMERS START

"Speaking of yachting parties," said the girl who swam home, "some fellows are too f. o. b."

"MR.—ER—AH—"

In one of the Government's Western reservations the leading Indian chief had taken a tourist under his personal guidance and was showing him around. "There's Standing Bull over there," he said.

"What a funny name!" gurgled the traveler.

"And Laughing Waters."

"I'll die!"

"And Loping Wolf."

"Ho, ho! Stop! You're killing me!"

"And this is my wife, Sally, I want you to meet Mr. . . . Mr. . . ."

"Yanischeffski."

BULK DEMAND

King Solomon had occupied the royal box on the opening night of the musical comedy, and naturally the producer was anxious for his approbation.

"What did you think of that chorus, Your Majesty?" he asked nervously.

"Great!" ejaculated the potentate. "I'd like to date up the first three rows some evening."

THIS IS PRETTY BAD

Vague rumors had reached the stay-at-home husband that his wife had been mixed up in some sort of flirtation while on her European trip, and he was all prepared with an accusation when he met her at the pier.

"They tell me that while you were in Spain you carried on something terrible with an elderly revenue officer," he said sternly.

"Yes, honey," she smiled sweetly. "That was just an old Spanish customs."

GROUNDS

"Mah wife done quit her job," proclaimed Jackson gloomily.

"What yo' gwine do about hit?" asked Jimson.

"Ah's gwine divo'ce her fo' desertion."

RE-CONDITIONING

A youth with hollow eyes and all the earmarks of Having Been Through It stepped into the drug store.

"I'd like some carbo'lic acid, please," he said, "to drink at the counter."

"Good heavens, sir!" the clerk ejaculated. "Do you wish to kill yourself?"

"Kill myself, nothing," retorted the young man aggrieved. "I'm just tapering off on my drinks."

CHANGED VIEWPOINT

"Who was that pensive, mysterious boy Hazel used to go with?"

"He's that sullen, evasive man she's married to."

BIG HEARTED OTIS

She had passed her freshman examinations for the university of gold-digging and was parading her stuff as they sat together on the sofa.

"They say you're very liberal with your women friends," she cooed.

"Sure," the bored and blasé boy friend assured her, "a buddy of mine can always share my women."



How to be *Generous* to a man at Christmas



JUST how does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how—on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

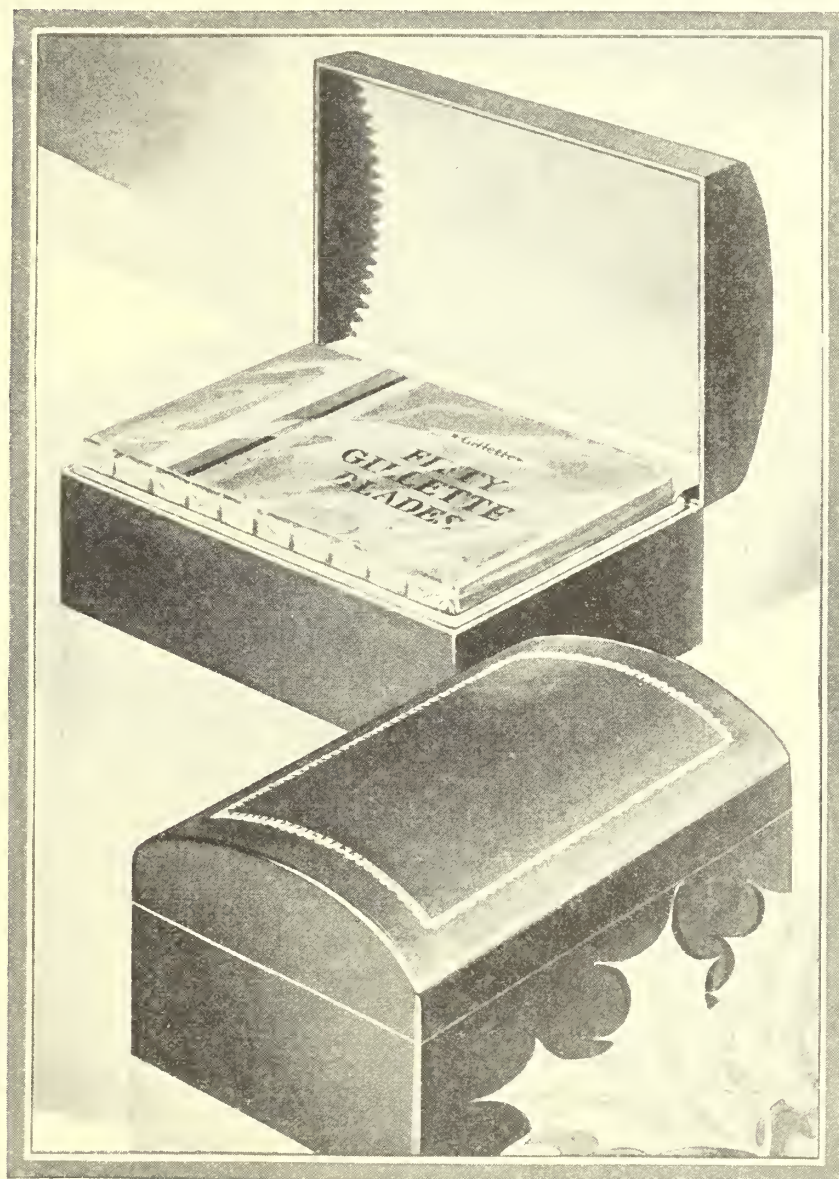
It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

It is reasonable in price . . . Five dollars buys this *ideal* gift. On sale everywhere.

RADIO—Tune in on "The Gillette Blades" every Saturday evening, 9:30 to 10:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, WJZ and associated stations.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

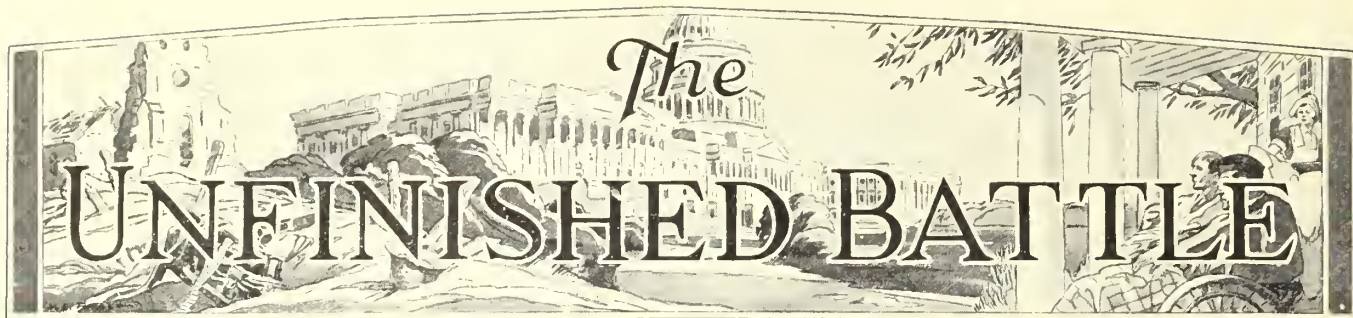


◀ Five Dollars ▶

Gillette



GIVE HIM shaving comfort in abundance
with the famous Fifty Box of Gillette Blades



DURING the month of December American Legion posts are expected to make a final effort to locate World War service men who have not applied for Adjusted Compensation. January 2, 1930, is the final date for the filing of applications, and Legion posts wish to protect dependents of those who have not applied.

Up to June 30, 1929, the Veterans Bureau had received 3,688,368 applications for benefits under the Adjusted Compensation Act, and cash payments and certificates issued numbered 3,650,093. These were divided as follows: Army, 3,141,397; Navy, 442,988, and Marine Corps, 65,708. Up to June 30th, \$72,055,831 had been paid to beneficiaries of deceased service men under the terms of the Adjusted Compensation Act, and up to the same date, 1,429,946 had obtained loans on their Adjusted Service Certificates, the loans totaling \$133,653,488.

AT THE San Antonio national convention, The American Legion expressed its opposition to the La Guardia bill which would have provided for special payment at a per diem rate to service men undergoing treatment for tuberculosis in their own homes instead of in a Government hospital. At the Louisville national convention, the Legion modified its stand on this subject, adopting a resolution recommending:

"That service-connected cases of long standing that have secured maximum hospital benefit may in the discretion of the director of the Veterans Bureau be discharged to their homes with an added allowance for maintenance."

This action followed a long study of the home treatment proposals by the National Rehabilitation Committee. At Washington in April the committee adopted a resolution explaining its attitude. This was:

"The National Rehabilitation Committee has reached the conclusion that many World War veterans afflicted with service-connected disablements, who have been hospitalized by the federal Government for long periods for treatment and instruction, will not likely benefit further by continued hospital treatment. It is the opinion of the committee that where and when patients of this general type may be discharged from hospitalization without prejudice to themselves, their families or communities, they should, in the discretion of the director of the Veterans Bureau, be so discharged, as a measure leading to their content and satisfaction.

"The committee also considers that where these veterans may have dependent families the normal rate of dependency compensation would be inadequate for their proper and respectable support. The committee requests the consideration of a proposal . . . by which additional compensation may be provided on behalf of the veterans' dependents of extent reasonably adequate to proper living conditions."

THE Louisville national convention adopted a recommendation in favor of the extension of the time limit for filing applications for the benefits of the act for the retirement of disabled emergency army officers. The final date for filing applications was May 24, 1929, and up to that date 12,845 applications were received by the Veterans Bureau. Up to August 15, 1929, 5,181 former emergency army officers had been retired with pay, under the terms of the act, and 4,626 claims for retirement with pay had been disallowed.

The average age of all World War service men is now considered by the Veterans Bureau as thirty-six years, and it is an interesting fact that the average age of the officers retired under the act is 44.

The retirement act divided disabled emergency officers into two classes. The first class consists of those rated as not less than thirty percent permanently disabled, disability due to war service and in line of duty. Retired officers in this class are entitled to retirement pay equal to seventy-five percent of the pay they were receiving upon their discharge from service. The second class consists of former emergency officers rated at less than thirty percent and more than ten percent permanently disabled, disability resulting directly from war service. The act provides that officers of the second class shall be placed upon the Emergency Officers' Retired List with the rank held by them at time of discharge, but shall not receive retirement pay, receiving only such compensation and other benefits as are provided by law or regulations of the Veterans Bureau.

WHEN Edward McE. Lewis, executive secretary of the National Legislative Committee of The American Legion, happened to think that September marked the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the committee's Washington office, he got out a pencil and did some figuring.

"Each national convention of the Legion has adopted on an average eighty resolutions calling for national legislation," Mr. Lewis reports. "Altogether more than 5,000 bills affecting service men have been introduced in the House and Senate since September, 1919, and more than 400 laws have been enacted for the benefit of veterans.

"The committee has worked under the direct control of the national conventions, the National Executive Committee and the successive National Commanders. The committee always has been visualized as the spearhead behind which the whole Legion organizes its strength to inform the members of Congress of the more pressing needs of service men, and especially of the needs of the disabled and dependents of deceased men.

"It is noteworthy that since the establishment of the legislative committee, the work of its Washington office has been in charge of one man, its vice chairman, John Thomas Taylor of Pennsylvania."

LEGISLATURES of nineteen States have adopted the uniform guardian law which The American Legion advocated at its tenth national convention at San Antonio last year. On July 1, 1929, the Veterans Bureau was supervising guardianships for 57,530 wards, of whom 21,774 were incompetent veterans, 34,787 were minors and 969 were other incompetents, including dependent parents and minors over the age of 18 who were mentally incapacitated.

During the preceding year, regional attorneys for the Veterans Bureau, acting in many cases upon requests by Legion agencies, filed legal proceedings against 502 guardians to compel accountings. Suits alleging excessive fees were filed against 1,411 guardians, and in two-thirds of these cases which were disposed of the courts ordered refunds.

THE National Rehabilitation Committee advised the Louisville national convention of its opinion that insufficient attention is being given to the subject of early detection of cancer and methods of treatment for malignant and non-malignant growths. Watson B. Miller, committee chairman, reported

that specialists in this medical field had helped the committee work out a system which will be recommended for adoption by the Veterans Bureau. Mr. Miller also reported that a plan for a national American Legion campaign of education has been drawn up for the coming year.

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

IN THE SKIES



MARTIN JENSEN

One of the large group of flyers who wear the ELGIN Avigo. He broke the world's solo endurance record... and his Avigo clocked the victorious hours. Besides the Avigo wrist watch ELGIN also makes aviation instruments, compasses, tachometers, full instrument panels. Aviators everywhere are trusting their very lives to ELGIN precision.



THE ELGIN AVIGO WATCH

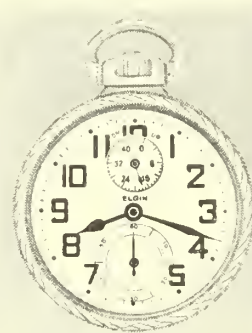
Designed for airmen... and air-minded men who want the exact time flashed to them at a glance by a slim and handsome wrist watch. It comes with the government specification dial and an extra adjustable strap for wear on the outside of the flying suit sleeve. Priced at . . . \$23.

ON LAND



SERGT. FRANK HART

... a star railroad performer who wears the Raymond model. In war he won the Distinguished Service Cross, one of the highest honors this country can bestow. And the Victory Medal, too. His peacetime honors he won at the throttle of a Santa Fe locomotive when he drove a train from Chicago to Fort Madison, Ia., and broke all records.



B. W. RAYMOND ELGIN

... a prime favorite with railroad men. 21 jewels. Winding indicator. Dust-proof case. Wide bow. Many men besides railroaders have adopted it when heavy duty and precise timekeeping are called for. . . \$70.

AND EVEN UNDER THE SEA



COMMANDER ELLSBERG

Author of "On the Bottom." Imagine the part played by time in the raising of the S-51... here life itself was gauged by the hands of a watch. the lowering and lifting of the divers had to be timed to utter precision, so great were the dangers of compression. Here again, ELGIN surmounted the grimmest, hardest test to which a watch can be subjected.



ELGIN LEGIONNAIRE

model worn by that famous Legionnaire, Commander Ellsberg, U.S.N.R., who salvaged the sunken submarine S-51. The Legionnaire model brings to you (for as little as \$19, and upward to \$28.50) the good looks and style and accuracy you associate with watches of much higher prices. Priced at . . . \$21.

ELGIN KEEPS THE TIME!

Your ELGIN jeweler will be happy to show you these watches . . . and many, many more . . . from the sturdiest heavy duty watch to the daintiest and most feminine ELGIN Parisienne. And each will be a superb example of ELGIN craftsmanship . . . each an unexampled value at its price.



Don't wait till decay attacks the teeth

GUARD THE DANGER LINE
WITH SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

SO OFTEN mothers neglect to give their children proper care and advice in the vital matter of oral hygiene. Baby teeth are allowed to decay—permanent teeth are neglected.

Teach the children correct oral hygiene with Squibb's Dental Cream. No other dentifrice could be more helpful in warding off decay and in maintaining a healthy, sparkling set of teeth.

Squibb's Dental Cream *protects* as well as cleans. In the tiny crevices of the teeth and at The Danger Line where the gums join the teeth, food particles collect, ferment, and form destructive acids. Squibb's Dental Cream contains over fifty per cent Milk of Magnesia—the safest, most effective antacid for use in the mouth. Little particles of Milk of Magnesia seep into all these remote places, combat acids, keep the breath sweet and protect the teeth.

Squibb's cannot harm the most delicate mouth. It cleanses easily—keeps the teeth sparkling white and lustrous. It is absolutely pure and safe. Buy a tube tonight and start the children using it tomorrow. You'll like it too. Priced reasonably at 40c a large tube.

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SQUIBB'S Dental Cream

The Silver Trumpet of Romance

(Continued from page 9)

entertaining biography of Buffalo Bill that the literature purporting to be based on real exploits of the handsome frontiersman were either gross exaggerations or shameless fakes, put out as publicity stuff to boost Cody as a showman. All the literature of the same species—and there was a prodigious amount of it, of just the right size to fit neatly into a school geography!—was highly moral in tone. Not only the redoubtable scout and buffalo slayer, but Diamond Dick, Wild Bill and all the rest of that bloodthirsty company were invariably defenders of the right and protectors of the weak.

There are boys and girls with a passion for reading—those youngsters of whom it is said that they "read every book they can get their hands on"—and I'm disposed to think they develop their own critical taste without much prompting from the Olympians. When I discovered Elijah Kellogg's Elm Island stories, which described the hard pioneering days in Maine; and Harry Castlemon's "Frank in the Woods," the innumerable "Oliver Optic" books and the Horatio Alger, Jr., stories of New York newsboys, I lost interest in the "Dick Dead-eye" school of fiction. And stumbling upon Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii" I got a stimulating sniff of history and adopted a higher standard for my heroes. Most of the novels so popular during the boom in American historical fiction thirty years ago are now forgotten, but the field still offers abundant material. "Janice Meredith," "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," "Alice of Old Vincennes"—they came in a long procession and renewed interest in the nation's past.

The Civil War has not yet had its great outstanding novel; and the best we got from the war with Spain was a few short stories. The World War has inspired some brilliant fiction and drama, the most noteworthy being in the realistic method—pretty bitter and necessarily so. There's precious little romance to be got out of modern warfare. Lohengrin, Lancelot and Ivanhoe wouldn't have been so romantic in gas-masks or splashing around in rat-infested trenches. We are obliged to think of war in new terms by reason of the monstrous devices for annihilation that made the furious struggle so horrible. The demand upon the physical fortitude and the nervous stability of the combatants was the cruellest known to warfare. The vast units were calculated to obscure individual valor, though instances of this were many and make a record written in gold. But where in old times there were the few who rendered conspicuous service, in the Great War every man was a hero, withstanding an ordeal more devastating and frightful than the red game had ever known before.

Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" gave a great impulse to the romantic

spirit. Nothing could be better than the idea of a young gentleman wandering into an Imaginary Kingdom and usurping the place of a worthless prince. Every essential of romance was present. It was a pretty device, and the "Zenda theme" was played upon by many imitators, though the charm of the original was never equalled. Mistaken identity was played up with every nicety of variation. The original itself possibly had its inspiration in George Meredith's "Harry Richmond" and in Stevenson's "Prince Otto." Stevenson, in his day, was one of the most beguiling of all the romanticists. I shall never forget the torrid Sunday afternoon on which I read "Treasure Island." And being laid up for a time by an injury, I read at the same period all of Stanley Weyman's tales and cried for more. And wouldn't we all like to find, awaiting us at home tonight, a new story to woo us to forgetfulness; something as good as "The Three Musketeers," "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "John Inglesant" or "The Little Minister"! I'd be perfectly satisfied to accept more "New Arabian Nights" or follow the delectable "Kim" on yet other adventures.

The happy ending was essential to the success of a tale in those days when a man and woman got married, made the best of it and settled such difficulties as beset them for the rest of their lives within the walls of their own homes. The daily press and periodical literature encourage the belief that the number of marriages that "turn out" happily is constantly decreasing, and statistics most lamentably support this idea. The effect upon young people of the great stress laid on marital infelicity can only be baneful. Life without illusion would be a pretty drab business; for the good of society we should cling to the faith that the bluebird will come back. A Society to Preserve Old Illusions might not be a bad idea. The craze for exposing the clay feet of the gods of yesterday has gone so far that the new generation hardly knows that millions of people have lived and died absurdly believing in love and constancy.

I remember that when I first began hearing the expression "being in love," all lovers seemed to be touched with a kind of heavenly sanctity. They walked in celestial light. It struck me that here was an experience that must be very beautiful; something that exalted the happy pair and lifted them quite out of the workaday world. I recall the attachment between a young woman who played the organ in the Sunday School I attended and a young man who taught the junior Bible class. The eyes of the whole congregation followed them with tender sympathy. Even we boys, scornful of anything sentimental, felt that here was something to be observed with reverence. Of course they were married

in the church that was responsible for their felicity and to the best of my knowledge they did, very truly, live happily ever after.

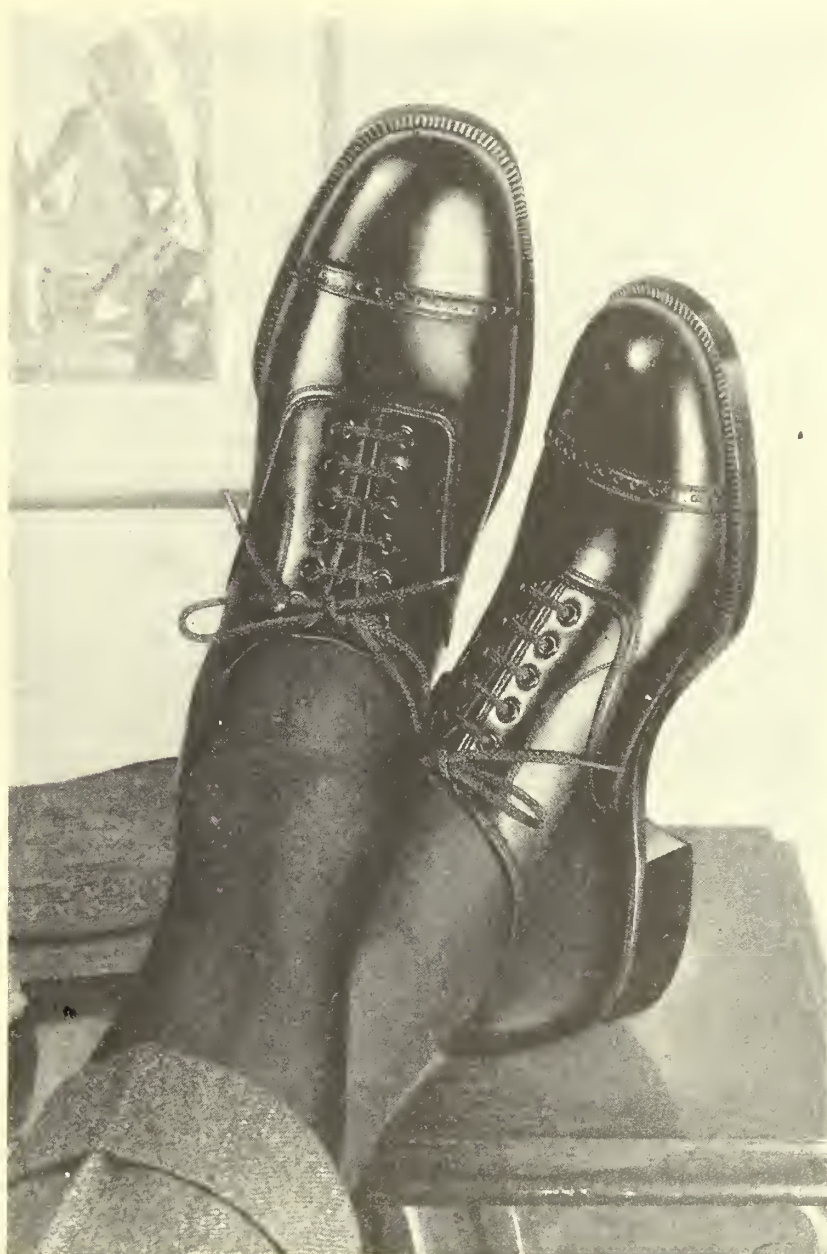
The old novels that ended at the altar and left the reader ignorant of the subsequent career of the mated pair most ingeniously devised obstacles to the union. These, in fact, made up the story. It may be that the cause of so many unhappy marriages these days is the ease with which marriage may be jumped into. The course of true love may run too smoothly and overlook the stop signs. For the best results we should have doubts, moments of uncertainty, before the happy ending. The oldtime heavy father, threatening the undesirable young gentleman with a shotgun, is as obsolete as the dodo. There are no feuds between Capulets and Montagues: it is as clear as daylight from the very beginning that Abie is going to win his Irish Rose.

In spite of all the bad news from the divorce courts, romance, in the good old sense of the word, manifests an encouraging vitality. The idea of bettering the race through scientific marriages arranged by a board of medical inspectors is pleasing only to well-meaning groups that leave out of their calculations the world-old processes of attraction and selection which are too deeply planted in mankind to be destroyed by soulless experts, no matter how praiseworthy their ambition to improve the race may be. The knights still go riding and the American girls of today—thanks to outdoor sports and more enlightened ideas of nutrition than their grandmothers knew—are the finest specimens of young womanhood that ever gladdened the world. Caught up and swept along by changes for which they are not responsible, they are nevertheless not to be deprived of their inalienable right to dream dreams and consult clairvoyants and find comfort in seeing the romantic new moon over their right shoulders. The world is full of Cinderellas all buoyed up by the hope that ultimately the prince will knock at the door with the lost slipper in his pocket. About as many young gentlemen as ever continue, even in these jazzy days, to fancy themselves the prince. The bright guidons of Romance flutter even at subway stations and from the battlements of apartment houses.

The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!
The summertime comes and the summertime goes,
And never a blossom in all of the land
As white as the gleam of her beckoning hand!

Romance isn't just a matter of knots of ribbon and roses and kisses. It is a way of life. It is the nobility and the aspiration deep down in our hearts struggling for expression. It is found in the man or woman who lives unselfishly, helps a little, does a little good. It is the doing of what we don't have to do, but do, somehow, feel impelled to do to cheer and hearten and put hope and courage into some lonely despairing soul. The girl who (Continued on page 54)

These Walk-Overs need no "breaking in"...



To a great many men a new pair of shoes is like a new pipe... good-looking but of little immediate pleasure until they are "broken in." Here's an exceptional shoe that is designed to give month-old comfort from the first step. It needs no "breaking-in." Ask for it by name... the DUNCAN, a British type, broad extending soles, springy last. Imported Black Calf \$10.

WALK-OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY



CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

She is yours Master!



SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this strange man whose face none had seen? Here is an extraordinary situation. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this mysterious emissary?

To know the answer to this and the most exciting Oriental tales ever told, read these

MASTERPIECES OF ORIENTAL MYSTERY

11 Superb Volumes
by SAX ROHMER

THESE are no ordinary detective stories. The hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of luxury, to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—from hidden cities in Malay to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.

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Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again.

Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf. A constant source of pleasure at less cost than any other form of entertainment.

These are the sort of stories that President Wilson, Roosevelt and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. They cast your worries into oblivion, increasing your efficiency many times over.

Special Bargain Offer

Printing these volumes by the hundred thousand when paper was cheap makes this low price possible. Only a limited number left. Don't wait! Send the bargain coupon today!

Free on Approval

Just mail the free examination coupon today sure and receive the entire set of 11 volumes.

Read them Ten Days

Free. If not delighted, send them back.

Act today!

This rare PREMIUM YOURS for promptness

This famous Gurkha Kukri of solid brass, 6½ in. long, is an exact replica of that used by the Hindu soldiers in the World War and is geographically described by Kipling. A rare curio to have and useful as a letter-opener, a paper-weight, or a protection on occasion. A limited quantity on hand, will be given without added cost as a premium for promptness—but you must act today! Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsome cloth volumes. If after 10 days, I am delighted, I will send you \$1.00 promptly and \$1.00 a month for only 14 months; when you receive my first payment you are to send me the Gurkha Kukri without extra cost. Otherwise, I will return the set in 10 days at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Occupation.....
Age: Over 21?..... Under 21?.....
FOR CASH DEDUCT 5%

The Silver Trumpet of Romance

(Continued from page 53)

walks the corridors of a hospital with a basket of flowers and a few books and a heart aglow with kindness and sympathy is quite as much a princess as if she had lived a thousand years ago in a high-walled castle and woke every morning to the music of the silver trumpet of romance. Romance is all about us: knighthood is always in flower. Lindbergh sailing fearlessly under the Atlantic stars makes commonplace the exploits of Ulysses and Hercules. How childish to him must have seemed the magic carpet! Byrd, crossing the North Pole, was impelled by the very spirit of Romance. But equally so some doctor, riding at night to relieve suffering—some nurse on her night-long vigil—they, too, feel the prompting. The settlement worker laboring amid poverty and disease is truly imbued with the spirit of chivalry. The Legionnaire who looks up a comrade on whom the curse of war fell heavily—he, too, is touched with that chivalrous spirit that in all ages has prompted the easing of suffering and the brightening of an hour for some one in need of cheer.

The men and women who give millions to good causes are touched with the romantic spirit. We pick up the newspaper and read of crime and calamity; but somewhere, as we explore the inner pages, we come upon some act of generosity, some chivalrous deed that makes the whole day brighter. Instances of high courage are just as abundant nowadays as they ever were. A few months ago it was a policeman at Cleveland who bore a score of stricken people out of the poisonous air of a hospital before he himself succumbed. Commander Edward Ellsberg and his men at their heroic labor of raising the *S-51* offer a noteworthy instance of heroism and fidelity in one of the most difficult tasks ever undertaken. The pilots of the mail-carrying planes that cross the continent every night give a new meaning to valor.

We may sniff as much as we please, but the romance in our souls doesn't die so easy. When Peter Pan appears suddenly and demands to know whether we believe in fairies the hardest-boiled citizen is likely to be surprised into confessing that he does.

O Weep No More Today

(Continued from page 19)

a mile of its length, gay as a garden with flags and colored lights. There from reasonably early in the morning to what normally would be unreasonably late at night the throngs made merry. To walk from the Brown Hotel to the Seelbach two squares away was a good half hour's undertaking—not that anyone wanted to make it any sooner. He wasn't having a proper amount of fun if he did. The uniforms of the drum corps and the drill teams made it as colorful as the Café de la Paix corner in wartime.

More uniforms, more color and more music at this convention than any convention preceding. And everywhere, as I was so bold as to intimate a minute ago, more ladies, although this made no impression upon Bad Bill Stern, the Schopenhauer of Fargo, North Dakota. There went arm and arm a man who had served as admiral and one who had mopped decks; there a major general and a buck, 2cl., although at the present writing the ex-buck may be a member of Congress or president of a bank. A man who is the master of the millions exchanging reminiscences with one who had ridden to town in a model T flivver. Democracy? Yes, indeed, but also the aristocracy of a service performed when it wasn't who a man was that counted, but what he could do. That is the tie that binds the Legion, and it is a strong tie.

This convention, like all of the others, was one big reunion enclosing an uncounted number of small ones. Division, regimental, company reunions more and

more become a part of the parent convention. There are reunions of other kinds—schoolmates and business and professional associates who have drifted apart have found in the Legion an instrument for getting together once a year. The Legion, too, has developed a comradeship of its own. Innumerable warm friendships have been formed during the work and play that has made the Legion a notable organization and keeps it notable. One meets hundreds of such friends he had not seen for a year and will not see for another. These are some of the things that make conventions worth holding, and harder sledding for the hair-dye industry. How many times does one hear it said with all sincerity that it was worth the trip just to see Joe again—or possibly Josephine.

Who would claim to have been ill-rewarded for a long journey by a sight of Happy Wintz? Happy was at Louisville in all his glory, which was in no respect dimmed by the fact that Los Angeles did not win the convention for 1930. Hap will be on view in Boston Common. Hap's clowning at Legion conventions has made him a national figure, and his friends in the East will be glad to know that his genius has been recognized outside of Legion circles on the Coast. He is a celebrated radio announcer now. May the oranges wax ampler in circumference and more to the vine.

Almost any evening on Fourth Street one could have bumped into more people whose names adorned the pages of *Who's Who* than could have been found nearly

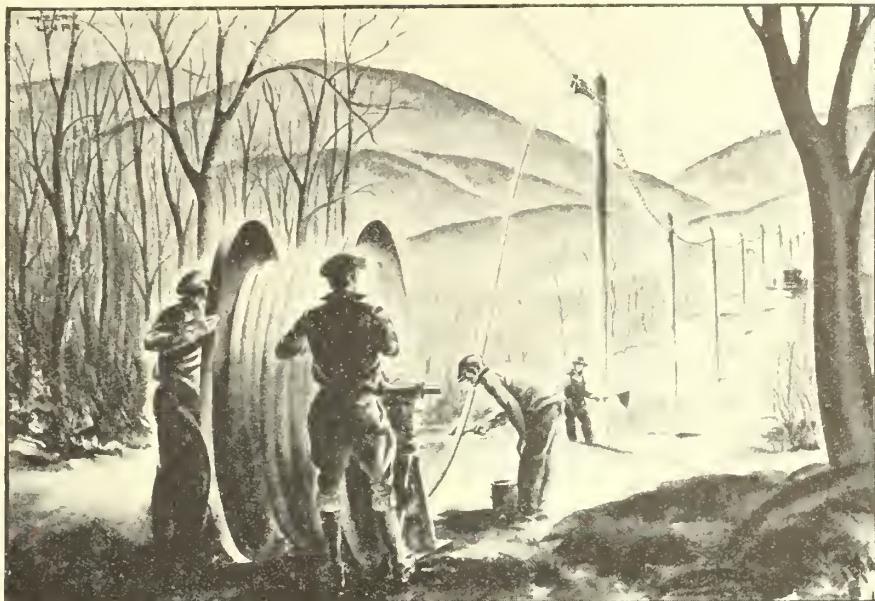
anywhere else. Legionnaires are going up the ladder pretty fast, and the higher a World War veteran goes, in this walk of life or that, the more likely he is to join the Legion. Which, in itself, is a pretty striking testimonial that the Legion has got somewhere. A Legion card has become one of the earmarks of success, which is one of the things, and perhaps the principal thing, that accounts for the fact that the Legion's membership roster has shown an average increase of nearly a thousand a week for more than a hundred consecutive weeks.

The clock in the City Hall tower at the next corner showed thirteen minutes past noon when the advance guard of the main parade came abreast the official reviewing stand in front of the court house. For some time the marchers had been in view and Jefferson Street presented a vista not soon to be forgotten. The curbs were lined with humanity. Windows bulged with heads and shoulders. Roofs were lined and more intrepid reviewers perched on high cornices like sparrows. Planes droned in the sky. From tall buildings a paper snowstorm floated down upon the marchers, some of the flakes trying to come to rest in the big horns of the bandsmen, to be hilariously blown out again. The line of march was patrolled by cavalymen of the Kentucky National Guard.

The Jefferson County Court House is an aristocratic old structure, with tall pillars in front, built a hundred years ago. The veterans of every war since 1812 have marched past it. The Blue and Gray have marched past. Louisville was the first city south of the Mason-Dixon line to entertain the Grand Army of the Republic, which held its national convention there in 1895. Later the United Confederate Veterans met there. A community of divided loyalties during the Civil War, Kentucky exceeded its quota of volunteer troops both for the Northern and the Southern armies.

In the official stands sat National Commander McNutt and Mrs. Ficklen, National President of the Auxiliary, with Governor Sampson, Mayor Harrison, General March, Admiral Rodman, Major General Summerall, and Mme. Zofia Nowosielska of the Polish women's Battalion of Death, which was a part of the Russian Army fighting for the Allies. Madame looks the contrary of terrifying. She was accompanied to Louisville by Brigadier Colonel Zahorski, Colonel Podulkownik Blogowski and Lieutenant Zotyohita, on the active list of the army of the Polish Republic. Their uniforms stimulated a disposition of inquiry wherever they were seen. Back of the stands stood an ancient but graceful statue of Thomas Jefferson reading the Declaration of Independence, which is something he never did do in public. This image furnished a convenient roost for a dozen urchins, not one of whom climbed down during the five hours the parade flowed past. What pageant could have a better endorsement?

Behind a volley of motorcycle policemen rode the grand marshal, Brigadier General Carter, on a horse that took a blue ribbon at (Continued on page 56)



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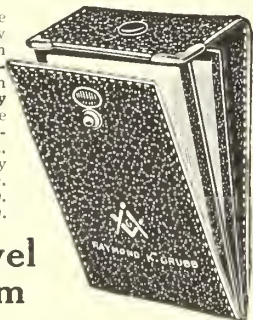
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O Weep No More Today

(Continued from page 55)

the Kentucky State Fair. With him was Past National Commander Spafford in an outfit that any cowboy would give ten years of his life for. Then the first of 128 drum and bugle corps and forty-nine bands—the band from Thomas Hopkins Post of Wichita, Kansas, the Legion champions of 1928. But next year in this place of honor the world will see and hear the band of Electric Post of Milwaukee and the corps from Frankford Post of Philadelphia which after a mighty strain upon the discriminative faculties of the judges took first honors in the latest contests.

Hawaii, the pearl of the Pacific, led the line of departments, which is notice to the wide world that its proportion of gain in membership for the year past exceeded that of every other jurisdiction of the Legion. Miss Gladys Embry, with a lei wreath about her neck and a shimmering reed skirt, led the Hawaiians.

The District of Columbia, pearl of the Potomac, was number two with flashy drum corps from Victory and Costello Posts. In blue coats and white flannel pants a summery set of marchers, including Colonel Dick Jones, the Wall Street magnet, jauntily swung their yellow canes.

Mississippi, with Greenville in the lead, hove in sight with a rainbow round its shoulder. The last time this writer saw Greenville it was three feet under water in the shallow places. The Auxiliary from Mississippi made a grand showing and it is a part of my responsibility to the public to warn the one who wore the blue dress with the red "Danger" sign on the back that the Legion is composed exclusively of fearless men.

The showing of the Indiana commuters comprised a parade by itself which tramped, tramped along in step with twenty-four drum corps and four bands, and provided spectacles extraordinary. Earl Ellis, of Birchwood Post, Washington, showed the way for the Hoosiers on stilts fifteen feet high. Soon after passing the reviewing stand, the half-way mark on the six mile line of march, he had the hard luck to slip and break a leg. Jeffersonville, just across the river, turned out with four floats depicting the Legion's work for their disabled comrades. The Salem Auxiliary, in black cloaks with bronze linings over white dresses, looked fetching as you please. Richmond did things in a big way, too. It produced two Davy Crocketts, each with his original rifle. Betsy. An ox team hauled a couple of pioneers from Corydon and a miniature of the original Indiana capitol building. A coed in cap and gown, graduated in advance of her class for the occasion, reproduced the scholastic atmosphere of Valparaiso, but militant Anderson marched behind the Little Colonel, in civil life Miss Juanita Davis. Another Colonel—A. J. Daugherty—on the active list of the Regular Army, beat a drum in the corps from

Hilton U. Brown Post of Indianapolis. A girls' drum corps from Indianapolis whose destinies are in the hands of a high stepper for certain closed the file of Indianians.

The distinguishing features of the South C'lina contingent were a swell drum corps from Spartanburg, some beautiful young ladies in costume and Colonel J. Monroe Johnson.

"Cal-if-or-nia, Here I Come." Piloted by Happy Wintz naturally, and enlivened by six or eight bands of music and corps of drums and bugles. There was also the world's largest orange on exhibition, a live bear (in a cage) and the Auxiliary girls from Berkeley, proving that Hollywood has no corner on the market. Los Angeles with its drum corps in the uniform of Spanish conquistadores registered as it always does.

Those figures worked in gold on the green tamoshanters of the New Jerseyites were meant to be mosquitoes, not butterflies. "Cool Cape May," said the sign on a drum. But not too cool, according to the consensus of best informed opinion after a look at the two girls in two tones of green who came from there.

Louisiana gave four wistful Evangelines and no Gabriels—none at least who could be identified by the clothes he had on.

Wyoming, the pearl of Powder River, provided a contingent of mounted cowboys right from the round-up, led by a cow gal from the magazine cover.

Brigham Young, followed by his wives, represented Utah.

The drum and bugle corps of Raleigh, North Carolina, a symphony of white and purple in its uniforms of the style of 1812, was a smashing hit. So were the Auxiliary girls from Charlottesville in their flashing red capes. So was the colored drum corps from the same place, dominated by a leader who has reached the top of his profession.

The Texans followed a youngster who, if more than four years old, was small for his age. The Brownsville band from down by the Rio Grande Del Norte played "The Old Gray Mare," but where was the celebrated steed?

Oregon treated the onlookers to a ship's company of pirates, everyone a match for Long John Silver.

The friends and neighbors from Tennessee were abroad in numbers. The Clarksville delegation turned out in bell-crowned beavers and the rest of the rig of Andrew Jackson's spacious era, and Chattanooga supplied a touch of realism with a drum corps clad in mudstained khaki.

Real Indians in real feathers and the brightest of blankets sustained the high average of color that Oklahoma invariably brings to these occasions. The Auxiliary drum corps from Chickasha was a knockout.

Howard Savage conducted into view

an expeditionary force from Illinois which took an hour to pass. There were twenty-odd bands and drum corps and one accordion. No city has ever made the single-handed showing in a Legion parade that Chicago made in this one. The kilted bagpipers from Stockyards Post were one of the hits not only of the parade but of the convention. And the popular prize for a clown band this year went to Peru, Illinois, with its caricature of the oldtime German band of days gone by. The official prize for drill teams was taken home by Woodlawn Post of Chicago.

Pennsylvania, Montana, Colorado, Michigan, Idaho, North Dakota, Kansas, walking garden of sunflowers—this is a big country. Missouri showed 'em with a mule. Then came the Buckeyes. Ohio was another State that proclaimed a levee en masse for the descent upon Louisville with its own carnival of music and color and stunts.

"On Wisconsin!" crashed the fifty-seven piece aggregation of Electric Post of Milwaukee, which won first honors in the band contest, and on Wisconsin came. Racine wrote its name high upon the honor roll as usual with its Spirit of '76 float, which has become a feature no Legion parade would be complete without. The girl's band from Milwaukee, in bright red cloaks and tams, and led by a young lady with hair of the shade that gentlemen are said to prefer, was another testimonial to the mounting prestige of the Auxiliary.

And Delaware, following its Blue Hen's Chickens drum corps, cut itself a generous slice of cake.

New York came in the wake of the famous kiltie band from Fort Orange Post, Albany, which the whole East knows of via radio. Niagara Falls with a niagara of music from its saxophone band, Oneida, Batavia, Kingston and all the rest kept the customers in mind of the fact that the State of New York takes up a big space on the map.

The mascot for Rhode Island was a Rhode Island Red (hen).

The source of Iowa's success in life is an enigma no longer. "Columbus, Nebraska," the sign read, "where Iowa gets its seed corn." Figures do not lie and seeing is believing. There was a bona fide Legionnaire carrying a bona fide (why, certainly!) ear of corn three feet in length, and now that Hanford MacNider has taken up in a serious way the cultivation of the soil as well as the collection of antique furniture we shall expect more of Iowa.

One man paraded under the banner of Alaska. "Hello, Santa Claus!" called a wit from the sidelines, to which the sourdough ventured no response.

Then came the Iowans, including Farmer MacNider in person, unruffled by the sensational disclosure from Columbus, Nebraska, singing their corn song and carrying their cornstalks challengingly aloft. Colonel Jim Barton's girl friends from Fort Dodge looked as chirp as ever. The veteran drum corps from Sioux City, three times national champions, had lost none of its oldtime cunning. The (Continued on page 58)

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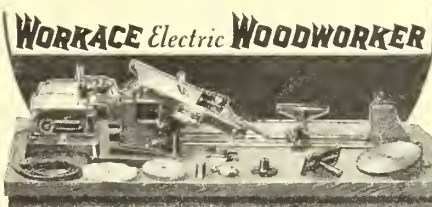
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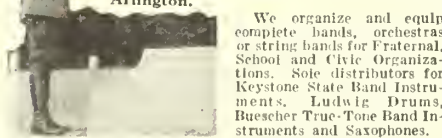
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O Weep No More Today

(Continued from page 57)

Auxiliary drill team from Cherokee could have shown Broadway something. Iowa rests serene.

Massachusetts unfolded an historical pageant, the most ambitiously conceived and the most artistically of any undertaking of that character in any parade of The American Legion. First came the Bessie Edwards Cadets, named for the daughter of Major General Clarence Edwards, commander of the Yankee Division, who died in service as a nurse during the influenza epidemic. Then the history of our country marched by. First were the Indians, then the Norsemen, then Columbus. De Soto, Coronado and their followers clanked past, and so down to the times of the Revolution—Mad Anthony Wayne, Paul Revere and Betsy Ross. Then the period in which the star of empire moved toward the setting sun and the hills of gold. Daniel Boone, Sam Houston and his Texas Republic, and the Forty-Niners. Grant and Lee walked side by side, and T. R. charged up San Juan hill.

Florida came victorious over its hard year's fight with the Mediterranean fly. Those girls and boys are there! The drum corps from Harvey Seeds Post of Miami, with its ash blonde leader from

the Auxiliary, journeyed to Louisville by way of the White House, St. Louis, Chicago, and way stations.

Paris Post paraded in artists' smocks in the authentic Left Bank manner. The sun had set behind the clock tower on the City Hall when Kentucky, in the host's position of last, concluded the great day.

There was an interval for dinner, and then the town turned out again to see the torchlight pageant of the Forty and Eight, on the way to its grand wreck and initiation of prisonniers de guerre.

These events happened on Tuesday, pretty well pre-empting the day. On Wednesday, by way of diversion, the band and drum corps contests were continued, there was a regatta on the river, a polo tournament at the Country Club, an air circus, a football game, and a grand old-fashioned fireworks display at the baseball park after dark.

Late on Thursday most of the visitors packed up and with the profoundest expression of thanks to Frank D. Rash, president, and the members, one and all, of the Board of Directors of the Eleventh National Convention of The American Legion, bade the old Kentucky home a fond goodnight.

Looking Toward 1930

(Continued from page 25)

and Bureau administration. Of general interest, however, were a series of resolutions on government insurance, including these:

That monthly payments for total and permanent disability be not deducted from the face of the policy at maturity.

That insurance legislation be amended to provide that a veteran may continue in force the remaining value of his insurance upon recovery from permanent and total disability for which he has been paid monthly installments under disability clause.

That Government Insurance policies be made to conform to the standard policies of old line companies, including optional rights and benefits to disabled veterans.

That insurance legislation be amended to permit the revival of lapsed insurance even though death or permanent and total disability occur after July 2, 1927; to permit the issuance of government policies on a sub-standard basis to those otherwise eligible who are suffering from a service-connected disability, and to permit the addition of a satisfactory total disability clause to the insurance contract, similar to the disability clause in the standard commercial insurance contract.

Another recommendation of unusual interest called for legislation to provide that any ex-service man or woman shown to have had a tuberculous disease

of service origin shall receive compensation of not less than \$50 a month.

An important recommendation affecting many thousands of disabled men now deprived of compensation advocates the inclusion of chronic constitutional diseases among those for which service connection shall be presumed when the existence of the disease to a disabling degree of ten percent prior to January 2, 1925, can be proved. If this recommendation were embodied in law those benefited would include many men now suffering from certain heart diseases, diseases of the circulatory system and such ailments as Bright's disease.

Several thousand dependents of deceased veterans would benefit by the enactment of a measure recommended which would establish the presumption that service men who died before the enactment of the Adjusted Compensation Act had filed applications for benefits under this act. Enactment of such a law would entitle beneficiaries to approximately three times the sum they would receive under existing law, which gives \$1 per day for home service and \$1.25 for foreign service.

The convention recommended that Congress act favorably immediately upon the hospital construction program submitted at the last session of Congress. This program called for new hospitals and additions to existing hospitals

to provide approximately 3,500 new beds. In addition to the beds advocated in the program submitted last year, the convention urged that Congress appropriate funds for additional construction.

The Louisville convention made plain the unchanging position of The American Legion on the question of adequate national defense. It adopted a series of resolutions dealing with plans for improving the Army and Navy and the country's air forces and it applauded addresses by Admiral Hugh Rodman and General Peyton C. March, in which these two wartime leaders warned against misleading propaganda which is arousing unjustified hopes that the United States can promote world peace by deliberately weakening its own facilities for defense.

The chairman of the convention's National Defense Committee was Charles B. Robbins of Iowa, until recently Assistant Secretary of War. The recommendations adopted by the convention included the immediate establishment of a committee composed of members of the House and Senate, the Secretaries of War, Navy, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor and five other persons not holding salaried governmental positions, to conduct a further study of the Universal Draft Bill, embodied a strong protest against further reductions in the enlisted personnel of the Army and demanded increases in personnel in both Army and Navy. Congress was urged to make appropriations for a Regular Army of 125,000 men, a National Guard of 210,000, yearly training of 26,000 Reserves and provision for 40,000 C. M. T. C. trainees.

The committee recommended a progressive program for the training of youth in rifle marksmanship and the formation of rifle clubs sponsored by Legion posts. It urged appointment of a national director of rifle marksmanship to have charge of all Legion rifle activities, including formation of a Legion team to take part in the national rifle matches at Camp Perry, Ohio.

The arrival of Premier Ramsay MacDonald in the United States on a mission of world peace, involving an agreement between the United States and Great Britain on means of reaching naval parity, lent interest to the convention's recommendation that the best means of obtaining parity is "the construction of such an adequate number of cruisers and destroyers as will put the United States on a parity with any nation in the world." This method, the convention declared, will place the United States Government in the best possible position to demand proportional, universal and gradual reduction of all armament in an effort to bring about universal and lasting peace.

Taking cognizance of the investigation of the activities of William B. Shearer during the sessions of the Geneva Naval Limitations Conference, an investigation being conducted by the Naval Affairs Committee of the United States Senate, the convention declared itself in favor of enlarging the investigation to include an examination (Continued on page 60)



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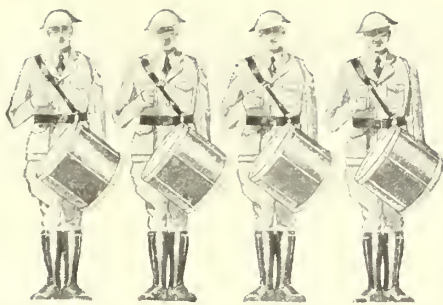
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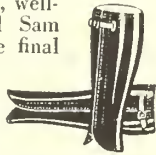




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Looking Toward 1930

(Continued from page 59)

of several ultra-pacifist organizations which have been opposing all provisions for the national defense. In a strongly-worded resolution, the convention urged that the Senate investigate particularly the National Council for the Prevention of War, Federal Council of Churches of Christ, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, American Civil Liberties Union, League for Industrial Democracy, National Student Forum, War Resisters League, Young Workers League. The Young Pioneers and the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism.

Urging continuance of the Legion's activities for the promotion of aviation, the convention recommended that all posts promote local fields for aviation and the proper air marking of towns. Systematic strengthening of the air forces of the Army and Navy and a policy of co-ordinating civilian aeronautical resources for the defense of the country were other recommendations.

Admiral Rodman's address to the convention included many striking statements. After declaring that officers of the Navy are with President Hoover in his efforts to obtain naval parity, Admiral Rodman added:

"There is little or no use in having an inferior Navy—one not quite strong enough. The Germans spent hundreds of millions of dollars in creating a fleet about eighty percent as strong as that of Great Britain. When it came to a showdown during the World War it did not give Germany even eighty percent protection; it gave little or practically none. Hence Germany reverted to submarine warfare. A second best Navy is like a second best poker hand."

Unqualifiedly, the United States needs an adequate Navy in peace as well as in war, Admiral Rodman declared, citing John Hay's aphorism that "our foreign policies are just as strong as our Navy and no stronger." Continuing, Admiral Rodman said:

"The less said about the Geneva Conference, the better. The most charitable construction that can be put upon it was that it was a fiasco and failed to reach an agreement on parity. For the last two centuries, at least, Great Britain has owed its prosperity, wealth and independence to its fleet, and in accordance with its unwritten policy maintained one that was superior to any other nation. It may have labored under the delusion that this was its inherent right, particularly since it was never seriously challenged or aggressively opposed until Germany and the United States began to build navies planned to at least equal hers.

"Parity and parity alone will obliterate misunderstandings, settle the question of freedom of the seas, promote confidence and friendship and be a salient element in promoting the world's peace and preventing war. It will be the

aim of our Government to reach an agreement by which the ratio of 5-5-3 shall pertain to (a) the fleet as a whole, or (b) that it shall pertain to all other types as it now does to battleships alone."

Admiral Rodman, in concluding, asserted that the interior sections of the country are vitally affected by the adequacy or inadequacy of our naval forces.

"We are compelled to look abroad for markets for our surplus," he said. "This applies to numerous commodities from every section of our country. It has been estimated that at least ten percent must be exported if our present prosperity is to continue. Our foreign trade is increasing by leaps and bounds. For over a century England led the world in trade and thereby gained her enormous wealth and prestige in the financial world. Germany was a rival and running her a spirited race prior to the World War. Today the United States has succeeded them as the center of finance and trade and will soon eclipse any past records. It seems superfluous to state that we need an adequate Navy to protect it."

General March, in his convention address, warned against the growing belief that modern inventions have made war impossible.

"We all rejoice in the signing of the Kellogg treaties, renouncing war as an instrument of national policy," he said, "but it would be foolish to imagine that wars were abolished with those treaties. Even as the signed treaties were being deposited in Washington, two of the signatory powers were fighting along the Manchurian frontier. It has been said that airplanes and chemicals have made war impossible. Nothing could be further from the truth and nothing could be more dangerous than for the nation to be lulled into a false sense of security by such talk as this. . . . The American Legion has always been in favor of an adequate national defense. This should consist of a small but highly trained and equipped Army, adequately paid and properly housed, and capable of rapid expansion in case of necessity; and a Navy, the equal in strength of any on the globe; and a merchant marine, available for the transportation of men, material and munitions in case of a national emergency. With these elements of our national defense secure, we can face the future with serenity."

Further expression of the Legion's stand on competitive armaments was given in the adoption of the report of the convention committee on World Peace and Foreign Relations, which included "approval of participation by the United States in international endeavors leading to a mutual elimination of competitive armaments among the nations of the world, insofar as a sound national defense policy will permit of such participation." The same report included a reaffirmation in favor of "adherence by

the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice upon such terms as shall properly safeguard the interests of the United States."

The convention adopted the recommendation that each post designate one meeting before the end of the year at which the program will be devoted to the subject of international relations, such meetings to be held annually hereafter. In this connection, the convention adopted a resolution thanking Lemuel Bolles, Past National Adjutant, for preparing "The American Legion Program for Study of International Relations," an outline and bibliography included in the printed report submitted by National Headquarters to the convention.

Continued co-operation of The American Legion with Fidac, the furtherance of exchange of visits among service men of the United States and foreign countries and the exchange of visits between Legion posts and posts of the Canadian veterans societies were subjects of other resolutions adopted.

National Commander McNutt reported that Fidac had accepted an invitation which he had personally extended to the 1929 congress held in Belgrade and that the 1930 congress would be held in the United States. The new National Commander was authorized to appoint a committee to make all arrangements for this congress.

Many other resolutions were adopted by the convention in outlining future activities of the Legion and registering the organization's sentiments on proposals submitted to it.

Looking forward to a greater extension of The American Legion Junior Baseball Program in 1930, the convention voted that Dan Sowers, Director of the National Americanism Commission, obtain from the athletic officers of all Legion departments suggestions, recommendations and opinions on the program. The information thus obtained is to be considered by the National Americanism Commission at its next meeting, at which rules and regulations for the 1930 elimination games and the Junior World Series will be decided upon. More than 300,000 boys participated in baseball under Legion auspices during 1929.

A nation-wide campaign to extend to all orphaned children of World War service men suitable educational advantages will be made in all States in 1930 under the terms of a resolution adopted by the convention. The resolution pointed out that Utah, Maryland, Delaware and Connecticut have, by acts of their Legislatures, established scholarships for war orphans to supplement or match the meagre compensation awarded them by the Government. Extension of this scholarship system to other States will be sought by special Legion agencies authorized by the resolution.

Related to the foregoing activity was the authorization of a special national Legion committee to make a study of the rights and privileges accorded service men under the laws of the various States. In a resolution calling for the appointment of this committee, the convention pointed (*Continued on page 62*)

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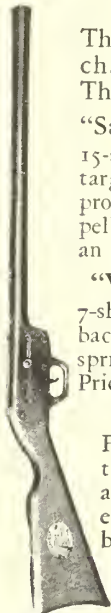
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Looking Toward 1930

(Continued from page 61)

out that privileges offered by individual States vary widely and that it will probably be advisable for the Legion to suggest proper legislation in certain States and possibly to advocate the enactment of a uniform general statute covering rights and benefits for adoption by all State legislatures.

In keeping with the many activities of Legion departments for the preservation of forest tracts and wild game refuges, the convention took first steps looking toward the creation of an international park as a World War memorial. to be located partly in Northern Minnesota and the Province of Ontario, Canada. The proposed park would include the Superior National Forest, which has in its borders a unique network of inter-connecting lakes. The wooded lakeland stretches far across the unguarded Minnesota borderline into the Province of Ontario. National Headquarters was instructed to inform the State Department at Washington of the Legion's indorsement of the international memorial park program, and the National Commander was instructed to appoint a committee of three Legionnaires to confer with representatives of the service organizations of Ontario.

Weekly pilgrimages to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Washington will be held each year hereafter under a plan embodied in a resolution adopted unanimously by the convention. Under this plan, a different department will make a pilgrimage to the tomb at Washington in each of the fifty-two weeks of the year. The resolution authorized the National Executive Committee to take the steps necessary to carry out this program, with a view to continuance of the custom as long as the Legion exists.

The convention voted that proper steps be taken to arrange for a visit of members of French veterans' societies to the United States in 1932. The National Commander was authorized to have a formal invitation extended to the veterans' societies of France through the Department of State and the French Government.

Co-operation of all departments in obtaining the appointment of American Legion Monthly liaison officers by all posts and stimulating the activities of these officers was recommended in a resolution which specified that liaison officers shall have permanent appointments, serving from year to year as long as they may carry on their duties effectively.

The National Emblem Division was authorized to provide at cost large photographs of all Past National Commanders, the pictures to be of uniform size and style and to be sold in sets to posts wishing them.

The convention directed that the existing system of allocating positions of departments in the National Convention parade and in choice of hotel facilities

in the National Convention city and seating in the National Convention auditorium shall be discontinued, and that a new system shall be worked out, so that relative order shall depend upon the relation between a department's current membership and its potential membership.

As a solution to the problem of urgently needed additional revenue for the National Rehabilitation Committee, to enable it to maintain its services for disabled men, the convention voted that all departments be asked to join in a national program for the sale of poppies, in which one cent for each poppy manufactured shall be turned over to the National Treasurer for the needs of the National Rehabilitation Committee. It was recommended that the additional cost of poppies be added to the price of the poppies sold to posts and Auxiliary units by the departments. It was suggested that the Saturday preceding Memorial Day be generally designated as National Poppy Day, with extension of selling time to Memorial Day if considered advisable.

Notable guests who addressed the convention included Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, high commissioner of organized baseball; Peter Brady, Vice President of the American Federation of Labor; Flem D. Sampson, Governor of Kentucky; Legionnaire William D. Harrison, Mayor of Louisville, and Samuel Woodfill, Kentuckian winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor in the days of the A. E. F.

Judge Landis, who was recently awarded the Legion's Distinguished Service Medal for efforts which made possible the Legion's junior baseball program, made a plea for full justice to service men suffering from mental diseases who are unable under existing laws to obtain compensation from the Government. Governor Sampson and Mayor Harrison extended welcomes on behalf of Kentucky and Louisville. Mr. Brady brought to the convention the greetings of William Green, President of the Federation of Labor. Miller C. Foster of South Carolina, National Vice Commander, on behalf of the Legion, responded to the welcoming addresses of Governor Sampson and Mayor Harrison.

The final day of the convention brought many colorful moments when representatives of the departments marched to the platform in the auditorium to receive the beautiful silver cups awarded each year in the names of Past National Commanders to departments making the best records in membership, and other national trophies for specific accomplishments. Ceremonies attended the presentation of these trophies and the prizes won by the bands and drum corps and the rifle teams which took part in the National Convention contests.

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Looking Toward 1930

(Continued from page 63)

Elizabeth, New Jersey; Broderick-Fuller-Nekola, New York; Wilmington, North Carolina; John McKenna, Parsons, Jesse Thomas, Corp. John D. Stark and Craig E. Fleming, Pennsylvania; Burrillville, Rhode Island; Martin Fales, and Jason-Hunt, Vermont; and Miller T. Burton, Virginia.

LA SOCIÉTÉ des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, the honor society of The American Legion, reviewed its 1929 record of support given the principal activities of the Legion when it held its Promenade Nationale at Louisville. John P. Conmy, retiring Chef de Chemin de Fer, reported that the Forty and Eight had given the Legion notable help in the past year by taking the lead in the junior baseball program in many sections, by contributing \$18,000 to the work of the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee, and by enrolling almost 17,000 new members for the Legion in Forty and Eight member-getting competitions.

In addition to taking a leading part in the Legion's big parade on the second day of the convention, the Forty and Eighters of all departments startled all Louisville with their own special parade held at night. The crowds of spectators had slowed up the daytime parade somewhat, but the Forty and Eight parade roared through Louisville's streets with the speed and precision of a limited passenger train. Miniature locomotives—some of them pretty big and all of them realistic—rumbled along, lights blazing, smokestacks belching smoke, bells ringing, whistles blowing.

At the main business session of the Promenade Nationale, the delegate voyageurs rendered a tribute to Charles W. Ardery, Correspondant National, in honor of his recent marriage to Phoebe Jane Wood, who for several years had been his secretary in the Forty and Eight's G. H. Q. at Indianapolis. Announcements of the marriage were mailed just before the National Convention. An interesting fact connected with the Headquarters romance is that both Mr. and Mrs. Ardery have been attending an evening law school in Indianapolis for several years and both will be graduated this winter.

E. Snapper Ingram of Los Angeles, California, Conducteur National during the past year, was elected the new Chef de Chemin de Fer, to head the society during the coming year. Mr. Ingram was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1884 and was living in that town during the historic Johnstown flood. After the flood his family moved to Pittsburgh, where he attended school until 1894, when his family moved to Racine, Wisconsin. He lived in a number of Wisconsin and Minnesota communities before taking up his home in California in 1905. For a number of years he has been a municipal engineer and at the present time he is a member of the Los Angeles

City Council. Enlisting in the California National Guard at the beginning of the war, Mr. Ingram served in France with the Second Anti-Aircraft Battalion, C. A. C.

Other officers elected by the Forty and Eight were: Sous Chefs de Chemin de Fer, William H. Yeager, Girard, Pennsylvania, Talmage Smith, Grand Island, Nebraska, Austin Imirie, Washington, D. C., David Levy, Cincinnati, Ohio, Ralph E. McNeely, Fowler, Indiana, Dr. William H. Hamley, Lake Providence, Louisiana; Commissaire Intendant National, N. Carl Nielsen, Gig Harbor, Washington; Correspondant National, Charles W. Ardery, Indianapolis, Indiana; Avocat National, Leonard S. Coyne, Detroit, Michigan; Conducteur National, Harry Freeman, Brighton, Massachusetts; Historien National, Paul J. McGahan, Washington, D. C.; Aumonier National, Rev. J. Monroe Stick, Baltimore, Maryland; Drapeau National, Mel D. Long, Rutherford, New Jersey; Gardes de la Porte National, Neil R. Fitch, Payette, Idaho, and Harvey A. Barnard, Rock Valley, Iowa; Finance Committeemen, N. Carl Nielsen, Chairman, Gig Harbor, Washington, Charles A. Mills, Miami, Florida, and Neal Grider, Indianapolis, Indiana; Executive Committeemen, Cheminots Nationaux, Decker French, Davenport, Iowa, Dr. J. F. Reed, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, William J. Maloney, Gary, Indiana; Permanent Trophies and Awards Committeemen, Charles T. Flynn, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, William H. Yeager, Girard, Pennsylvania, William L. Doolan, Jr., Louisville, Kentucky.

The Charles A. Mills Trophy, offered to the voiture locale performing the greatest service to The American Legion, was awarded to Voiture 220 of Chicago for the "château" which it has built in Cook County Forest Preserve for use of Legion posts of Chicago. The Pelham St. George Bissell trophy was awarded to the Grande Voiture of South Carolina for having secured the greatest percentage of new Legion members in comparison with its voyageur membership as of September 1, 1928. A percentage of 1,542 was attained. The Voiture Nationale trophy for securing the greatest number of new members for the Legion was awarded to the Grande Voiture of New York for having secured 2,732 members for the Legion for 1929.

The Voiture Nationale trophy awarded to the individual voyageur securing the greatest number of new members of the Legion went to George S. McCarty, Voiture 555, Prescott, Arizona, for having obtained 455 members for The American Legion for 1929. The Voiture Nationale trophy awarded to the voiture locale securing the greatest number of new memberships was awarded to Voiture 496, Louisville, Kentucky, for having secured 978 new members for The American Legion.

A stand of colors, together with a cup, was awarded as first prize to the Grande Voiture of Wisconsin Band in the Forty and Eight parade. A cup for second prize was awarded to the Greenville (Ohio) Band. A stand of colors and cup were awarded to the Grande Voiture of Ohio Drum and Bugle Corps, representing Voiture 149, Elyria, Ohio. The second prize drum and bugle corps cup was awarded to Voiture 72, Sioux City, Iowa.

The cup for having the greatest number of voyageurs in the Forty and Eight parade was awarded to the Grande Voiture of Ohio. The cup for the most spectacular display in the Forty and Eight parade was awarded to Voiture 686, Bureau County, Illinois. A cup was also awarded to the Hibbing (Minnesota) American Legion Auxiliary Drum and Bugle Corps in appreciation of its participation in the Forty and Eight parade.

For a Greater Auxiliary

(Continued from page 27)

Committee, of which Mrs. O. D. Oliphant of New Jersey, Past National President, was Chairman, went on record in its report as supporting the entire national defense program of The American Legion. Specific resolutions which were adopted included continued support of the National Defense Act of 1920, specifying an adequate naval defense, a request that each department be urged to send representatives to the annual Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense which was inaugurated by the Auxiliary, the publication and distribution of a manual on this subject, further general enlightenment regarding this vital issue through establishment of a speakers' bureau and the use of the radio, and a demand that the Senate add to its investigation of the Navy lobby situation investigation of similar activities of other organizations, ten of which are specifically identified.

A distinguished guest who addressed the convention was Madame Zofia Nowosielska, who won decorations during the World War as a member of the Polish women's Battalion of Death in the Russian Army. Garbed in a modification of the Polish soldiers' uniform, Madame Nowosielska made a striking appearance and held the attention of the delegates and visitors as she told of her three years' experience on the fighting front.

Following Madame Nowosielska's address, Brigadier Colonel S. Zahorski, Chief of the Polish Mission to the United States, who accompanied her, decorated five Auxiliary leaders with the Pilsudski Medal. The women so honored were National President Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley, Past National President and President of the Fidac Auxiliary. Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson, National Fidac Chairman, and Mrs. John Marshall of Louisville, Chairman of the Auxiliary convention entertainment committee.

Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart of Cincinnati, Past National President and recently-elected President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was also awarded the medal. Unfortunately Mrs. Hobart, who had been in Louisville to carry the greetings of her organization to the Auxiliary, had been called to her home and was not there to receive the medal.

An authorized method of transfer of membership between Auxiliary units, an

item which was not contained in the National Constitution and By-laws, was recommended by the convention Constitution and By-laws Committee, of which Mrs. Franklin Lee Bishop of Massachusetts, Past National President, was Chairman. This provides that a member holding a transfer certificate may apply for membership in a different unit and upon acceptance shall be granted active membership. No dues paid to the original unit will, however, be transferred. It was approved.

Junior activities and cradle enrollment were emphasized in the recommendations of the Community Service and Unit Activities Committee, presented by Mrs. C. E. McGlasson of Nebraska. It was shown that five hundred units were featuring cradle enrollment with great success and that 745 junior activities organizations had been completed.

Additional reports read and adopted were those of the National Historian. Mrs. Frank E. Fleming, of the Finance Committee submitted by Mrs. C. E. Dargan of Illinois, of the Resolutions Committee, dealing with organization details and extending thanks to the host city and State, presented by Mrs. Lawrence Knapp of New Jersey, and that of the National Poppy Committee, which was brought in by Mrs. Paul M. Akin of Indiana, National Poppy Director of the Auxiliary. Mrs. Akin stated that the plan to eliminate entirely from the annual sales poppies sold by commercial concerns had been carried out and that with the exception of a few thousand made by Auxiliary units, all of the ten million poppies distributed in 1929 were the handiwork of disabled veterans or of their dependent families.

The principal recommendation of the Legislative Committee was a resolution presented by its Chairman, Mrs. William C. Biester, Jr., of Philadelphia, urging that the Auxiliary use all its influence in obtaining the passage of the Reed-Wainwright resolution by Congress. This resolution would create a commission to study methods of equalizing the burdens of war among all the citizens of the country in case of a future conflict and is a step toward the Legion's and Auxiliary's repeated demands for the enactment by Congress of a universal draft law.

Accustomed as it is to contributing money to worthwhile causes, the Auxiliary received (Continued on page 66)

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For a Greater Auxiliary

(Continued from page 65)

a pleasant surprise when Mrs. Charles R. Seymour, retiring Chapeau National of the Eight and Forty, was presented to express the greetings of her organization to the parent body. After pledging the co-operation of the Eight and Forty in all of the Auxiliary's endeavors, she presented a check for \$2,000 to the national organization with the provision that the sum be divided as follows: \$1,000 to the Auxiliary's educational fund for war orphans; \$500 to the Child Welfare Fund; \$250 for the Emergency Relief Fund and \$250 to the Legion in Texas for child welfare work at the veterans' hospitals in that State. Mrs. Seymour announced also that \$500 had been presented to the Legion in Paris to further the work of the school for American orphans in France.

Three prominent workers in the Auxiliary were placed in nomination for the office of National President—all three, as it happened, from adjoining States. Mrs. O. H. Allbee of Marshalltown, Iowa, offered Mrs. Donald Macrae of Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mrs. C. M. Dargan of Illinois placed Mrs. Milton Kramer of Madison, South Dakota, in nomination, and Mrs. Fred Snover of Wisconsin nominated Mrs. William H. Cudworth of Milwaukee.

While Mrs. Macrae was elected on the first ballot, the outcome was in doubt until the count of the official tellers had been completed. Mrs. Macrae received 337 votes, twelve more than the required majority, while Mrs. Kramer polled 213 and Mrs. Cudworth 98.

The five Vice-Presidents, presented unopposed by their respective Divisions, and whose election therefore was a matter of form, were: Miss Adelaide L. Fitzgerald of Boston, Eastern Division; Mrs. Harry F. Vass of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, Southern Division; Mrs. Vaun Scott Seybert of Indianapolis, Central Division; Mrs. James A. Howell of Ogden, Utah, Western Division, and Mrs. L. E. Thompson of Pueblo, Colorado, Northwestern Division.

Mrs. Irene McIntyre Walbridge of Peterboro, New Hampshire, with a total of 339 votes, was elected American Vice-President of the Fidac Auxiliary. Her opponent for this office, Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, obtained 309 votes.

Mrs. Macrae, who will guide the American Legion Auxiliary until its 1930 convention, is a pioneer in the work of the organization, having aided in the formation of the Iowa Department and having served as its first Department

President. She is a charter member and Past President of the Council Bluffs unit. During 1921 and 1922 she was National Chairman of the Child Welfare Committee, while representing Iowa on the National Executive Committee. The work she has accomplished is widespread, as is attested by the following positions which she has filled: Department Rehabilitation Chairman, National Membership Chairman, National President of the Past President's Parley, Department Fidac Chairman, and others.

Her eligibility

for Auxiliary membership is twofold. Colonel Donald Macrae, Jr., her husband, is a veteran of both the Spanish-American and World Wars, while a son, Donald Macrae III, was also in service during the World War. A daughter, Marian, served in the Motor Corps after special training. In the World War Colonel Macrae served as Medical Officer of Mobile Hospital No. 1, which he took to France and with which he served during the entire war period. He was cited five times and received the Croix de Guerre from France. The Distinguished Service Medal was bestowed upon him by his own country.

Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell of Iowa, who had completed her first year as National Secretary, was reappointed by Mrs. Macrae and the appointment was confirmed by the new National Executive Committee which met immediately following the adjournment of the



Mrs. Harry F. Vass of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, National Vice-President for the Southern Division of The American Legion Auxiliary

convention. The National Executive Committee also re-elected Mrs. E. G. Wentz as National Treasurer, Mrs. W. W. Townes to the office of National Chaplain and Mrs. Frank Fleming as National Historian.

While the number of Auxiliary bands and drum corps has not yet grown to an extent to warrant national contests, the women's organization is not without its music. Six Auxiliary quartettes and three glee clubs were entered in the annual music contest under the supervision of Mrs. J. Y. Cheney of Florida, National Chairman of Music. The Minneapolis Auxiliary Glee Club was a second-time prize winner with the Crown Point, Indiana, club taking second place.

In the quartette competition, the Iowa Falls, Iowa, four won first prize with the Minneapolis quartette a close second. Other entries represented Auxiliary units in Racine, Wisconsin; Hastings, Nebraska, and Crown Point, Indiana.

Silver trophy cups for excellence in membership work and in unit activities were distributed by Mrs. A. F. McKissick of South Carolina, Chairman of the National Trophies and Awards Committee. The Department of Minnesota carried off three cups as a result of its unusual record in enrolling members early in 1929. These were the Oliphant, Scallen and Towne Trophies. A Southern Department, Alabama, received the Hobart Trophy cup for showing the greatest percentage of membership gain among departments of one thousand or more members and was awarded also the McKissick Trophy, reserved for departments of the Southern Division.

To Indiana went the Cheney Trophy for having shown the greatest percentage in membership increase among departments of eight thousand or more members and also the Central Division cup, the Laughton Trophy. In the ten thousand or more members class, Illi-

nois won the Biester Trophy for its remarkable increase in numbers. For exceeding to the greatest extent seventy-five percent of the Legion's greatest membership in its department, the South Carolina Auxiliary gained the Macrae Trophy. To the far-off Department of Hawaii went the Hobart Junior Trophy for having enlisted in the Auxiliary ranks a greater increased number of members among departments having less than one thousand members. The National Unit Activities cup was awarded to the Williamsport, Pennsylvania, Unit, with the Casper, Wyoming, Unit a close second in this contest.

In his report to the Legion national convention, retiring National Commander Paul V. McNutt paid especial tribute to the Auxiliary. He said: "The American Legion Auxiliary has had a year marked by splendid achievements. On behalf of The American Legion I gratefully acknowledge the hearty co-operation and material assistance of the Auxiliary in carrying out our national program." After reviewing the aid rendered in service to the disabled and to the Legion's legislative and national defense programs, he concluded by stating that "it is one of the greatest of women's organizations and is a powerful force behind the Legion program. The record of the Auxiliary is a source of pride to every Legionnaire."

At the annual meeting of the 8 and 40, the Auxiliary's equivalent to the Legion's 40 and 8, Mrs. Charles R. Seymour, Chapeau National, was able to report that department organizations of this fun-making society had been completed in thirty-four States. Representatives of these departments of the 8 and 40 were organized into a Pouvoir Nationale. In the election of officers, Mrs. Carol Marks of Los Angeles, California, was chosen to succeed Mrs. Seymour in the office of Chapeau National.

Men Who Can't Come Home

(Continued from page 42)

gone deep into my lungs. Every month the Government—my Government—sent me a check. It isn't so much but it is enough for me to live on in my village. And I knew all the time that some day I would go back to my adopted country. Then one day I read of this law. Now I am told I can't go back—that I am expatriated. I cannot believe it is true. Is it?"

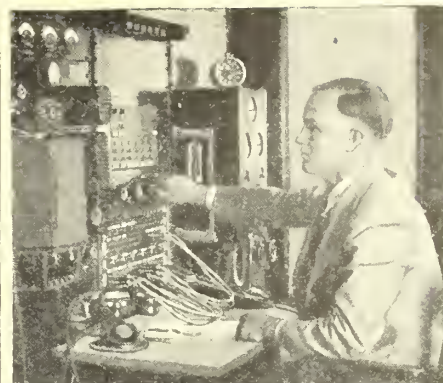
He directed the question at me. Not being familiar with the immigration laws I pleaded ignorance and in turn put the question to Mauricides—Mauricides, who works in the American Legation at Athens.

"He's outta luck!" said Mauricides in perfect American. "But he's got beaucoup company. There are about four hundred ex-service men in Greece who think of America as home but who can't go back. A large majority of them became naturalized citizens after the war, then came to Greece to visit their par-

ents. A great many of them didn't understand that they would become expatriates if they stayed longer than two years. Caplanis is one of them. We have a dozen or more in this post who came here to recuperate from their wounds. Some of them are entirely well now and want to go back to the country under whose flag they fought, but they're all S. O. L."

"But," I, an American, protested to Mauricides, a Greek, "this doesn't seem fair. These fellows were what Woodrow Wilson called soldiers of freedom; they were good enough to carry a rifle when the country needed them; certainly they are good enough to be permitted back in the country of their adoption to earn a living. Don't you think so?"

Mauricides did not answer. Instead, he looked out of the window toward the Acropolis. An Americanized Greek, working in the American Legation at Athens, must (Continued on page 68)



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Men Who Can't Come Home

(Continued from page 67)

needs be prudent. It is possible, however, that it wasn't prudence that kept him silent. It may have been that he couldn't understand the ingratitude of republics. Or it may have been that he was recalling those hysterical days of 1922-'23 when a million and a half refugees were dumped into Greece from Asia Minor and Thrace—dumped into Greece without money, clothing or hope—and how these miserable were embraced by his own people without questioning whence they came or why. There wasn't any bond between the refugees and the people of Greece one half of one percent so strong as the bond of comradeship that exists between the American born soldier and his brothers in arms from foreign shores.

Caplanis twitched and quivered as he awaited an answer. Finally he repeated the question, "Is it true that I cannot go back to the country of my adoption?"

"For the present it is true," Mauricides told him, "but The American Legion at home is trying to change the law. It has urged that Congress be requested to place ex-service men having honorable discharges, their wives and children, upon the non-quota basis of immigration. I have no fear about the outcome. The Legion will not fail you."

Caplanis seemed satisfied with the answer. He made another vain attempt to salute, then, aided by his wife, started on the long trek home.

There was a homely atmosphere about this Legion outpost down on the southeastern tip of Europe. I lingered to talk with Mauricides—the proudest American I had found in the Balkans. Gradually the room became populated. In came Dr. Anthony Blase, Post Commander, who saw service with Dental Infirmary No. 1 at Camp Taylor, Kentucky; Angelo Belfort who, as a corporal in Company E, 60th Infantry, was wounded in the Meuse-Argonne offensive November 6, 1918; Leon Leontides, who served with Company C, 108th Infantry, Twenty-seventh Division, until he was punctured on the Somme in October, 1918—and half a dozen others.

Despite the fact that more than two-thirds of the membership of Athens Post are expatriates because they have been away from the United States more than two years, they are one hundred percent-plus Americans. They have the American slant on things in general and are scattering American ideals and American customs throughout the land of their birth.

Of the four hundred-odd American ex-service men in Greece, less than fifty will ever be able to return unless they are placed on the non-quota basis, yet they keep alive American customs and traditions as whole-heartedly as do their former comrades in the United States.

I was in Athens on March 17th—St. Patrick's Day. With a friend I started

for the heights of Mt. Hymettus. At the foot of this historic mountain we were attracted by sounds of revelry coming from a small grove of trees near a famous old church called St. Mark's. Curious, we went around the church to see what was going on. As we came close to the merry-makers we were surprised to hear a man orating in English. Going closer we saw more than a hundred men, women and children seated at long tables over which waved a huge American flag, eating, drinking and listening to the speaker. The latter was telling them about St. Patrick's Day and explaining that while it was not a legal holiday in America it was a day when a great many military and naval organizations turned out to help Americans of Irish descent celebrate the birthday of their patron saint.

Many of the men and women wore overseas caps. I was told that the wives of Legionnaires had formed an Auxiliary unit and that it had a membership of thirty-six. Only a few of these women have ever been in America, yet most of them spoke pretty good English. One of them told me that her husband insisted upon their boy being taught English as well as Greek.

Abandoning our proposed trip to the top of Hymettus to see where, as a babe, Plato's mouth was filled with golden honey, we stayed to watch the first American baseball game ever played in Greece. And what a game! Alex Tsatsaron, who starred with a service outfit in France, had coached the Regulars, while Dr. Blase, who was an ardent booster for the Louisville Colonels back in the old days, led the Yannigan hordes. At the risk of my life I acted as umpire. Some of the things they called me I'd like to forget. They were seasoned with the salt of the trenches. Eddie Collins in his prime never berated an ump with half the ferocity displayed by the second baseman of the Yannigans. The score? But why bring that up?

Returning to Athens I had a long talk with the Post Adjutant about the present and future plans of the local post. Its program is an ambitious one. In March the members engaged in a membership drive in response to a letter sent out from the office of the National Commander at Indianapolis. The post more than doubled its membership as a result of this effort, and applications were still dribbling in at headquarters.

Old and new members are working unceasingly on the post's building program. The building committee had received assurance from a source close to Eleutherios Venizelos, the Prime Minister, that the Greek government would give the Legion a large plot of ground upon which to erect a building and establish an athletic field. The city of Athens, through its mayor, also stands ready to provide a site for an American Legion building. Funds for the proposed

building, which will be in the nature of a memorial to Greco-Americans who died in the war, will be raised in various ways. Already the Ahepa Society, composed of about 25,000 Greeks living in America, has promised \$75,000 to the fund providing members of the society may use the building as a sort of headquarters when they make their annual pilgrimage to Athens. This society also will assist building committees already appointed in New York, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, San Antonio and a number of other American cities in raising funds for the building. It is estimated that between \$300,000 and \$500,000 will be subscribed.

Out of gratitude to the Americans who helped Greece win her independence in 1829, it is part of the building committee's plan to place in and on the structure marble busts of Dr. Samuel Howe, who served the Greeks for nearly six years and became surgeon-general of their fleet in their war for independence; Lieutenant General Jarvis; Colonel Jonathan P. Miller, of Vermont; Henry Washington and others.

The Legionnaires in Athens are anxious to have the building designed by an American architect as they are of the opinion that many of their own descendants of Phidias are too much influenced by the French school to design a building which would harmonize with their idea of a typical Grecian structure. As the building project received the unqualified moral support of the Legion delegates at San Antonio it seems probable that some American architects have heard of the proposed structure and are interested in submitting plans.

The National Commander of the Le-

gion will be invited to come to Athens in 1930 to officiate at the laying of the cornerstone of the building. If present plans materialize the National Commander will be the guest of Mr. Venizelos, who looks with great favor upon the building project, and who has on several occasions expressed keen interest in its development.

Listening to the plans of these ex-service men, a large majority of whom are barred from the United States under the present immigration laws, one could not help marveling at the high quality of their patriotism. Even Hercules Naidu, formerly of the 111th Ammunition Train, Thirty-sixth Division, who sent his discharge papers and his naturalization papers to Washington and never got them back, offered no word of complaint against the country he served and which now denies him the privilege of re-entering.

"We have a deep and abiding faith in the American sense of fairness," he said. "We realize the obstacles that stand in the way of changing a law. But we know that the national organization will not forget us—that it will carry on its fight to have ex-service men in Greece and other countries who have received honorable discharges from the Army placed on the non-quota basis. Many centuries of oppression have instilled in us Greek-born men the precious quality of patience. It may take years, but eventually our hope of being permitted to return to the country of our adoption will be realized."

Meanwhile, these men without a country are carrying on in the American way, without the slightest evidence of bitterness in their hearts.

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 15)

crawling on their bellies between the graves. Of course we were not hitting any of the Germans either as they were down too. Twenty-five feet down I had a man on each side push his rifle up so that it stuck over the wall. I could not hear any firing outside the wall so the men must be coming along all right.

The ground began to get worse. Quite a few big shells had landed around and torn up the graves, scattering bones and tombstones in all directions. This made the ground loose and soft and we would sink into it, especially when crawling in and out of the holes. I had to push the bones to one side so they would not catch on my gas mask bag.

Weed beckoned to me and when I crossed over to him he said, "The machine gun is behind that stone cross. I can just see the end of it stick out but I can't get it from this side."

"I'll see if I can do anything from the other side."

I knew just about where to aim so I got behind the other chauchat myself and got a good line on the edge of the stone cross and turned the gun loose for several strings of five shots each. I was nipping the edge of the cross but I

couldn't get quite low enough on its base. I moved the gun about ten feet forward to a higher grave and was getting all sighted up when *crack-crack-crack* a stream of machine-gun bullets beat against the stone in front of me. I didn't poke my nose up for a few minutes as the machine gun kept belting away, chipping the top and edges off the tombstone I was behind, which bore the name of Léon Pierron, who died in 1885. I couldn't help memorizing the name and date as it was right before my eyes. I was glad they furnished him with a good stout stone.

The machine gun finally let up and I got the chauchat trained on the outer edge of the base of the cross and blazed away again. As long as I kept firing the machine gun was quiet. I motioned for Pearson to come over and told him to keep the gun trained on that cross.

Borden was over a short ways and I crawled over to him and said, "See that tall monument up ahead that is tilted to one side—the one close to the cross?"

"Yes."

"Hop that wall on your left and tell either Benson or Howell to send men with grenades (Continued on page 72)

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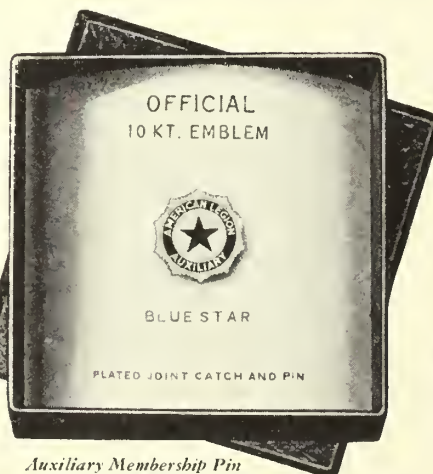
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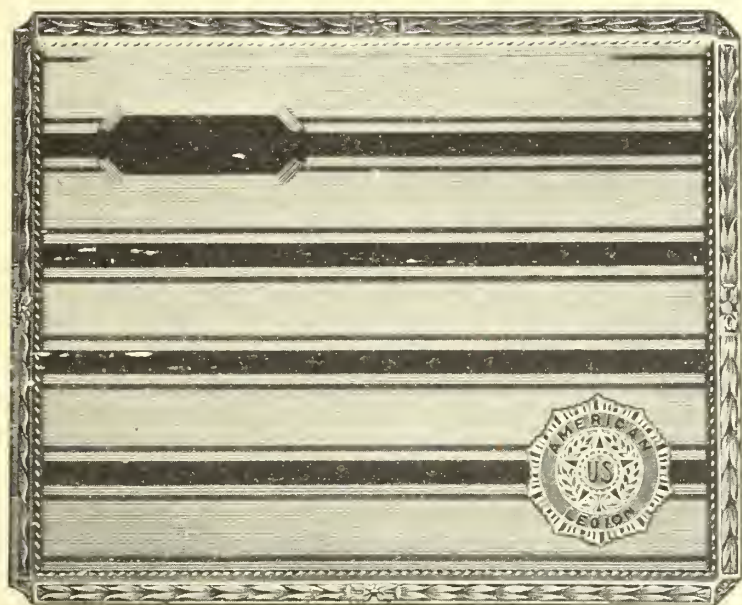


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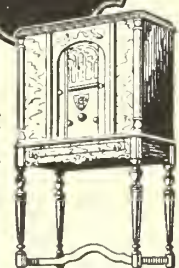
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God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 69)

down a short ways below the tall monument and have them heave four grenades—one right after the other—straight for the monument. They can see it from the other side of the wall. Remember, now, only four grenades."

Red Barrows was over on the right. I hollered to him, "Be ready to advance," and to Pearson, "Keep up a steady fire but watch our advance."

Weed was to advance part way with us firing from the hip. He was one of the few men who could shoot a chauchat from the hip and hit anything.

I told the men along the inside of the left wall to be ready for a rush. I waited a few minutes. The first grenade exploded with a bang. We rushed forward about five feet. The second grenade went off and we made another five feet. As the third went off I swung the men out from the wall and we were going at a dead run across the graveyard when the fourth grenade exploded.

The distance to the stone cross was about one hundred feet and we could see the Germans running toward the rear wall, but we did not stop to shoot until we passed the stone cross where the machine gun was. We then opened up and shot them down as they tried to crawl over the wall. The machine gun had remained silent during our attack. A grenade had hit the German gunner direct, mashing him against the cross.

The inside of the graveyard was now clear of Germans, but outside the wall on the right where Squire and Jenckes were there was heavy firing. I told the men inside to remain behind the rear wall until I found out what was doing. Just then Benson stuck his head over the left and I hollered at him, "Swing your men around in back of the rear wall but keep clear of the right side wall!"

I lined up three men and while they were heaving two grenades apiece over the wall into the woods on the right, the rest of the men got over the wall on the left side and joined Howell and Benson's men. I followed.

The men in back of the rear wall were blazing away by the time I got around there. I extended the line farther out in the woods to the left and told the men to be ready to close in on the Germans in case they started to retreat.

The fire from the flank took all the fight out of the Germans in a few minutes. They started to fall back but the fire from the men further in the woods checked them and threw them into confusion. Our men in front now charged and at the same time the men closed in on the left and rear. The Germans were caught. The ones that gave up fast enough lived.

Altogether there were eighteen prisoners taken, which included the wounded.

Three of Jenckes's men had been slightly wounded, but not enough to hinder them in walking. They were given a German luger apiece and put in charge

of the prisoners. The Germans were made to carry their own wounded.

Over the high hill to the east—the one we had come down a short time ago—I could see our men still advancing. There was no machine gun sweeping it from the west now.

The road and the woods met farther to the north so we struck out along the edge of the woods until we hit the road. Up this road a way we came across a bunch of men repairing a bridge. It was the Second Engineers that had crossed through our lines back on the hill. I asked one of them if any of our men had gone by lately.

He said, "They are crossing on the other side of town. Take the road on that side of the creek and you will meet up with them."

The town near this bridge might have been called Imécourt at one time, but now it looked like a hog wallow. Nobody but our artillery could have done such a thorough job of mixing up a creek and a town. There weren't any ruins. It looked as though a giant plow had just been driven through and simply turned the town in under.

About a fourth of a kilometer farther on we came to a big wide open scooped out place where troops were gathering. I saw part of our company lined up against the north bank so I closed my platoon over with them. Then I saw Captain McElroy and Lieutenants Marco and Pelton talking together and I went over and asked them, "Is this our objective?"

McElroy said, "No, we'll be going ahead again in eight minutes. The Second Battalion is up ahead digging in and we will pass through them."

"Will there be any other outfit ahead of us?"

"No, we will be the first wave. Our rolling barrage should be falling two hundred feet ahead of us when we pass the Second Battalion lines."

I went back to the platoon. Borden said, "Are we through for the day, Sergeant?"

"Christ, we haven't begun yet."

XLV

TIME was up. We climbed over the bank of the scooped out basin and started north again. Ahead of us was a rolling country broken up with large and small patches of woods. Far to the north were several hills that rose above the rest.

We now leap-frogged the Second Battalion—that is, passed through their lines. They were already dug in, having reached their morning's objective. Our artillery had been firing away to the north during our short rest period and it now shortened down and began dropping shells directly in front of us, about two hundred feet. We were deployed in a thin line of skirmishers and advanced at a slow walk. Our guide was right. My

platoon was on the extreme left flank. The Germans were shelling the field we crossed but their fire was light compared to what it had been earlier in the day. Once in a while one of our shells fell short and kicked up the ground right in front of us. Some even fell behind us. One crashed into the Third Platoon, next to us on the right, killing two of their men.

We went up a low ridge and there ahead of us were the Germans, coming toward us right out in the open field. First a few stragglers, then groups. They were holding their hands in the air and hanging from their hands were watches, knives on chains, and other trinkets.

Then the battle of souvenirs began. Our men would race out and grab the junk from the Germans. It got so bad that it interfered with our advance. I had to order the men in my platoon not to leave their positions. I also stopped men from other platoons from crossing over in front of my platoon. They would duck over, grab a watch or something and beat it back. This of course made the men in my platoon sore and I was afraid they might start a real fight. If let alone they would have run through our own barrage to collect souvenirs.

I don't know how the Germans discovered our weakness for souvenirs but this bunch sure had us down pat! It was funny to watch them. They would come toward us either dangling a watch or have their hands stretched out holding money, rings and such stuff. Our men would grab everything in sight. The Germans would then pass through our wave swinging their hands at their sides, feeling, I suppose, that they had paid their admission and were now entitled to travel at will.

But they did not know what was coming. Behind us was another line of souvenir hounds. They would pounce on the Germans and search them and clean them up right—pull off their belts and buckles, rip buttons off their coats and insignia off their collars.

Then the Germans would go on only to hit another line of our men. Each line would frisk them. By the time they reached the rear they must have been naked. Once at the rear somebody would round up a bunch of them that had been through the souvenir mill and march them to regimental or brigade headquarters and take credit for capturing fifteen or twenty Germans single handed and in due time receive a medal.

It struck me that if the Germans had shot over souvenirs instead of shrapnel they would have had a better chance of stopping our advance.

After the men were stopped from ducking out of line to grab souvenirs some of them began to use their heads. They would see some Germans coming and would wave their arms for the Germans to come over their way, but the other fellows soon got wise and would wave the Germans back again. The result was the Germans didn't know what to do and simply stopped where they were. . . .

The two barrages came together. They seemed to lock horns and wrestle for

the hilltop. Clouds of dust and dirt rose from the hill like smoke and floated off to the right. Our barrage went on but the German barrage kept pounding away.

Word came from Captain McElroy to advance only a part of the platoon over the top of the hill at a time. I took the left half up first but when I saw what was in the valley below I stopped and made the men get down behind the crest of the hill.

Down below was a long line-up of German artillery in plain sight. They were firing point blank at the top of the hill. I had the first half crawl into position and open up with their rifles and chauchats at the battery positions below, which were not more than six hundred yards away. I also beckoned for the rest of the platoon to come up on the line and begin firing.

On the right one of our tanks came slowly over the hill moving toward the German lines. It helped us on the left because it drew a great part of the German fire away from us.

From my position on the left I could see groups of Germans ducking behind a clump of trees close to the bottom, and after a while they appeared in the open country farther back, running toward Germany.

There was no chance of making a straight frontal attack on them as our barrage was blocking the way. I noticed, however, that our barrage ended on a definite line on the left. There was no reason why we couldn't go down along the left boundary of our barrage and cut off the escaping Germans. So I took the first two groups on the left and led them beyond the left line of our barrage and started down the hill on a run for the clump of trees where the Germans were disappearing. I left word with the rest of the platoon to keep up a steady fire on this spot until we crossed a road at the foot of the hill and not to shoot into us.

We got down the hill and across the road all right. This left our barrage in back of us. We opened fire on the clump of trees and bushes at close range and in a very short time twenty or thirty Germans came out with their hands up. Our fire also quieted down the batteries.

Our barrage was closing in on us so we backed the Germans well over to the left to escape it. Two men were left with the prisoners and the rest of us entered the clump of trees. A short distance in was a good-sized creek with a small bridge across it. The Germans had been using this bridge to escape by. The German artillery was along this creek but it was now silent. Our barrage was falling on the other side of the creek. Our lines had reached the road and come to a stop.

Captain McElroy and some other officers were having a confab on the road. Some of the officers insisted that this road was our objective. I saw one of the maps they had and our objective was marked as the road running between Buzancy and Bayonville. The road we were on had a (Continued on page 74)

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God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 73)

marker showing a Sivry-les-Buzancy on our left and Bayonville on our right. McElroy had a regular map which showed another road up ahead running between Buzancy and Bayonville. Men were sent up ahead to locate this road before advancing the rest of the company. They reported back that the road lay about five hundred yards ahead.

The place along in through here had been a German artillery camp and our men were now prowling around in dug-outs looking for souvenirs. Back in the trees close to the creek I came across an officer's tent. It had a table in it and on top of the table were stacks of letters that he must have been censoring. Some of our fellows could read German and they read the letters aloud. Some were to mothers, sisters and sweethearts, saying that they expected to be home soon and others were hoping to spend Christmas at home. Our fellows wanted to keep the letters but we had positive orders not to pick up any form of documents but to leave them for the Intelligence Section—the Wise Guy Section, as we called it.

I came upon three Germans, one wounded, and he was bellowing his head off supposedly from pain, having a rifle bullet through his thigh. I directed the other two Germans to pick him up and carry him. One of the Germans made motions that he wanted to get something out of his dugout. I said yes. He ducked in and came out with a bundle tied up in a handkerchief. It had bread and other stuff in it. He showed it to me and I said all right. Then he made motions that he wanted to get something else so I let him go again. He came out with a blanket. Then he wanted to go back once more but I said "Nix." I made the two Germans cross hands to form a chair so the wounded fellow could sit on them and put his arms around their necks. They got all set to go and I was starting away when I noticed an American stop them. I walked back and he was busy tearing off the red insignia they had on their neck bands. I told him to leave our prisoners alone. He had got one insignia off. He walked away but didn't say a word. He was an officer.

I crossed the creek and started across the fields for the other road. The men were all busy collecting souvenirs. They even stole the sights off the guns. The German dead were lying stretched out, all pockets turned inside out, all buttons cut off, belts removed.

I got my bunch together and we reached the other road, which was only a short distance. McElroy was standing there and had a handkerchief tied around his hand. I asked him what happened and he told me he had been struck by a piece of shrapnel and he took off the handkerchief and showed it to me. He was our captain but I told him he had better go back with that hand and have

it taken care of. He said he would after the men had all got dug in. He did not want to go but the other officers insisted, too, so he finally went back. I did not like to see him go. He was a nice fellow—besides, he gave me a cigar once.

We dug in for the night along the road running between Buzancy and Bayonville. In front of us, to our left, was a woods called Bois de la Folie. My platoon was dug in on the extreme left flank. Coming on toward dark I saw a German coming down the road from Buzancy, which lay on our left. He stopped at the first hole and the fellow sitting in it directed the German down to me. He came up and could talk a little English. He told me his captain was over in the woods on our left, wounded, and asked me to send men to get him. He was the captain's orderly. I asked several of the fellows if they wanted to go and get the German captain but none of them moved. I told the orderly, "You go and carry him in yourself. The first-aid station is at Bayonville on our right." About fifteen minutes or so later he came staggering down the road with the captain and I pointed the way to the first-aid station.

I noticed three of our fellows acting kind of funny. They would sneak out across the field, then come back and all huddle in one hole. So I went over and said, "What's up?"

One fellow showed me a watch, another some German coins and said, "There's a wounded German across the way and we are waiting for him to die so we can go through him. We don't like to do it while he's still alive."

They crept out again and were gone quite a while. Finally they came back. They had a loaf of black bread and several trinkets, buttons, buckles and collar ornaments.

Passing along the holes I could hear the fellows arguing and bargaining:

"I'll swap you three iron crosses and a knife for the watch."

"What the hell! I got two iron crosses now."

Red Barrows and Borden were dug in together and I could hear them muttering away as they sat humped over, sorting over their junk.

It started to rain and the water ran off the road into our holes. I made a little dam along the edge of my hole to keep it back. I sat in my hole using my helmet for a seat. It kept me out of the water. Now and then a shell would hit over our way. One piece of shrapnel flew into the hole and landed on the back of my hand and was it hot! Luckily there was no force behind it. It was spent.

Something came plunk in the water beside me. Then I heard it move. No lights were allowed so I felt down with my hand. I closed in on something soft and clammy. It was a frog, a real one, and I let him stay there.

EARLY the next morning we rose from our watery beds. It was still drizzling and a fog hung about us. A plane was overhead but we could not make out what it was. He was flying low. There was a break in the fog then and we saw the black cross at the bottom. Somebody started to take pot shots at him with a rifle. The lieutenant ordered him not to fire as he did not want to invite any bombs our way. The plane soon flew away without flipping off any eggs.

We started out in open order. The country was rough and wooded so we closed up in combat groups. We advanced fairly fast, deploying at various times to search the woods thoroughly. We came to the town of Fosse and formed for battle but the town was deserted except for a few prisoners.

While we were here another German airplane came over and we all fired together at him. Somebody said they saw him drop beyond the hill, so we took credit for having shot down an airplane. I don't suppose there is an outfit but what claims to have shot down an airplane.

It was a very quiet day. That night we slept in the open—no blankets, but we had overcoats. I pulled mine over my head to keep the rain off my face. The ground was soggy. I was lying on my right side and decided to roll over. My right shoulder had buried itself in the ground—in fact, my whole right side. When I tried to move it made a sucking sound like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud. Besides that I could feel the cold water running into the hole I had made. The water in the hole had been warmed from my body. I nestled back into the original groove and did not try to move again.

The next day we just hiked. The only delay we had was keeping in liaison with the outfits on our right and left. There wasn't a German in sight. We passed where they had been, and at several places we saw the remains of horses that had been partly butchered. Big chunks had been cut out of them for boiling beef and stew.

When we reached the high woods near Belval and Vaux-en-Dieulet our whole line seemed to make a complete right turn. We had been going mostly north and were within seven and a half kilometers of Beaumont. Now we were facing directly east with the Meuse River in front of us.

The roads from Fosse and Nouart came together right here and continued as a single road over a steep wooded hill. The road was just a mud hole from the rain, no bottom. The artillery was trying to get their guns up this hill—one gun at a time with forty horses pulling and the men pushing and cursing behind. We always laughed at other outfits' hard luck.

Below the town of Belval we entered the Forêt de Dieulet. The western portion was high and greatly broken up but as we advanced into the interior it gradually flattened out.

This was one of the forests that we were warned particularly about, to be on the lookout for gas. Our artillery had shelled it continuously for days before our last attack with nothing but gas. There was still gas in the low spots. The Germans were supposed to have had these woods full of artillery and from the looks of things they did. We passed several big artillery plotting boards nailed against the trees—boards from twelve to fifteen feet square. They showed every tree, hedge and hole, and all elevations and depressions were clearly marked. Towns were laid out on them in regular street order with principal buildings marked. The boards were guarded so our fellows wouldn't steal the maps.

We were held up on a road running between Beaumont and Stenay until liaison could be established with the 89th Division on our right.

From what I could learn we were headed for one of a couple of towns on the Meuse River. We were not going through Sedan after all, which was a disappointment, as we always liked to go through big towns. It made us feel important.

The dope now came in that the bridges at both towns had been blown up. That meant that we would have to cross the Meuse on some home-made bridge or mud scow. The blowing up of these bridges was no doubt the cause of our hanging around in these woods so long. We had been tramping around in them for a week at least. One day we would move east and the next day north. We did not seem to get any place except nearer to the German artillery.

The next morning Lieutenant Pelton called me over and said:

"I have an order to send the oldest non-com we've got to report to Regimental Headquarters, to go to an officers' school. You are the oldest and entitled to go."

"When do I shove off?"

"It will be all right if you start right now."

So I shook hands with him and Lieutenant Marco and a few of the other fellows and started back through the woods.

The German artillery was still banging away but after a time the guns stopped and the woods grew strangely quiet. I could hear no more firing.

When night came I saw many fires down in the valley and I heard men singing. After a while I saw a fire in the woods not far from me and I went over and found a bunch of fellows from the Fifth and Sixth Marines who were also on their way to Langres to school.

I said, "Isn't it rather close to the line to have fires?"

They yelled, "For Christ's sake, don't you know the war's over?"

I said, "The hell it is!"

"The hell it isn't! The armistice was on at eleven o'clock this morning . . . Listen! . . ."

Far off down in the valley a bugle was blowing Taps.

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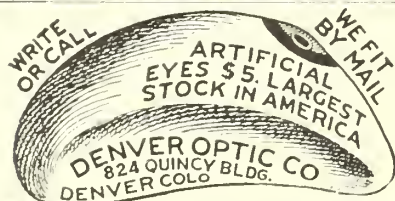
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A Personal View

(Continued from page 31)

by foreign exporters and importers. Japan is now looking after such business herself.

NEVER A WORD can you read in the newspapers or on the signs of a language in those strange ideographs. You feel when you are in Japan as if you had grown up without even learning your letters.

How Do They Do It?

When someone calls you up on the telephone it might as well be a message from Mars. But there are Americans in Japan who not only can talk Japanese, but they can read it, which is much harder, and can write it, which is even harder. This is incredible. I wonder that their eyes have not turned slant.

WHEN JAPAN WAS westernized her canny leaders tried to pick out the things in each nation which were best for Japan.

Right In Their Line

Wrestling was the great national sport. It is still what boxing is to us. For a national game Japan went to America. The fans' madness increases every year. The players are in regular baseball suits, but most of the crowd is in kimonos. They pan the umpire in their own tongue, which can sound most fierce, and they call "Take him out!" They throw in straw hats, and sometimes beer bottles—in close inter-city games in the big Tokyo stadium which holds thirty thousand people. Those famous Japanese tennis players who have dared Tilden and LaCoste rise from the ranks of the passionate players in Japan. On a court in one of the parks I saw a youngster playing barefoot, and he had a deadly cut to his ball.

JAPAN DOES NOT have to drum up recruits for citizens' military camps. The Emperor tells them to go. Every youth is subject to service

Every Man A Soldier

in the army under conscription if the Emperor wants him. Military drill is part of the routine for every boy in the middle schools. You cannot go to school until you are sixteen without knowing how to be a soldier. Japan has five million men who have had military training.

OF LATE THE Japanese have been humping themselves in army and navy aviation. Changes are so rapid in flying that they were studying all results so as to get the best types of military planes for Japan. Now they are going ahead very fast. But they are not behind in light cruisers, which were not limited by the Washington agreement and in which they outnumber us as five to three. Nor are they behind in subma-

Little But Mighty

rines. In the coming arms conference they are talking of seven for Japan against ten for Britain and the United States in place of the present three to five. Otherwise they will have to scrap their new cruisers or we will have to build many more. Japan's power is in a small area, but that gives it the advantage of quick concentration.

I WAS IN Tokyo when the German Zeppelin passed over in its round-the-world voyage. As the Japanese looked up at it they were thinking: "Japan must have one too!" Their navy already has a small one. It was even officially denied that it was building, and then one day it appeared.

Always In
The Game

Always In The Game

AMERICAN MOTION PICTURES had a vogue in Japan—but talkies in our tongue will not get far. The Japanese make very good movies of their own life. They already had talkies. When I went to one of their motion picture houses an interlocutor sitting at one side amplified the captions by telling the story. I didn't understand him any better than the captions.

Talkies In Japan

ONE HAPPY CHANGE in Japan is the passing of the man-horse who used to be the taxi drawing his passenger in a little carriage, the famous 'rickshaw. Street-cars and auto-buses and elevated railroads and subways have come in Tokyo. The buses are about half the size of ours. But Japan cannot use automobiles much until she makes more roads broad enough for them. Her roads have been largely paths across her fields for packhorses and narrow carts.

Fewer Man-Horses

WILL CHINA BE as successful as Japan in adopting western ways? Will her immense mass be able to organize industries, railroads, government and army and navy and all kinds of administration and keep order in the fashion of these little islands? And what if China should?

Will China Follow?

CHINA IS THE riddle of the East. Who would have thought a year ago that the Chinese and Russians would be shooting at each other and the world would be wondering, as it is as I write, if there is to be a Chino-Russian War? It was officers sent out by the Moscow Soviets who trained and advised the Chinese Nationalist Army in its Revolution. Now one of these officers

The Chinese Riddle

76

is in command of the Russian troops facing the Chinese along the Chinese Eastern railroad. There has not been much war yet—only sniping between outposts. This would be the start of general hostilities between any two other countries. But not necessarily in this case. Such is the East. I write two months before publication. In Japan they don't think there can be much of a war. Neither side has enough troops or transport. They say the Russians can easily lick the Chinese, but would have hard work following them up. One man who will have something to say about it is the stocky little Japanese soldier.

Japan will not have any army disturbing her interests in Manchuria.

THE AVERAGE JAPANESE man is about five feet four and the average Japanese woman about five feet two or one. That big Australian sheep farmer, six feet two, and his wife three inches shorter than he standing in a Japanese railroad station, were tall to me; the Japanese wondered how anybody could be so altitudinous. With better food and living conditions the Japanese are said to be increasing their stature.

A Matter Of Inches

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 41)

told a plausible story explaining his automobile journey. He told one post he was en route to Michigan to settle up the estate of a brother who had just died. He informed another post that he was traveling to a western state in which his brother had been accidentally killed. And, usually, he told of a sum of money waiting for him at some place farther along. He promised to repay loans made to him.

During most of his travels, the man carried a card purporting to have been issued by "Thornton-Williams Post of Bryan, Ohio." There is no such post in Bryan, Ohio, and Post Commander Frank B. Carvin of Charles E. Arnold Post of Bryan is one of those most anxious to stop the man's pilgrimage. Hudson (New York) Post would also like to know that the impostor is no longer traveling. Requests for repayment of fraudulent loans have been received by this post.

Clarence Hyde Post of Warren, Ohio, got a job for the stranger more than a year ago and enlisted the help of the Family Service Bureau, which got in touch with his relatives in other cities. A later investigation made by R. G. Ingersoll of the Warren post, Past Commander of the Ohio Department, revealed the dishonorable discharge and the extent of the man's operations after leaving Warren. In a letter to National Adjutant James F. Barton, Mr. Ingersoll urged that the man be apprehended, not only because of his operations in victimizing posts but also to insure care of his children.

Mr. Barton has repeatedly issued warnings to posts against making loans to strangers purporting to be Legionnaires. He urges posts from which loans are sought to communicate by wire with the post in which the man applying for the loan claims membership.

Aerial Lighthouse

AVIATORS flying at night toward Spokane, Washington, are greeted afar by the cheerful beam of a giant searchlight which circles the sky six times in every minute. A lamp of ten million candlepower is Spokane's beacon

which may be seen for 150 miles round about the Northwest metropolis.

To aviators and citizens alike, that beacon, on a tower of skeleton steel-work seventy feet high on the crest of a hill, is an evidence of The American Legion's practical-minded efforts to help develop aviation. Spokane Post of The American Legion built it at a cost of \$7,500. It is named the Fancher Memorial Beacon, in memory of the late Major John T. Fancher, who was commander of the 41st Division air service unit of the Washington National Guard. It marks the location of Felts Field, Spokane's airport.

"The drive to raise funds for the memorial beacon was the most painless drive ever put on," writes Arch Jenkins, Post Adjutant.

Sugar-Coated

LEGIONNAIRE P. M. Paschal of St. Charles (Illinois) Post is publisher of the *St. Charles Chronicle*, his town's weekly newspaper. Not long ago he informed the post that he would place at its disposal a half column of space on the front page of each issue. "Use it in any way you like," he said.

St. Charles Post didn't proceed forthwith to write a lot of long-winded pedantic essays on abstract themes. It assumed that the readers of St. Charles needn't be sermonized or lectured or harangued. Instead it prepared a series of dramatic little stories, each of which indirectly conveyed an understanding of some Legion principle or activity, and each little story started the same way—with the name of some member of the post or other citizen who was the "hero" of the tale. Woven into many stories were striking war experiences of the Legionnaires whose names headed them. The stories were written in staccato sentences. They covered such themes as law enforcement, civic service, rehabilitation, Boy Scouts, world peace, safety for children and preparedness.

"Readers of the *Chronicle* are enthusiastic followers of the series," reports Louis Rockwell, Commander of the post during the past year.

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Tobacco Shop

(Continued from page 7)

old age. But he kept looking into their
faces, fascinated. Murdered. . . Was
it possible?

Now he saw them somewhat—a man,
smooth, colored, neat, going on with his
life. Then a man whose eyes were enor-
mous, and he walking with his shoulders
a little out of repair. Orlo thought that
they were out of repair and then thought
no, but that was not the word to use.
Then a man sick and weak, with the up-
lifted eyes of a kitten—but wait, Orlo
thought, now wait. That one was Arl
Hansen, that sick one, and known to
him all his life. And the shoulders were
those of Zebbie Bell, and that first neat
man was Dave Harrocks, his neighbor.

As he went on Orlo recalled them:
Dave's father was a lunatic, and they
kept him chained in the kitchen. Chained,
in the kitchen. And Zebbie had retired
once, worth sixty thousand dollars, as he
told everyone too. But his wife cut up,
and Zebbie began to gamble, and now
he worked, carrying a dinner pail. And
Arl, the sick one—every one knew what
ailed him. It seemed so silly, in a small
town, to die of dissipation. In a small
town, with so little going on. Orlo
thought about Dave and Zebbie and Arl.
But they were not so badly off as he
was, who had lived a life, paid off two
mortgages, buried two children, and stood
by his wife Minna, even though she was
cross and—well, stood by his wife—
and now had murdered an old man whose
name he did not even know.

He wondered what kind of life the
old man had spent. Wife or wives,
child or children, mortgage or mortgages.
And probably he had tried. Orlo looked
down the street. They all had tried. Or
else they hadn't tried. Either way. There
was Tattie Mullins now—how pretty
she looked, with her red hair and her run-
ning step and her blue dress—Tattie was
forty-looking, and at sixteen she had
opened her father's safe and had gone
off with a shoe salesman, and had come
back alone and had hidden in the dis-
used pest-house, and her mother had
taken food to her, and had smuggled her
home at last. No one outside knew the
rest. But now she supported the whole
family, probably because they knew.
Orlo bowed and smiled at Tattie, setting
his hat carefully back on his head, as if
he were fitting it. There was Tattie's
life. What would it be if somebody
should murder Tattie now! "The
hound," Orlo thought, and remembered
himself.

He began to cry, walking and talking
to himself and crying. But now they
had looked in the window, had broken
down the door, had found the old name-
less man dead, and had started after
him. Orlo. He began to run, crying and
talking. And there was Hector Mannie,
that nice young man who owned a gas-
oline wood-cutter, and now he came
bending over Orlo, taking his arm, ask-
ing what was the matter. Orlo broke
away from him and stood staring up at

him. Hector had once gone to prison
and now he was free and had paid off
his brother's funeral expenses—and sup-
pose somebody who knew nothing of this
knocked him down in a tobacco shop. . .

Orlo ran through the streets, and
wherever he ran there were neighbors,
turning toward him their startled faces;
and as he looked, he remembered them
all and for him their stories stood out
round their heads like lights so that he
saw these tales as moving persons, hav-
ing life of their own.

He ran, and the tramp of his feet
became the echo of the tramp of many
feet. He knew now that they were pur-
suing him, they had found him out and
were pursuing him—all his neighbors, all
his friends and strangers. Even though
these strangers knew nothing of his life
with his wife and his shop and his mort-
gages, they would seize on him, and try
him, and hang him. Minna, she would
bake griddle-cakes for herself alone, and
the shop would be at an end—the new
glass case, the window of pipes, the
snow on the walk in the morning. The
tramp of his feet was the echo of the
tramp of many feet.

Well, he would outwit them. He would
double back, he would reach the alley back
of the shop and they would never look for
him there. He looked at the buildings,
and was amazed to find himself in his
own neighborhood. He was aware of a
clock sounding many strokes, and that
must be no more than noon.

He ran into the alley, jerked open a
door at the foot of some outside steps,
hurried up the damp black way, and
burst into his dim shop.

The old man was standing by the glass
case, looking down at its contents. His
hat was in his hand, he was rubbing at
his mouth, but there he was, on his legs.

Orlo Melt ran down the shop crying:
"By God, you're not dead!"

"No thanks to you," said the old man,
without turning.

"Wasn't you hurt?" demanded Orlo,
looking at him and not winking.

"Cut my lip on my false teeth," said
the old man. "I laid still so's you
wouldn't lamm me again."

He turned on Orlo with exasperation,
and pounded a finger on the case.

"Give me some of *them*," he directed,
rubbing the finger in a great circle on
the polished glass.

Instantly Orlo had him by the collar,
dragged him back from the glass and
stood there shaking him. Then some
boys came bawling at the door, where
still swung the "back at noon" sign.

Orlo released the old man and opened
the door. The boys swarmed in, rude,
loud, breathing, smelling of crumbs.
They wanted cigarettes. Orlo served
them, and the old man also picked up a
package and laid down a dime. He was
opening the cigarettes when Orlo began
to laugh.

"I'll bet you learned to smoke these
since Buchanan's time," he said.

The old man grinned.
 "I'm just now first trying 'em," he said. "I couldn't think of the name. Since my son that was sick died I'm alone a lot daytimes, and I kind of thought"

Orlo found a cloth and polished the top of his glass case. Then he set two chairs by the box stove, and he said:
 "If you can overlook—on account of Buchanan—I'd like to smoke a couple with you."

Then and Now

(Continued from page 47)

show in passing. Those Red Cross girls and their sisters of the Y. M. C. A. and Salvation Army and kindred organizations who were a part of the game and still just a little on the outside must have plenty of interesting stories to tell.

Surely more of them must read the Monthly and so we invite stories from those who also served. Some of these tales no doubt will be of incidents nearer to the fighting front, as plenty of women exposed themselves in places where they had no business to be—as the doughboys looked at it.

THIS convention, like all of the others, was one big reunion enclosing an uncounted number of small ones. Division, regimental, company reunions more and more become a part of the parent convention." Which quotation from Marquis James's "O Weep No More Today," in this issue, telling of the Louisville meeting, confirms our oft-repeated statements to that effect.

"On to Boston with The American Legion in 1930," is the slogan adopted by the 21st U. S. Engineers, Light Railway, First Army, A. E. F., as reported to the Company Clerk in a letter from a 21st Engineer telling of the success of the Louisville reunion. The 21st Engineers, of which Frederick G. Webster, 6810-A Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, is the newly-elected secretary and treasurer, therefore goes first on record with an announcement of a reunion in conjunction with the Legion's 1930 national convention.

While circumstances, such as the present residences of the greater number of the veterans of some outfits, tend to make reunions in other cities preferable, the national convention-reunion idea is worth considering.

Following are announcements of particular interest to the veterans of the outfits concerned:

27TH DIV.—"New York's Own" National Guard Division veterans will hold a convention in London, England, in May, 1930, followed by a tour of Belgian and French battlefields. For particulars address C. Pemberton Lenart, secy.-treas., 100 State st., Albany, N. Y.

32d DIV.—Divisional reunion in Milwaukee, Wis., Sept., 1930. Address Byron Beveridge, secy., c/o Wisconsin National Guard Review, State Capitol, Madison.

78TH DIV.—Former members are requested to file names and permanent addresses, stating unit in which they served, with Lieut. John Kennedy, secy., 78th Div. Assoc., 208 W. 19th st., New York City.

109TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion at the Armory, Broad and Callowhill sts., Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 13, 1930. Address Albert E. Garvin, comdr., c/o Elks Club, Philadelphia.

79TH F. A.—For particulars regarding 1930 reunion, address Peter Murdock, 16 Hoyt st., Spring Valley, N. Y.

328TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—To complete roster, former members are requested to send names and addresses to Adj. L. J. Lynch, 209 W. Elm st., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

15TH U. S. ENGRS.—Regimental reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 26, 1930. Address R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken ave., Pittsburgh, 6.

U. S. GEN. HOSP. 31—Patients, enlisted men, officers and nurses interested in reunion at Carlisle, Pa., in July, 1930, address Miss Magdalena Shumpp, 35 S. Bedford st., Carlisle.

104TH FIELD HOSP., 26TH DIV.—To complete roster, members are requested to report to John W. Dunlap, 63 Pennacook st., Manchester, N. H.

RED CROSS AMB. CO. No. 18, LATER AMB. CO. No. 341, 86TH DIV.—Former members interested in joining veterans' association address H. Y. Tinch, Broad Ripple Auto Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

M. G. CO., 104TH INF.—All former members interested in proposed reunion during Legion national convention in Boston, Mass., in 1930, address Edwin A. Holmes, 40 Broad st., Boston.

CO. H, 126TH INF., FORMERLY CO. H, 31ST MICH. INF.—History of company will soon be ready for distribution. Former members wanting copies and also interested in quarterly reunions held in vicinity of Detroit, Mich., are requested to write to John P. Woods, 13184 Compass ave., Detroit.

BATTERIES E AND F, 113TH F. A.—Joint reunion at Lenoir, N. C., in 1930. For particulars address Sgt. J. C. Powell, secy., 2030 Bay st., Charlotte, N. C.

CO. C, 23d ENGRS.—Former members interested in recent pictures of old camp sites and company memorial monument in France, may obtain copies from E. Garforth, Abington, Pa.

TROOP L, SIXTH CAV.—Former members interested in proposed veterans' association and reunion, address W. J. Gillfillan, 1031 Pine st., Darby, Delaware County, Pa.

BRITISH (IMPERIALS) VETERANS—A reunion at the Legion national convention in Boston in 1930 is planned of all who served in any branch of the British Army, including men of the U. S. Army who served with the Imperials, and also Nursing Sisters of British Army and U. S. nurses who served with British Forces. Distinguished British guests will be invited. Co-operation and suggestions are invited by Dr. C. R. Bird, ex-capt., R. A. M. C., 301 Hume-Mansur bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

CO. K, 363d INF. Former members recalling John E. HENRY.

CO. A, 11TH INF., 28TH DIV., A. E. F. Former members.

FERGUSON, James W., served with Co. B, 303d Engrs., 78th Div. Discharged April 11, 1919. Age about 33 years, medium height, brown hair and eyes. Disappeared March, 1921, from Weehawken, N. J.

307TH ENGRS., 82d DIV. Former comrades remembering the Regimental Surgeon known as "CAPTAIN FRANK."

HQ. CO., 53d INF., SIXTH DIV. Former members who knew Sgt. John H. LAUTERBACH.

CO. E, 9TH INF., CAMP TRAVIS, TEXAS. Anyone having knowledge of the whereabouts of one Mieszalaw KAWALAC.

CO. B, 42d ENGRS., AND 43d CO., 20TH ENGRS. Former members.

BASE HOSP. UNIT NO. 32, CAMP KEARNEY, CALIF. Comrades, particularly one Harry TOLLESON, remembering Lou VANLANT.

ZYTA, Mike—Co. F, 350th Inf. Inducted July 16, 1918, by Local Board No. 2, Nassau County, N. Y. Served as private. Any available information with regard to living relatives wanted.

WIMPY, Orville S.—Age 36 years. Last known address, Butte, Mont.

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THE fight of C Company, Ninth Infantry, at Balangiga, little known outside of army circles, the story of which was narrated by Marquis James in the November issue of the Monthly, was the greatest disaster to American arms since the extermination of Custer's cavalry battalion on the Little Big Horn, and as an epic of valor deserves to rank with Travis's defense of the Alamo. Those were hardy men who came through, for in January of 1928 the files of the War Department reported twenty-one of the twenty-five still living. The Monthly was able to locate eight of these. Corporal Taylor B. Hickman, who remained in the Army until retired as master sergeant in 1923, served in Siberia during the World War with the Thirty-first Infantry. In 1922 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, in lieu of two recommendations for the Congressional Medal of Honor, for conduct at Tien Tsin, China, and at Balangiga. He resides in Manila, Philippine Islands. Musician Meyer is a distinguished dental surgeon, residing in Chicago. He served as a major in the Medical Corps of the British Army during the World War. Corporal Arnold Irish, who now lives in North Collins, New York, tried to get in the Army in 1917, but the best he could make was the civilian service of Uncle Sam, as he related in a newsy letter which endeavors to conceal, but does not, the disappointment that was in an old soldier's heart on the day they turned him down. Roland T. Clark of Oswego, New York, was in the National Guard when war was declared, but the medicos shook their heads when this old timer came up for examination for admission to the Federal service. Others heard from are Cook Melvin M. Walls, East St. Louis, Illinois; Albert B. Keller, Moclips, Washington; William J. Gibbs, Amsterdam, New York, and George F. Allen, Rochester, New York. Vicente Lucban, the Filipino leader under whose authority the attack upon Balangiga was made, eventually laid down his arms, and like his chieftain Emilio Aguinaldo became a useful citizen of the Islands, serving as governor of Tayabas under the American administration. He died a few years ago. Marquis James desires to record his appreciation of the cordial and helpful services of Major John W. Lang, General Staff, who assisted in the examination of War Department files from which his narrative was derived.

FOUR and a half years ago—in the issue of June 10, 1925—The American Legion Weekly printed an article by Thomas J. Malone on the nineteen sur-

vivors of our war with Mexico who were still carried on the government pension rolls. The youngest of the nineteen was then ninety-two years old, two were past one hundred, the average age was ninety-six. "If there be any survivors besides those on the pension rolls, there is no record," declared Mr. Malone, and as the publication of his article failed to bring to light any additional names, it is safe to conclude that he had called the entire roll of Mexican War veterans as of that date. Three months ago, in the September Monthly, Right Guide recorded in the Keeping Step department how Monroe County Post of the Legion of Paris, Missouri, had assisted last year in celebrating the one-hundredth birthday of William Fitzhugh Thornton Buckner, one of the nineteen—but the nineteen had by then been reduced to two. In June, 1920, Mr. Buckner died, and the members of the post, including four of his grandsons who had served in France, followed him to his grave. And on September 4, 1920, the nation's newspapers recorded the death of Owen Thomas Edgar at Washington, D. C., aged ninety-eight—the last of the band who "soldiered with both Grant and Lee."

OWEN THOMAS EDGAR survived his war eighty-one years, figuring from 1848, the year in which peace was signed. To equal that record, figuring from the great home-coming year of 1910, some American World War veteran must live until the year 2000.

FATHER TERENCE KING, S. J., wartime chaplain of the 18th Infantry, First Division, writes from Sacred Heart College, Tampa, Florida: "The article 'When Foch Came to America' in the August issue calls for a correction and supplementary information on one item. Narrating the presentation of a sword to the Marshal (page 23, right column, center) it asserted: 'In Philadelphia the Marshal was presented with a gold sword . . . This gift came from 100,000 school children.' I am not informed whether or not a sword was presented to the Marshal in Philadelphia, but I do know that a jeweled sword was presented to him at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. The number that contributed to the sword given to the Marshal at Georgetown was 25,000. They were all students of the Jesuit high schools, colleges and universities of the United States. The Jesuit institutions had a right to honor the Marshal as they did, for in accepting the sword at George-

town Foch said: 'My success in the World War was due to the efforts of others. Any success that I may have attained in life I owe to the Jesuit Fathers of St. Clement's College, Metz, and the principles which they taught me—God and country. While I cannot salute the fathers of my youth, I nevertheless salute their successors.'"

R. G. KIRK will be remembered as the author of "Bill," in the June Monthly. The Message Center in the course of its correspondence with Mr. Kirk requested some odds and ends of data about his life and times, with this result: "Oh, yes. You asked for something about me. Maybe it's too late. Anyhow, I never feel very autobiographical. But maybe something like this: So the young metallurgical engineer said to the boss, after many other methods had failed to produce, 'Well, Chief, if I don't get the raise, I quit; and leave the steel business flat on its back.' To which the Chief Engineer said. 'All right, go to hell and quit. See if I care!' So the young engineer quit—and having saved up four hundred and six dollars during the dozen years since he'd left college, he decided to try full-time effort on story writing, instead of only tired evenings, as previously. At least till the four o six ran out. If this full-time story did not sell—back to the mills. But the damn thing sold, and another good man quit work. Lehigh, Met. E., 1905. Fifteen years in the mills and on construction jobs, getting, I hope, something to write about. Even if the editors do not always seem to think so."

ZONA GALE is one of America's best as well as one of America's best-known novelists. Her most famous story is certainly "Miss Lulu Bett," which, dramatized, won the Pulitzer prize play award in 1920. Miss Gale lives in Portage, Wisconsin . . . Meredith Nicholson of Indianapolis is a frequent contributor to the Monthly . . . Orland Kay Armstrong served in the 193d Aero Squadron during the war, and is now a member of the faculty of the University of Missouri.

IN THE January number of the Monthly will appear the first installment of a new war serial, "Livingston Brothers," by Leonard H. Nason.

The Editor

THE AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



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